26 May 1979 US $1.50c (by air)/Canada 80c 20p

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Whatever Next Dept

ZEP PLAY GIG SHOCK

Knebworth, actually. Full story P.3

Here come The New Barbarians, same as The Old Barbarians

ON THE ROAD WIV RON & KEEF BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

P.30/32

Bowie's 'Lodger' — Glooms To Let

OFF THE ROAD WITH DAVID BY ANGUS McKINNON

P.37

The Tubes — Life Is Just One Long Talk Show

ON THE BOX WITH FEE WAYBILL BY TONY PARSONS

P.26/27

Beneath The Undertones

IN THE BACK OF A TRANSIT WITH FERGAL SHARKEY BY PAUL MORLEY

P.7/8

Ron Wood and anonymous hanger-on. Pic: Joe Stevens.

CHARTS

Week ending 26th May, 1979.

uk singles

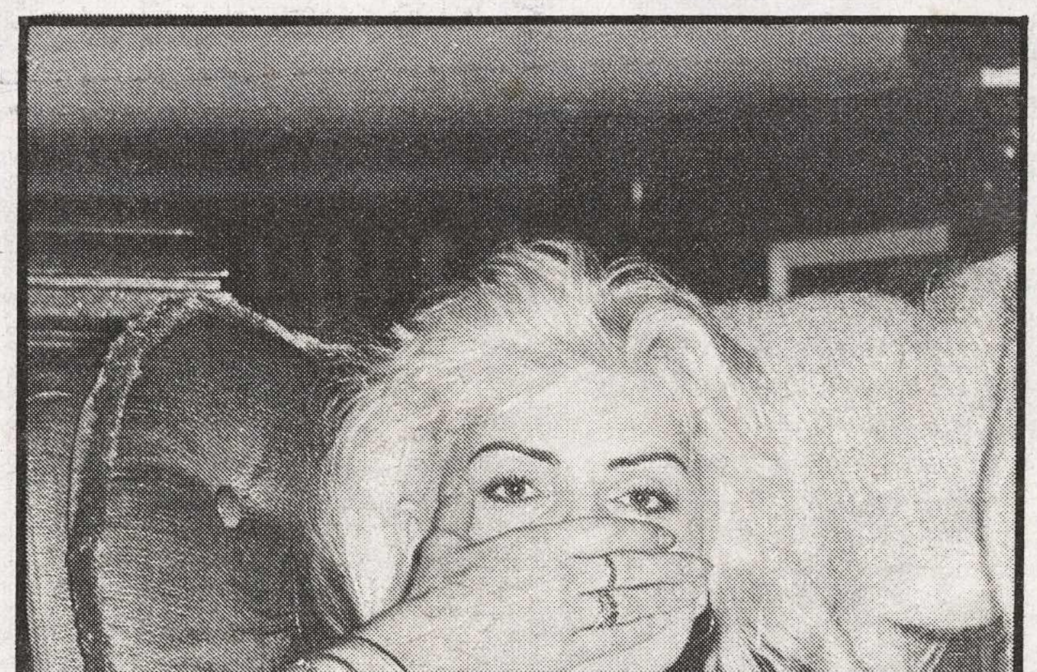
This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	Bright Eyes	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	9	1
2	(1)	Pop Muzik	M (MCA)	6	1
3	(5)	Reunited	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	4	3
4	(17)	Dance Away	Roxy Music (Polydor)	2	4
5	(3)	Hooray Hooray It's A Holi Holiday	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	4	3
6	(4)	Does Your Mother Know	Abba (Epic)	3	4
7	(6)	Knock On Wood	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	5
8	(—)	Sunday Girl	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	8
9	(8)	One Way Ticket	Eruption (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	8
10	(19)	Parisienne Walkways	Gary Moore (MCA)	4	10
11	(13)	Roxanne	Police (A & M)	4	11
12	(11)	The Logical Song	Supertramp (A&M)	7	6
13	(10)	Banana Splits	Dickies (A & M)	4	10
14	(24)	Boogie Wonderland	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	14
15	(14)	Boys Keep Swingin'	David Bowie (RCA)	3	14
16	(22)	Jimmy Jimmy	Undertones (Sire)	3	16
17	(9)	Goodnight Tonight	Wings (Parlophone)	7	6
18	(—)	I Fought The Law	Clash CBS)	1	18
19	(—)	Theme From The Deerhunter	Shadows (EMI)	2	19
20	(—)	Hot Stuff	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	20
21	(7)	Some Girls	Racey (Rak)	8	2
22	(—)	Shine A Little Love	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	22
23	(15)	Love You Inside Out	Bee Gees (RSO)	6	9
24	(27)	Nice Legs Shame About Her Face	Monks (Carrere)	3	24
25	(—)	Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	1	25
26	(12)	Shake Your Body	Jacksons (Epic)	8	4
27	(21)	Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet	Gonzalez (Sidewalk)	5	17
28	(16)	I Don't Wanna Lose You	Kandidate (Rak)	7	6
29	(—)	The Number One Song In Heaven	Sparks (Virgin)	1	29
30	(26)	Love Song	The Damned (Chiswick)	2	26

UP AND COMING: Accidents Will Happen — Elvis Costello (Radar); **Say When** Lene Lovich (Stiff); **Are You Ready For Love** — Elton John (Rocket); **Get Dancin'** — Bombers (Magnet Flamingo); **Cavatina** — John Williams (Cube); **Evening Star** — Judas Priest (CBS).

uk albums

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(12)	Voulez Vous	Abba (Epic)	3	1
2	(1)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8	1
3	(3)	Fate For Breakfast	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	5	3
4	(4)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp (A & M)	9	2
5	(2)	Black Rose	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	4	2
6	(7)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	2
7	(10)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees (RSO)	16	1
8	(8)	C'est Chic	Chic (Atlantic)	16	1
9	(5)	Dire Straits	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	12	4
10	(13)	Last The Whole Night Through	James Last (Polydor)	5	10
11	(15)	Manifesto	Roxy Music (Polydor)	9	11
12	(5)	Country Life	Various (EMI)	7	4
13	(11)	Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2	(CBS)	11	1
14	(26)	Out Of The Blue	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	69	3
15	(9)	Outlandos D'Amour	Police (A&M)	3	9
16	(17)	Lionheart	Kate Bush (EMI)	17	10
17	(19)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	12	2
18	(16)	Hi Energy	Various (K-Tel)	3	16
19	(—)	The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	1	19
20	(14)	Collection Of Their 20 Greatest Hits	Three Degrees (Epic)	13	9
21	(—)	Armed Forces	Elvis Costello (Radar)	18	2
22	(30)	Go West	Village People (Mercury)	2	22
23	(—)	At The Budokan	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	23
24	(21)	Livin' Inside Your Love	George Benson (Warner Bros)	4	21
25	(—)	The Undertones	The Undertones (Sire)	1	25
26	(—)	Boogie Bus	Various (Polystar)	1	26
27	(18)	We Are Family	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	2	18
28	(20)	The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	12	5
29	(28)	War Of The Worlds	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	40	2
30	(—)	Do It Yourself	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Knuckle Sandwich — Various (EMI); **Words of Wisdom** — Dennis Brown (Laser); **In The Skies** — Peter Green (CBS); **Spectral Mornings** — Steve Hackett (Charisma); **Life In A Day** — Simple Minds (Zoom); **Night Owl** — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.).



No Blondie cover-up: 'Sunday Girl' manifests at No.8 first week out. Pic: Chalkie Davis.

us singles

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Reunited	Peaches and Herb
2	(6)	Hot Stuff	Donna Summer
3	(2)	Heart Of Glass	Blondie
4	(3)	In The Navy	Village People
5	(5)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)	Jacksons
6	(8)	Love You Inside Out	Bee Gees
7	(4)	Goodnight Tonight	Wings
8	(11)	Just When I Needed You Most	Randy Van Warmer
9	(18)	We Are Family	Sister Sledge
10	(15)	The Logical Song	Supertramp
11	(13)	Disco Nights (Rick Freak)	GQ
12	(12)	Love Takes Time	Orleans
13	(14)	Love Is The Answer	England Dan & John Ford Coley
14	(7)	Knock On Wood	Amii Stewart
15	(9)	What A Fool Believes	Doobie Brothers
16	(24)	Ain't Love A Bitch	Rod Stewart
17	(20)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy	Bad Company
18	(22)	Renegade	Styx
19	(29)	Chuck E's In Love	Rickie Lee Jones
20	(23)	Deeper Than The Night	Olivia Newton-John
21	(21)	Such A Woman	Tycoon
22	(26)	She Believes In Me	Kenny Rogers
23	(30)	You Take My Breath Away	Rex Smith
24	(28)	Honesty	Billy Joel
25	(27)	Get Used To It	Roger Voudouris
26	(10)	Take Me Home	Cher
27	(—)	Minute By Minute	Doobie Brothers
28	(—)	Making It	David Naughton
29	(—)	(If Loving You Is Wrong) I Don't Want To Be Right	Barbara Mandrell
30	(—)	Hot Number	Foxy

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
2	(11)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer
3	(4)	2 Hot!	Peaches and Herb
4	(2)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees
5	(6)	Desolation Angels	Bad Company
6	(3)	Minute By Minute	Doobie Brothers
7	(8)	We Are Family	Sister Sledge
8	(5)	Van Halen II	Van Halen
9	(10)	At The Budokan	Cheap Trick
10	(13)	Rickie Lee Jones	
11	(7)	Go West	Village People
12	(9)	Parallel Lines	Blondie
13	(14)	Disco Nights	GQ
14	(12)	Dire Straits	Dire Straits
15	(22)	Sooner Or Later	Rex Smith
16	(17)	Destiny	The Jacksons
17	(—)	Flag	James Taylor
18	(15)	Evolution	Journey
19	(16)	Blondes Have More Fun	Rod Stewart
20	(20)	52nd Street	Billy Joel
21	(18)	Livin' Inside Your Love	George Benson
22	(—)	At The Budokan	Bob Dylan
23	(24)	Sheik Yerbouti	Frank Zappa
24	(29)	The Gambler	Kenny Rogers
25	(19)	The Cars	
26	(30)	Pieces Of Eight	Styx
27	(21)	Enlightened Rogues	Allman Brothers Band
28	(26)	Bustin' Out Of L Seven	Rick James
29	(23)	Outlandos D'Amour	Police
30	(—)	Running Like The Wind	Marshall Tucker Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

years ago

5

Week ending May 21, 1974

1	Sugar Baby Love	Rubettes (Polydor)
2	Don't Stay Away Too Long	Peters & Lee (Philips)
3	Waterloo	Abba (CBS)
4	Shang-A-Lang	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5	This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us	Sparks (Island)
6	The Night Chicago Died	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
7	Spiders And Snakes	Jim Stafford (MGM)
8	Homely Girl	Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
9	Rock'n'Roll Winter	Wizzard (Warner Bros)
10	Remember You're A Womble	The Wombles (CBS)

10

Week ending May 21, 1969

1	Get Back	Beatles (Apple)
2	Man Of The World	Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
3	My Sentimental Friend	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
4	Behind A Painted Smile	Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
5	My Way	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
6	Dizzy	Tommy Roe (Stateside)
7	Come Back And Shake Me	Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
8	Goodbye	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
9	The Boxer	Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
10	Pinball Wizard	Who (Track)

15

Week ending May 20, 1964

1	Juliet	Four Pennies (Philips)
2	You're My World	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
3	It's Over	Roy Orbison (London)
4	My Boy Lollipop	Millie (Fontana)
5	Constantly	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	A Little Loving	Fourmost (Parlophone)
7	Don't Throw Your Love Away	Searchers (Pye)
8	I Believe	Bachelors (Decca)
9	No Particular Place to Go	Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
10	Walk On By	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)

disco

All 12" Imports

1	Dancing At The Disco	Lax (Prelude)
2	Super Sweet	Wardell Piper (Mid Song)
3	Dr Jeckyll & Mr Funk	Jackie McLean (RCA Victor)
4	Full-Tilt Boogie	Uncle Louis (TK)
5	Ring My Bell	Anita Ward (TK)
6	Sorcerer	Norma Jean (Bearsville)
7	You Gonna Make Me Love Somebody Else	Jones Girls (Philadelphia)
8	When You Wake Up Tomorrow	Candi Staton (Warner Brothers)
9	Havin' A Love Attack	Mandrill (Arista)
10	Bring The Family Back	Billy Paul (Philadelphia)

Chart suppled by: GROOVE RECORDS, GREEK STREET, LONDON W1

reggae

* denotes pre-release
+ denotes 12"

(1)	Love Tickles Like Magic	Junior Delgado (Greensleeves+)
(2)	Fist To Fist Rub-a-dub	Nigger Kojak & Liza (Heavy Duty*)
3	Roots Man Revival	Mikey Dread (High Note*)
4	What Sweet U So	Bim Sherman (Yard Int +)
5	Kingston Twelve Tuffie	Morwel's (Attack +)
6	Plastic Smile	Black Uhuro (D/Roy +)
7	Racing Pool	Dillinger (Heavy Duty*)
8	Mr Money Man	Danny Hensworth (Upsetter*)
9	Daniel	Prince Alla (Stars +*)
10	Every Little Thing	Sugar Minott (Mandingo*)

Chart supplied by: GREENSLEEVES, 44 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, London W12.

ZEP ARE BACK

Above: the 1978 Knebworth crowd Above right: Zep at Earls Court, 1975

LED ZEPPELIN, regarded as the world's greatest live rock attraction, are back in business again. They have agreed to headline the sixth open-air Knebworth concert on Saturday, August 4. And this represents a world exclusive for promoter Frederick Bannister, because not only is it the first time they will have appeared in Britain for over four years, but it's also the only show they plan to give this year.

The last time Zep performed in this country was in May, 1975, when they played a string of concerts at London Earls Court. Their last live appearance of any kind was their curtailed American tour in the autumn of 1977 — almost two years ago.

They have now completed work on their new album and, although still untitled, it's expected to be released at about the same time as the Knebworth event.

Admission to the concert is £7.50 (including VAT), and promoter Bannister is confident of a complete sell-out within days of tickets going on sale. He has decided to make tickets available well in advance of Budget Day, June 12, when it seems probably that VAT rates will be increased — and the chances are that all tickets will have been sold by that time.

Despite the previous big names presented at Knebworth — the Allman Brothers, Pink Floyd, Rolling Stones, Genesis and The Tubes among them — Bannister reckons this will be the most spectacular concert there so far. Zeppelin — plant, Jimmy Page, John Paul Jones and John Bonham — are apparently preparing "an incredibly exciting show with all the American trimmings".

There will be a full support bill of four other acts, details to be announced shortly. As usual, the show will run for about 12 hours, starting at 11am. Gates open at 8.30am, and as in previous years, limited free camping facilities are available.

Bannister told NME: "Everyone has been extremly co-operative. The police are pulling out all the stops to ensure a better traffic flow. British Rail are laying on a better-than-usual train service from King's Cross to Stevenage and return. And National Coaches are organising a number of all-in trips from various areas."

● Although The Eagles had been widely tipped as the Knebworth bill-toppers, Bannister finally broke off negotiations with them when it proved impossible to meet their terms. Had they appeared, the concert would have been on July 14. Now, it's three weeks later, with what Bannister describes as "the greatest scoop of my career".

BOOKING INFORMATION

Tickets will be going on sale on Sunday and Monday, June 3 and 4, at various points of purchase (including all Harlequin and Virgin shops) all over the country. These will include one or two offices in Scotland, and others in Wales.

A full list of shops and box-offices selling Knebworth tickets to personal applicants, together with exact opening times, will be published in next week's NME.

Meanwhile, postal applications will be accepted immediately — but please note that, in order to ensure a fair allocation, these will not be dealt with until tickets are on sale in the shops. Mail orders should be sent to Knebworth Concert, c/o Harlequin Records, 201 Oxford Street, London W.1. Make cheques and Postal Orders payable to "Knebworth Concert" and enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Damned good show

THE DAMNED next week begin a nationwide tour, which has been lined up hastily due to the somewhat unexpected chart success of their single 'Love Song'. Even if the band themselves anticipated big sales, the heavy demand took EMI (who press and distribute Chiswick product) totally unawares, and the plant was forced temporarily to drop all other work and concentrate exclusively on manufacturing The Damned's single.

Their latest outing is their first tour of major venues, and it takes in many areas omitted from their recent series of club gigs. Even so, the itinerary is slimmer than intended, as several venues included in the original schedule have banned The Damned — despite other new-wave acts (The Clash and Siouxsie among them) being allowed to perform at some of them. These include Purley Tiffany's Guildford Civic Hall, Edinburgh Odeon, Leicester De Montford Hall and all venues in Newcastle.

MAJOR TOUR SPARKED BY CHART DEBUT

With a dozen dates already finalised, promoters Andrew Miller and Noel D'Abo are still trying to line up a few more. Special guests during the tour are The Ruts, and a different local band will open the show each night. Gigs set so far are: Malvern Winter Gardens (May 31), Portsmouth Guildhall (June 3), Exeter Routes (4), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (10), Sheffield Top Rank (11), Edinburgh Tiffany's (12), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (13), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Hanley Victoria Hall (15), Leicester University (16) and Bristol Locarno (17).

Ticket prices are £1.75 in advance, and £2 on the night — the two exceptions being Birmingham (£2.25 advance and £2.50 doors) and Blackburn (£2 advance and £2.25 doors) — and it's pointed out that the university gig at Leicester is open to the general public. Later in June, The Damned leave for an American tour, to be followed by intensive recording sessions for their first album — so these will be their last dates in Britain until the autumn.

SOFT BOYS TAPE GIGS FOR ALBUM

THE SOFT BOYS, who are now touring Britain, have now confirmed a date for their home town of Cambridge — at the College of Art & Technology on June 9. This gig, plus two at London Kensington Nashville (June 2 and 16), will be recorded — and some tracks may be included on their next album 'That's My Fish You're Holding', for autumn release. It will be preceded by their new single 'Rock And Roll Toilet', due out in July. The band have scrapped their gig at Bristol Polytechnic on June 9, and will instead take part in the city's Ashton Gate Open-Air Festival on June 30.

Rod concert on TV

ROD STEWART's concert at Manchester Apollo, filmed just before Christmas during his UK tour, is to be screened by BBC-1 next week as two one-hour shows. It's already been seen by viewers in Scotland and Ireland, but this is its first network transmission — on Bank Holiday Monday (28) and the following Saturday (June 2), both at 11pm.

Stewart, currently in Britain to watch the Home International soccer series, picks up his U.S. tour next week. But he's due back here in July when, as previously reported, he's expected to play major outdoor concerts in Scotland and Ireland.

● Also on Holiday Monday, one of Elton John's concerts in Russia is being broadcast live by Radio 1.

● London Weekend's 'Southband Show' this Sunday (27) has a feature on Rough Trade Records, and includes music from Stiff Little Fingers, Essential Logic, Robert Rental & The Normal and The Raincoats.

TOSH LP, GIGS

PETER TOSH plays a short series of British dates next month, as part of a four-week whistle-stop European tour. His visit ties in with the mid-June release by Rolling Stones Records of his new album 'Mystic Man', recorded in Jamaica and containing nine tracks. Backed by his regular band, Tosh plays Wolverhampton Civic Hall (June 18), Manchester Apollo (19), Cardiff Top Rank (20) and London Rainbow Theatre (21 and 22), with the prospect of one more date being added.

John Cooper Clarke — first headline tour

JOHN COOPER CLARKE — who has supported practically everyone from Elvis Costello to Dr. Feelgood and De-Bop Deluxe — sets out next month on his own headlining tour. It ties in with the release by Epic of his live album, and confirmed dates are:

Brighton Sussex University (June 1), Colchester Essex University (2), Plymouth Woods Centre (6), Bradford University (8), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9), Edinburgh Tiffany's (11), High Wycombe Town Hall (13), Leicester University (14), Liverpool Eric's (15), Birmingham Barbarella's (16), London Holborn Royalty Theatre (17), Nottingham Tiffany's (18), Newcastle University (20), Sheffield Limit Club (21), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (23) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (25).

The self-styled punk poet will be appearing solo, though there will be one or two support bands on all dates, details to be announced shortly. It's stressed that all college gigs will be open to the general public at all the venues concerned.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
IGGY POP
WITH GUESTS The Zones
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
FRIDAY 8th JUNE at 8·00
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
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RAINBOW THEATRE
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Saturday 9th June
Tickets £2.80 £2.20 £1.75
+ support
Available from the Rainbow Theatre Box Office, Finsbury Park, London N.4 01-263 3148 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1 01-629 3453
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
HI TENSION
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 2nd JUNE at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

DEAD FOR GLASTONBURY?

Pop Group, Only Ones for Fayre

THE ONLY ONES and THE POP GROUP are among the first acts confirmed for the three-day midsummer Glastonbury Fayre, along with The Good Missionaries (formerly Alternative TV). But far from concentrating on new-wave, the event will cover the whole spectrum of contemporary music — from the rock of Steve Hillage and Nik Turner's Sphynx to the folk sounds of John Martyn and the Robin Williamson Band. Also set are Linda Lewis, the Carol Grimes Band, Tim Blake, Clayson & The Argonauts and Belfast band The X-Dreamysts, who have just been signed by Polydor.

Many more acts are being lined up, some of which will be announced, while other names will be withheld for "surprise appearances". The object is to have four stages in continual use, though only two are for music — the others are for theatre and fringe attractions. The event runs for three days from June 21 at Worthy Farm in Pilton, Somerset (near Shepton Mallet). Advance tickets at £4 each are available from Virgin shops for the next week, thereafter costing £5.

All profits from the festival are being donated to the UNICEF International Year of the Child fund.

● It's understood there is a good chance that The Grateful Dead will appear at the event. They have agreed to play providing that the organisers can meet their £25,000 expenses, most of which involves equipment transport. Negotiations are currently taking place with Arista Records and other sources, with a view to sponsoring the visit.

Wings, Queen LPs

WINGS release their new studio album 'Back To The Egg' (EMI) on June 8. It's their first to feature new members Laurence Juber (guitar) and Steve Holly (drums), and it contains 14 new songs — 13 penned by Paul McCartney and one by Denny Laine. Two of the tracks recorded at Abbey Road in London, 'Rockestra Theme' and 'So Glad To See You Here', have a number of star guest musicians augmenting Wings — including Pete Townshend, Kenny Jones, Dave Gilmour and Hank Marvin.

QUEEN have a double live album issued by EMI in mid-June, containing 22 tracks and titled 'Queen Live Killer'. It will be preceded by a single featuring two tracks taken from the LP, 'Love Of My Life' and 'Now I'm Here'. A spokesman for the band said this week that plans are in hand for the band to play an extensive series of British dates later in the year.

RECORD NEWS

Dury, Elvis, Rats, Patti, Rods on soundtrack LP

THE SOUNDTRACK album from the upcoming film 'That Summer!' is released by Arista this weekend, with a limited edition in clear yellow vinyl. The 16 tracks include two by Ian Dury ('Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll' and 'What A Waste'), two by Elvis Costello ('I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea' and 'Watching The Detectives') and two by The Boomtown Rats ('She's So Modern' and 'Kicks'), as well as tracks by Mink De Ville, The Only Ones, Wreckless Eric, Patti Smith, The Ramones, The Undertones, Eddie & The Hot Rods, Nick Lowe and Richard Hell & The Voidoids.

The final track is 'New Life', written and recorded by The Zones specially for the film — which opens in the West End on June 28, and goes on general release on July 1.

The Zones' own long-awaited debut album 'Under Influence' is issued by Arista next week, together with a single taken from it called 'Looking To The Future' packaged in a special picture bag.

EW&F's NEXT LP

THE EIGHTH Earth Wind & Fire album is scheduled for CBS release on June 8, as the follow-up to their recent Top Ten hit 'Best Of, Vol. 1'. Titled 'I Am', it was recorded at the band's Arc Studios in Los Angeles, and it contains their current hit single 'Boogie Wonderland'.

● **Wire** are back with a new single on June 1 — titled 'A Question Of Degree', it's on the Harvest label. Out the same day, in both seven and 12-inch form, is 'Heaven Must Have Sent You' by **Bonnie Pointer**.

● Next week sees the release of a four-track maxi-single by **The Jolt** on Polydor. The tracks are 'Maybe Tonight', 'I'm In Tears', 'See Saw' and 'Stop Look'. The first title is also the name of their album, due out in mid-June.

● Northampton rock band **The Jets** have their second single 'Sleep Rock'n'Roll' issued this weekend by Soho Records. Upcoming next month on the same label are 'Dirty Water' by **The Inmates** and 'Gabrielle' by **The Nips**.

● **The Rollers** (erstwhile Bay City variety) are back in business, having discarded both their tartan and their lead singer. They've brought in South African vocalist Duncan Faure and Motors' producer Peter Ker, and the result is their new single 'Turn On The Radio', out this weekend on Arista.

● 'Sunburn', written and recorded by **Graham Gouldman**, is released by Phonogram this weekend. With Eric Stewart still convalescing from his car accident, Gouldman cut it with the aid of the other three 10CC members. But Stewart is now fully recovered, and **10CC** will be back in the studios this summer.

● June 8 sees the release of **Roger Chapman**'s second Acrobat single 'Who Pulled The Nite Down', coupled with a six-minute-plus version of Mickey Jupp's 'Shortlist'. **Christopher Neil**'s single 'Working Girl' is out on the same label this weekend.

MARTIN RUSHENT LAUNCHES LABEL

NOTED producer Martin Rushent — who has recorded The Stranglers and The Buzzcocks, among many others — is launching his own Genetic Records label. First release on June 30 is the single 'Treat Me Kind' / 'What's The Point' by five-piece band Sussex, from the county of the same name. Meanwhile, Albion Records are issuing a single by Rushent himself titled 'Give It All You've Got'.

● **Lindisfarne** are currently recording a new album in London, for autumn release by Phonogram. Producer is Hugh Murphy, who has produced Gerry Rafferty's albums, as well as records by Alan Hull and Jack The Lad.

● The new **Village People** single, issued by Mercury on June 1, is the title track from their current album 'Go West'. It comes in a special picture bag, and there's also a limited edition 12-inch remixed version.

● **Eddy Grant**, former leader of hit group The Equals, makes his comeback as a solo singer next week with his first release on the Ensign label — a single titled 'Living On The Frontline'.

● Latest development in the dispute between **Sad Cafe** and RCA, reported last week, is that the record company has agreed to pay £77,000 for the tapes of the band's third album — £55,000 to go to the group, and the remainder to be deposited with the court, pending the outcome of the case. There's more litigation to come, with Sad Cafe maintaining that their RCA contract is invalid.

● **Nona Hendryx** has joined Arista, who release her single 'You're The Only One That I Ever Needed' (in clear blue vinyl) this weekend. Her debut album for the label is due shortly.

999 LONDON GIGS

999 have now fixed their string of London dates which, as reported last week, they're slotting in before leaving for their second U.S. tour. They're playing three nights at the Marquee Club on May 31, June 2 and 3, with an extra matinee on the Saturday (2). One of these gigs will mark the return to the line-up of drummer Pablo Labritain, for the first time since he broke his arm last year. But stand-in drummer Ed Case will play the remaining shows, and will probably stay with the band for their upcoming American visit. Support act at the Marquee is Pinpoint, who complete their tour with The Members on May 30, and who have London gigs in their own right at Islington Hope and Anchor (June 9 and 10) and Kensington Nashville (15).

2,000 punks for Brighton

LOOK OUT, Brighton! A 1,000-a-side punk soccer match is planned for the town on Bank Holiday Monday afternoon. It's being organised by promoter and club owner Jock McDonald, as a follow-up to the England-Scotland international at Wembley on Saturday—and it's supposed to be between Glasgow punks and Jimmy Lydon's London punks. Local bands, including The Piranhas and Test Tube Babies, will be playing free. And McDonald says the funfair will also be free.

Meanwhile, Billy's Club in London's Dean Street (operated jointly by McDonald and Lydon), is now open every night of the week, with additional live sessions on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. A live album is also to be recorded in the club. The Psychedelic Furs appear there for the next four Sunday nights — and they have other London gigs at Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (this Saturday), Camden Music Machine (May 29), Victoria The Venue (31) and Kensington Nashville (June 24).

Groovies touring after all

UK OUTING STARTS JUNE 13

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES are coming to Britain next month after all! This is despite the news, reported last week, that their June tour was in jeopardy because of a problem which had arisen with the agency scheduled to bring them over. It looked odds-on a postponement, but ITB have nipped in smartly and taken over the tour, which opens at London Camden Dingwalls on June 13. Rest of their dates will be announced shortly, but it's known that their last show will be an appearance in the Dublin Festival — headlined by Status Quo — on July 1.

The band fly into Britain on June 5 to record a session for BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test', for transmission on June 12. They then shoot off to Europe before returning here for their opening at Dingwalls. The visit ties in with the June 1 release of their third Sire album 'Jumpin' In The Night', which contains 14 tracks including a number of oldies (like 'Please Please Me' and '19th Nervous Breakdown') re-vamped by the group. One of the titles, Dylan's 'Absolutely Sweet Marie', is issued as the A-side of the three-track single on June 15.

RECORDS ARE ESTABLISHED

THE RECORDS, who have just completed a UK tour with The Jam, set out on their own headlining tour next month — coinciding with the June 8 release by Virgin of their debut album 'Shades In Bed'.

The LP, featuring ten of their own songs, will include a free EP in the first 25,000 copies — titled 'High Heels', it consists of four of their favourite oldies: '1984', 'Have You Seen Your Mother Baby', 'Abracadabra' and 'See My Friends'. A single culled from the album, coupling 'Teenarama' and 'Held Up High', comes out this weekend.

Tour dates are Wolverhampton Polytechnic (June 2), Bristol Locarno (3), Liverpool Oscar's (5), Weston-super-Mare Sloopy's (7), Scarborough Penthouse (8), Saddleworth Arts Festival with The Jam (9), Norwich Boogie House (10), Chester Smartyz (11), Sheffield Limit (12), Preston Polytechnic (13), Leeds Fan Club (14), Wolverhampton Lafayette (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (16), York Pop Club (18), Swansea Circles (19), Newport Gwent Stowaway (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (21), Newport Shropshire Village Club (22), Dudley J.B.'s (23), Leicester University (25), Portsmouth Locarno (26), Bournemouth Village Bowl (27) and London Marquee (28 and 29).

Chords in accord

THE CHORDS — pictured above with Jimmy Pursey (centre), who's just signed them to his J.P. Productions company — are currently on tour with The Undertones, playing their final date with the Irish band at Hanley Victoria Hall on June 5. They then have gigs in their own right at London Kensington Nashville (June 11), London Marquee (15 and 17) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (23). As reported last week, their debut single 'Now It's Gone' is released next month through Polydor.

JAM: WE TOLD 'EM OLDHAM

THE JAM, who recently completed a sell-out British tour, have decided to play another concert in Lancashire for the many fans who were unable to obtain tickets for the band's concerts in Manchester and Liverpool. They top the bill on the closing night of the Saddleworth Arts Festival on Saturday, June 9.

Saddleworth is about eight miles from Oldham, and the event takes place in a 3,000-capacity marquee. Dr. Feelgood open the festival on June 2, and other contrasting acts appearing during the week include Five Hand Reel (3) and Humphrey Lyttelton (6). The Records support The Jam, and tickets at £2.50 each are available from Piccadilly Records and North-West Arts (both in Manchester), Central Library (Oldham) and Upper Mill (Saddleworth). There will be late-night transport back to Oldham and Manchester.

● THE CLASH have now almost finished work on their cinema film which, after editing, will hopefully be ready for screening in the early autumn. It features 18 songs, most filmed in concert during their two UK tours last year, but some specially shot for the movie in studio settings. The picture also has a minimal story line, and all members of the band have small acting roles.

● THE CURE have made three minor changes to their current UK tour — their Birmingham Barbarella's gig, cancelled this week, is re-set for July 5; their Manchester date moves from the Polytechnic on June 9 to The Factory on July 6; and Canterbury on June 16 is now at the Odeon instead of the University. They have a new single 'Boys Don't Cry' scheduled for June 23 release.

● THE JOLT return to live action on Bank Holiday Monday (28), when they headline a concert at London Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square (7-11.30 pm). Support acts include Strangeways, and tickets cost £1.50.

● GREG KIHN, who played a one-off with his band at London's Marquee Club earlier this week before starting a European tour, returns next month for three more dates — at Liverpool Eric's (June 14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15) and London Victoria The Venue (16). His new single 'Moulin Rouge' is released by Beserkley on June 1, followed two weeks later by his album 'Power Lines'.

● THE CRAMPS, a four-piece outfit from Cleveland described as "punkabilly voodoo", fly into Britain to appear as special guests on the UK tour by The Police starting next week. The band, currently red hot in the States, also have London gigs in their own right at the Marquee (June 5) and Kensington Nashville (22).

● THE RUBINOOS return to Britain in July for a short tour, coiciding with the release of their new Beserkley album 'Back To The Drawing Board'. They'll be doing about six or seven shows, and details of dates and venues are currently being finalised. Their new single 'Hold Me' is due out in a week's time.

ANOTHER SIX TOURS CONFIRMED

YACHTS have now confirmed tour dates at Sheffield University (June 12), Port Talbot Troubadour (14), Scarborough Penthouse (15), Swansea University (18), London Marquee (19), High Wycombe Nags Head (21), Liverpool Eric's (22) Wolverhampton Polytechnic (23), Edinburgh Astoria (27). Leeds Fan Club (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (29), London Camden Music Machine (30) and Jacksdale Grey Topper (July 1), with more to come.

SUPERCHARGE are back on the road to promote their new 'Body Rhythms' album playing Dumfries Stagecoach (May 27), Worcester Hideaway (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (June 8), London Fulham Golden Lion (10), Cambridge Clare College (11), London College of Fashion (15), Nottingham Commodore Suite (18), Southampton University (20), Reading University (22), Stafford Madeley College (23), Lancaster University (27), Oxford New College (30), Derby Lonsdale College (July 2), London Fulham Greyhound (5) and Dudley JB's (7).

THE ALBION BAND undertake a short tour next month with a new all-star line-up, including Julie Covington as lead vocalist. Rest of the personnel is Andy Roberts (guitar and vocals), Barry Dransfield (fiddle and vocals), Martin Simpson (guitar, banjo and vocals), Doug Morter (lead guitar and vocals), Ashley Hutchings (bass) and Dave Mattacks (drums). They play Sheffield Crucible Theatre (June 4), Nottingham Playhouse (6), Basildon Towngate Theatre (8), Hatfield Forum (9), London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall (10), Cambridge Downing College (11), London Victoria The Venue (13 and 14), Rochdale Champness Hall (16) and Reading Hexagon (19).

THE HEADBOYS are going out on their own tour, following the success of their support spot on John Otway's recent concert series. Dates so far set for what they call their 'First Farewell Tour' are Middlesbrough Rock Garden (June 1), Winsford Civic Hall (2), Newbridge Club and Institute (3), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (5), Halifax Bulls Head (6), Kirklevington Country Club (8), Liverpool Oscar's (9), Jacksdale Grey Topper (10), London Marquee (12), Colchester Essex University (13), Birmingham Barbarella's (14), Sheffield Limit Club (15) and Dudley J.B.'s (16).

RADIO STARS have so far confirmed five dates for their June tour, plans for which were reported last week — though the tour will now be somewhat shorter than originally planned, as the band are off to Spain for concerts and TV on June 24. Gigs set so far are Northampton Nene College (June 8), Durham Collingwood College (14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16), York University (22) and Oxford Teddy Hall (23).

ROY HILL has re-shaped his band which now includes new guitarist John Knightsbridge, who joins Chas Cronk (bass), Tony Fernandez (drums), Bimbo Acock (sax) and Mike Taylor (keyboards). They undertake a short tour, prior to cutting a new album, highlighted by an appearance at London Victoria The Venue on June 8. Other dates are Bristol Polytechnic (May 31), Bedford Cranfield Institute (June 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (2), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (3), Sheffield Polytechnic (6), Liverpool Oscar's (7) and Manchester University (9).

NEWS BRIEFS

BILLY LEE RILEY, near-legendary U.S. rockabilly singer and Sun recording artist, begins a British tour at the end of next month. First dates set are Carshalton St. Helier Arms (June 27), London Southgate Royalty (28), Leicester Trade Union Labour Club (29), Swindon Town Hall (30), Bristol Trinity St. Philip's (July 1), Rayleigh Crocs (2) and London Southall White Hart (4). Further gigs are being lined up.

METRO, the five-piece contemporary rock band, have been signed as support act on the Dire Straits tour of Britain opening June 8. Formerly with the Transatlantic label, they were signed by EMI at the end of last year, and are just completing work on their first album for their new outlet.

RUSH, who recently completed a sell-out British tour, will be back in this country in the autumn to record a new album here — and it's possible they may play a few more gigs at that time. Meanwhile, the scheduled opening date of their European tour — in Paris on May 15 — had to be cancelled after the stadium was serious damaged by fire. The tour eventually got under way last weekend in Belgium.

JOHN CRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS have June gigs at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (1), Birmingham Bogarts (6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8). Swindon Brunel Rooms (12). Aberdeen University (15), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (16). Bradford University (20), Leeds Fforde Green (23). Oxford Corn Dolly (29) and Bristol Granary (30).

ARLENE PHILLIPS' HOT GOSSIP are playing a twice-nightly season at London's County Cousin niterie from May 29 to June 10 (Monday excepted). The venue has also confirmed a three-week season by outrageous New York trio Gotham (June 12-July 1) and the first European appearance by Morgana King (July 3-22).

CHAS & DAVE are playing a handful of dates to tie in with the recent release of their EMI single 'Gertcha', of TV commercial fame. So far set are Birmingham Barbarella's (June 8), Oxford Polytechnic (16), Norwich Boogie House (22) and Leicester Polytechnic (23). Plans are currently being finalised for them to uhdertake their first major British tour.

DOLL BY DOLL headline the *Zigzag* tenth anniversary party gig at London Victoria The Venue on May 31, supported by Merger, The Psychedlic Furs and SPG. Tickets are £3.50.

BRUCE WOOLLEY and his band Camera Club, who supported XTC on their recent tour, have a few London gigs lined up interspersed with recording sessions for their next CBS single. Ther're at Camden Music Machine (May 31), the Marquee Club (June 4, 18 and July 2) and Kensington Nashville (June 14).

PINKPOP, Holland's premier open-air rock festival, takes place this year on Monday, June 4 (a Bank Holiday in that country). The impressive line-up in running order is Massada, Average White Band, The Police, Dire Straits, Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Rush and Peter Tosh, with compere John Peel. Last year, over 42,000 attended the event — and more are expected this year.

HEATWAVE'S Johnnie Wilder, recently injured in a car accident in Ohio, was more seriously hurt than was first thought — he is suffering from a degree of paralysis and it's not yet known what the lasting effects will be. In the meantime, his brother Keith continues as lead singer, and the group are also routining a new singer to share front-line vocals.

FIVE HAND REEL and Bill Barclay are presenting a special Scots' night at London Fulham Greyhound this Saturday (26), coinciding with the England-Scotland soccer international at Wembley that afternoon.

THE ROUNDHOUSE in Chalk Farm, North London, is to re-open as a rock venue in the autumn. This is the outcome of a recent meeting, at which the GLC renewed its licence, despite objections by local residents. The concerts will, however, be restricted to 14 between November and March — and they'll be presented by the venue's management. and not by outside promoters.

STREETBAND top the bill in this year's Egham Open-Air Festival in Surrey, to be staged in the grounds of the Egham Centre from 5 to 10.30pm on Saturday, June 2. Thin Ice are also on the bill, with tickets costing £1 (advance) and £1.60 (doors), and all proceeds going to clubs for the physically handicapped. There's a fete on the site in the afternoon.

THE SINCEROS play London Marquee (June 4 and 18), Rayleigh Crocs (20), Leicester University (25) and Coventry Warwick University (28). Their new single issued by Epic this weekend in a picture bag, features two of their stage favourites — 'Take Me To Your Leader' and 'Quick Quick Slow' — and their album 'The Sound Of Sunbathing' is due out in early July.

SLADE are playing some dates to tie in with the release this week of their new Barn Records single 'Dizzy Mama', pressed in yellow vinyl They're at Coventry City Centre (tonight, Thursday), Cirencester Agricultural College (Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), Liverpool Oscar's (May 29), Burton Allied Breweries Club (31), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (June 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (2), Stockton Fiesta (4) and Guernsey Beau Sejour Leisure Centre (8 and 9). More are being set.

PLUS SUPPORT is the name of a one-off band specially formed to headline a Southend roots rock night at London Kensington Nashville tomorrow (Friday). It comprises Barrie Masters and Steve Nicol from Eddie & The Hot Rods, ex-Reaction guitarist George Page, rhythm guitarist Mick Oliver and Ultravox bassist Chris Cross. Two new Southend bands, The Photos and The Rubies, are also on the bill.

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THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTES

The Irish UNDERTONES have a problem: how to become world superstars (which seems relatively easy. . .) without ever leaving Derry (which seems bloody impossible). PAUL MORLEY is astonished (to put it mildly).

"When the group first started I suppose it's like a phase, y'know, ye want to be a fireman or ye want to be a policeman. I wanted to be a pop star. It's nearly happened. Well, partly."

MAY 11th 1979

A FRIDAY, and The Undertones, an uncomfortable mixture of religiously and reluctantly, are drifting through their 'Plug The LP Tour', a long series of club dates throughout Britain. It is a venture of little appeal that they have been forced to tackle due to their own soft ideals and record company pressures. Today they're at Newport in Shropshire to play The Village.

After a tedious three-hour drive from Bradford, the hotel check-in, a wash through of their small collection of tatty clothes in a launderette, an aimless wander down the small cobbled main street of this isolated village, the group finally collect at just gone five in the tiny club to run through another soundcheck in another empty room.

"My day. . ." sighs bassist Mickey Bradley. "I get up, have me breakfast, drive to the gig, do the soundcheck, go to the hotel, play the gig, go to bed and next morning I get up, have me breakfast. . ."

The soundcheck takes up to 90 minutes, but in a way the group are glad to have something to occupy their time. Drummer Billy Doherty smashes cracks and thuds each component of his drum kit. Guitar player John O'Neill plays some chords. So does brother Damian. Bass player Bradley fiddles about.

Last of all, in the empty club littered with wires, amp containers, spanners, lights, the group run through their current hit 'Jimmy, Jimmy' and 'Get It On', the T. Rex classic they do with genius.

The trials of this particular soundcheck are buffered by the news that on Kid Jensen's *Roundtable* show this very night The Undertones first LP is to be featured and discussed.

During 'Jimmy, Jimmy' and 'Get It On' singer Fergal Sharkey keeps a radio stuck tight to his ear. But at the end of the soundcheck, the LP still hasn't been played.

"Maybe we've missed it," moans Doherty.

"Are you sure it's on?" wonders Bradley.

"Yeah Yeah Yeah. It'll be on soon," calms Sharkey. The merciless rapid fire of this conversation means it's all over in a couple of seconds. The thick Irish accents mean an outsider has to concentrate.

The group dawdle the 200 yards from small club to two star hotel. They have painfully decided that they're going to chance a rare meal, as long as the journalist puts it on his bill so that the record company won't complain. The group wander separately down the small street,a strange sight. They look straight out of a Hovis advert, or a documentary on the Depression. Only Sharkey has trousers that come near his ankles — a pair of oily red cords.

The rest wear flapping blue denims or grey flannels that stop abruptly three quarters of the way down their calves. Hands are shoved in pockets, haircuts are crude faces are grim and thoughtful. The following Monday they're flying home to Derry, N. Ireland, for a week's break, and that's what they're thinking about.

In the hotel dining room they set the tranny in the middle of the table. Sharkey, the image of Winker Watson, can't stop grinning or pulling his face into all sorts of grotesque positions, Doherty seems always aggressively apprehensive, Damien O'Neill is easy going and easily influenced, John O'Neill has the most oppresively sad face and demeanour I've ever known. His whole attitude aches the message, "I wish I was home and out of all this." Bradley joins the table later, a tall determined lad.

At last, Kid Jensen — his guests the rock'n'roll specialist DJ Stuart Colman and the ubiquituous Nick Lowe — reaches The Undertones LP, which the group have just learnt, has dived into the charts at 31. The group quieten down and stiffen. During the next few minutes there's little reaction apart from occasional frowns, grimaces and murmurs of agreement.

KID JENSEN: Well it's a fact of course that the punk explosion threw up a lot of new names and new talents on the scene, lots of new groups around. This is one of the bands that John Peel has been championing for quite some time and still one of his favourites. The Undertones with 'Here Comes The Summer' and 'Family Entertainment', both from their debut album release. . .fairly impressive to my ears. . .Stuart, what about yours?

STUART COLMAN: Well, let me say that I wouldn't go out and buy the album, but it's very lively, has that sort of edge to it. The thing that I think is great about new wave, punk, whatever you want to call it, is that kids can actually go out and see it at their local village hall, which you cannot say for disco. . .This is just the sort of thing that goes down well in a local hall.

KJ: When I think of the so called new wave bands I never think of them in terms of albums, I always relate their songs to singles. . .and er having heard a few tracks on John's show and these two here right now they sounded fine still but for an album's worth I'm not sure. Nick?

NICK LOWE: What about. . . ?

KJ:. . .The Undertones. . .did you like what you heard. . . ?

NL: Yeah! I think they're great! I think they're really good. I mean, I am slightly biased 'cos the guy who produced this, Roger Becharian, engineered all of Elvis's albums practically, couple of Graham Parker albums, my album, so I've worked with him a lot of times, so I'm sort of biased. But I think they're very good indeed. Love the singer, I think he's got this. . .

KJ:. . .Fergal Sharkey. . .

NL: Oh yeah. . .he's very good. . .I've seen him on TV, he delivers a song from the heart, he seems in such intense pain when he sings. . .he's got a voice that sounds like a cross between Roger Chapman and Steve Marriott. I love that little sort of bleat he's got in his voice, very distinctive. Yeah, I think they're great. I mean, they're a young group, and I think they're sort of influenced by The Ramones, but I'm sure that with their next LP, when they come to do that, I'm sure they're gonna be very very good. Cos they can obviously play, y'know, and they're well into what they're playing, and I think, their next LP they're going to come up with a. . .

KJ: Do you think it's necessary for new bands. . .this is the point I was trying to raise before. . .new rock bands it seems could quite easily go on releasing singles. Why is it necessary to release an album?

NL: Well, it's purely financial really. Once you start getting into the rock business and you start making records, it's a never ending. . .Suddenly you find yourselves totally involved in this heavily capitalistic type of situation whereby you've got to have top notch equipment, you've got to have a good manager, you've got to have a good road crew and all the rest of it. And so you have to make the album, that's how you get the money in. . .

KJ: Well there it is. . .a new album from The Undertones on Sire Records.

AFTER IT'S over the radio's switched off, there's no rush of conversation, just shrugging and coy grins. Doherty mentions that the LP's sequence was modelled on The MC5's 'Back In The USA'. Sharkey thinks about their position in the LP charts. "I don't really know what it means. Maybe we don't appreciate it. Maybe if we'd been struggling for years then we might appreciate it more. So we're number 31 in the album charts. Uh?"

It's as if he's talking about something far removed.

John O'Neill confesses: "We used to say we'd never make an album, only singles. I agree with what that guy says about the next LP though. It's going to be better than the first."

I was quite shocked to hear from John O'Neill's lips of doom that he even imagined that there would be another album.

"If you went over there and lived in Derry for six months, you'd get used to 'it.' Everybody just gets on with it. Normal life goes on. It has to. The troubles, you could say they've just become part of normal life. Nobody really notices it. Maybe that's bad. It's why it seems really odd what Stiff Little Fingers do, because they just seem to be exaggerating something everybody else is used to. The troubles aren't that bad over there. But that's partly because we're used to them. There still seems no point in making political statements."

FIVE CLOSE schoolfriends began to make copies of pop songs in the mid '70s to amuse themselves. It was something to do. These five friends lived in Derry, Northern Ireland, so it was good to have something to do. They never really thought about it beyond messing about. Certainly they never saw it as any kind of escape.

By 1976 these five friends had proper instruments and knew some songs and were even playing in front of people. They called themselves The Undertones. A pub called The Casbah let them play now and then.

They soon decided to do something about the state of local live music.

"All the groups in Derry were either playing Carpenters songs or playing Thin Lizzy and Led Zeppelin, so we wanted to do something different.

"But when we first started we were just a joke. Everybody laughed. Nobody wanted anything different."

Surrounded by humiliation and futility they pounded on. They set themselves a list of ambitions, so that the music wouldn't become a habit. The limit of this list was to make a record.

While the five Undertones were learning songs and playing the odd gig, elsewhere punk had scorched the rock scene and the reverberations quickly touched The Undertones who, intuitively attracted to the pop and pounce of T. Rex, the Stones, New York Dolls, MC5, were already similarly and suitably motivated towards the short, sharp and fast. Records they heard and fell for, like the Hot Rods' 'Live At The Marquee' EP, the Pistols' 'Anarchy' and, most effectively, The Ramones' first LP, helped futher mould The Undertones sensibility.

By 1977 they were playing their own songs, and in nearby Belfast the Good Vibrations label had been established to push Belfast music. The Undertones and Good Vibration quickly interested each other, and the group were allowed to fulfil what they assumed would be their ultimate ambition; to make a record.

■ Continues over

■ *From previous page*

They had vaguely decided that if they didn't make a record by, say, October 1978, they would break up, and if they did make a record they would carry on. What they had overlooked was that by the time they came to make the record their music, further and finally influenced by the fiction pop dance of Buzzcocks, was strong and individual. The Undertones had become too good to remain local and unknown. This ignorance about the maturity of their music had not been encouraged five months earlier by the negative response from Stiff, Chiswick and Radar to a demo tape they had recorded that included 'Teenage Kicks' and 'Get Over You'.

On June 16 1978, The Undertones recorded their 4-track EP. This was not the end of the line, as the group had somehow surmised, almost hoped for, but the beginning. It was, in some ways, their downfall.

"After we recorded it, it was just pushing Good Vibrations, and they kept saying oh it'll be out next week. We were planning to break up if it never came out. We were always planning to split up, by June, by Christmas, for some reason or other.

"Yeah, and then the record came out in the middle of September, and at the beginning nobody took much notice. So we thought we'd split up. Then John Peel started playing it."

After Peel the phone calls began immediately.

The next move was that Peter Powell, Radio One's self-styled 'trendiest DJ' made the record his single of the week. Within weeks The Undertones, with no manager, no real conceptions of what was happening to them, with no real desire for it to happen, were wanted.

Fergal Sharkey himself negotiated a five-year contract with Sire. On Good Vibrations the 'Teenage Kicks' EP went to 102 in the charts, the next week Sire had their pressing in the shops and the record moved to 75. And then 38.

October 22nd: The Undertones flew to London to do *Top Of The Pops*.

"One week we were buying these people's records, the next we were speaking to them."

And then 31. And then back down to 38. And then out.

But by then it was too late to stop.

ON NOVEMBER 1st they set out on their first British tour, a two-week set of dates with The Rezillos. Halfway through the series The Rezillos split and The Undertones were forced to conclude the tour by themselves.

"The tour was awful. No, maybe it wasn't that bad. The Rezillos were great, they really helped us a lot, we're not slagging them. But the tour wasn't organised. For a start we had no manager. During the days it was just awful. We were away from home for the first time, it was boring, chaotic. On stage it was great. But we felt homesick from the very first night.

"Everything that could've gone wrong did go wrong. We do not like touring, that's for sure. In the old Casbah days it was great. You knew everybody in the audience and you could crack jokes and everybody knew what you were talking about. But now it's like you get on stage every night, and it's hard, physically hard, to push yourself, and it's like the same jokes every night."

The Undertones solidly self-deluding attitude towards touring is well known. Most of the dark mutterings come from the grim John O'Neill, but the rest of the group share his fundamental naive distaste for the rock business routines, his constant longing for home and specifically his girlfriend.

The paradox is that while they cling to vague ambitions to be as 'big' as The Beatles, they also stubbornly refuse to admit that this means their lifestyle has to alter.

They reckon they can do this without changing, without leaving home. They cannot resist reality much longer, surely?

AFTER the radio has been switched off and the group have ordered their meaty meals — "Wow, it's like a Christmas dinner!" "It's like five Christmas dinners!!" — I ask them about their oft broadcast views. It often comes up in interviews that the group almost selfishly don't appreciate how lucky they are, aren't aware how successful they are.

A chorus of ayes and that's true, that's true.

So they feel guilty?

J. O'Neill drily replies, still obstinately hanging onto pre-'Teenage Kicks' feelings: "Yeah, well the perfect thing for me would just be to stay in Derry and make records from there. But . . . if people buy the records then you've got to tour, I suppose. But once I get married I'll tour when I *want* to tour, no problem. She hates that I go on tour and I hate it, but you just have to accept it."

What happens if you're asked or told to go to Europe; that's part of the routine.

Sharkey's jaunty voice answers this one: "Well we can't be told to go. We were asked to go and said no. They asked us to go to America and we said no."

Don't you want to see America? "I'd love to go for a holiday, or even for a tour and use it as a holiday. That'd be great. But touring America could be as boring as touring Britain."

But maybe you won't be able to stop it.

"We just wouldn't get on the plane."

But The Undertones have had three hit singles, more or less, the LP's selling strongly. The chances are you're going to get bigger and bigger. You'll have a number one hit.

"I don't see why we should get bigger and bigger," challenges Bradley, ridiculously.

J. O'Neill's morose tones slide into the conversation. "I'd rather we'd have stayed as we were. Maybe we won't be a success . . ."

I can't believe that I hear that. Would he prefer that?

"I think so . . . just to make a living out of it and to make records, that suits me. I just want to write songs that I feel are good . . ."

Just as personal achievement?

"Yeah."

It must be said, however, that the acute despairs emit predominantly from John O'Neill, whilst the rest of the group are just more naturally bemused by the rapid developments of the last few months and have difficulty in adapting. It seems an achievement that he's lasted so far.

The basic Undertone problem, again, especially for J. O'Neill, is, rather touchingly, girls. Girlfriends are a link with maybe their old 'real' selves that they grip to faithfully and defensively. I ask if they ever consider taking girlfriends on tour.

"I don't think that would alter anything for me," O'Neill shakes his head. Sharkey expands." I don't think it would do any good. Like even when we play in Derry I hate having my girlfriend there. You're always split two ways. Because you're with the group and you've got to play on stage that night and you've also go to care for your girlfriend. So your like torn two ways and if you give too uch one way then something the other way is harmed."

J. O'Neill begins to explain that the only thing stopping him from getting married is lack of money. "But we *do* tour," he insists, maybe guiltily." We don't begrudge actually playing. When you're on the stage it's great but it's just all the travelling around, the hanging around, and the being away from home . . ."

"When the band first signed the contract it was all come to London, come to London, the whole star trip thing, y'know, get your face about, with so and so at the Music Machine, play on so and so's album, y'know, go to the parties, which is wrong, totally wrong. Before Christmas somebody took us around all the parties and it was all so false and stupid ooh darling, sooo plaised tah mait yah! And it's really so insincere . . . it's really so false, the whole music thing. The people look on themselves as being something special, and we're not. We're the same as anyone else, y'know, we just happen to have had more breaks than anyone else, that's all."

"If you begin to cheat people, if this comes over in your music, then that's terrible. We will never get up on stage and fool people because there's absolutely no point at all in doing that."

FERGAL SHARKEY'S attitude is almost totally opposite to the withdrawn J. O'Neill. Sharkey enjoys his fame and enjoys the conversation with his fans, but considers it no big deal. Outside the hotel, in the cold, there's a crowd of kids mostly well under 18 — so it's impossible for them to get into tonight's licensed gig. Sharkey talks with them for over an hour.

Amongst the ten or so males is a craggy youth with a side parting, hovering nervously at the back of the huddle. He's the target for a number of jibes from his mates. He attempts to deflect the taunts with a shy shrug. "Hey, what's the matter with him," asks Sharkey. "Oh, him, don't mind him . . . he looks like you," someone says with peculiar distaste. "We call him the Undertone."

Sharkey addresses him: "Well don't worry about it, look what happened to me."

Eventually the gathering begin to ridicule the 'Undertone' again. Sharkey goes out of his way to protect the poor sod.

Later I asked Sharkey about the way he protected this diffident object of scorn.

"It was always the same for me at school. I was slagged of all the time back in secondary school. I had a really rough time just cos I wasn't one of the boot boys. There was all sorts of gangs back in secondary school and all that sort of crap . . . and it was all wrecking things, vandalism, and I wasn't one of the boys, and I was out of it and I was like that kid must have been, y'know, and maybe one day he'll show all those kids who were taunting him . . . I hope so . . . just like I did.

"Like, I was in this record shop in Derry and this guy came up and asked me for my autograph and I said fuck off 'cos he was one of those who used to give me hell at school. Bob Geldof has said it too, about getting your revenge on these people and it fucking is true."

"I get annoyed when we don't play well. I'll come off the stage and throw a fit. If we play badly you better clear out of the way. If we play badly I feel cheap. Those people come to see the band and if we play badly I feel that I've cheated them. The same with records. We do care. We care the most. We care about what we give people, right, but if people don't accept it then that's too bad, it's as simple as that. If you've done your best, that's it."

THE MIDNIGHT gig at The Newport Village teeters on disaster. The management has allowed twice the accepted limit into the club (and still turned 70 or so away). In front of the small low stage minutes before midnight an expectant sweaty pack pushes involuntarily against equipment.

The time is coming when this group must leave the clubs and enter the halls. This is how it goes . . . But for now . . .

On stage the group, wearing responsibility well, spend most of the time asking the pack to give them room, move back, more back. It's hot, sticky, damp, hard to breathe — but necessary to move. Through all this, y'see, The Undertones play a moving music that is beyond out-of-tune instruments, faltering musicianship, that lifts the heart.

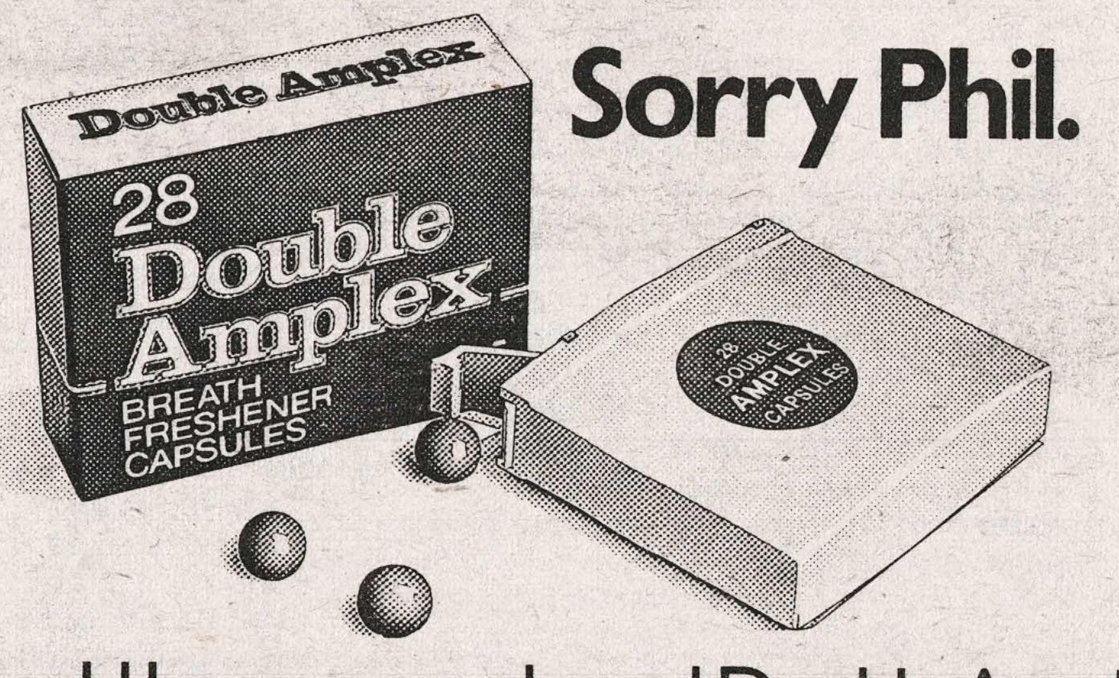
There are succulent songs that are the end product of the soft surrealism of T. Rex, the smooth beaty insistence of The Ramones, the swerving and yearning melody of Buzzcocks and the isolation and depression of Derry. Majestic songs written by the moody, dark eyed John O'Neill — "Everyone knows what's it's like not getting off with a girl" — and the frivolous Damien O'Neill, who just looks for words that rhyme.

Songs sung with chilling flexible emotion by ex-choir boy Sharkey, who can sing the blues like few else. Songs that are modern blues songs as much as anything.

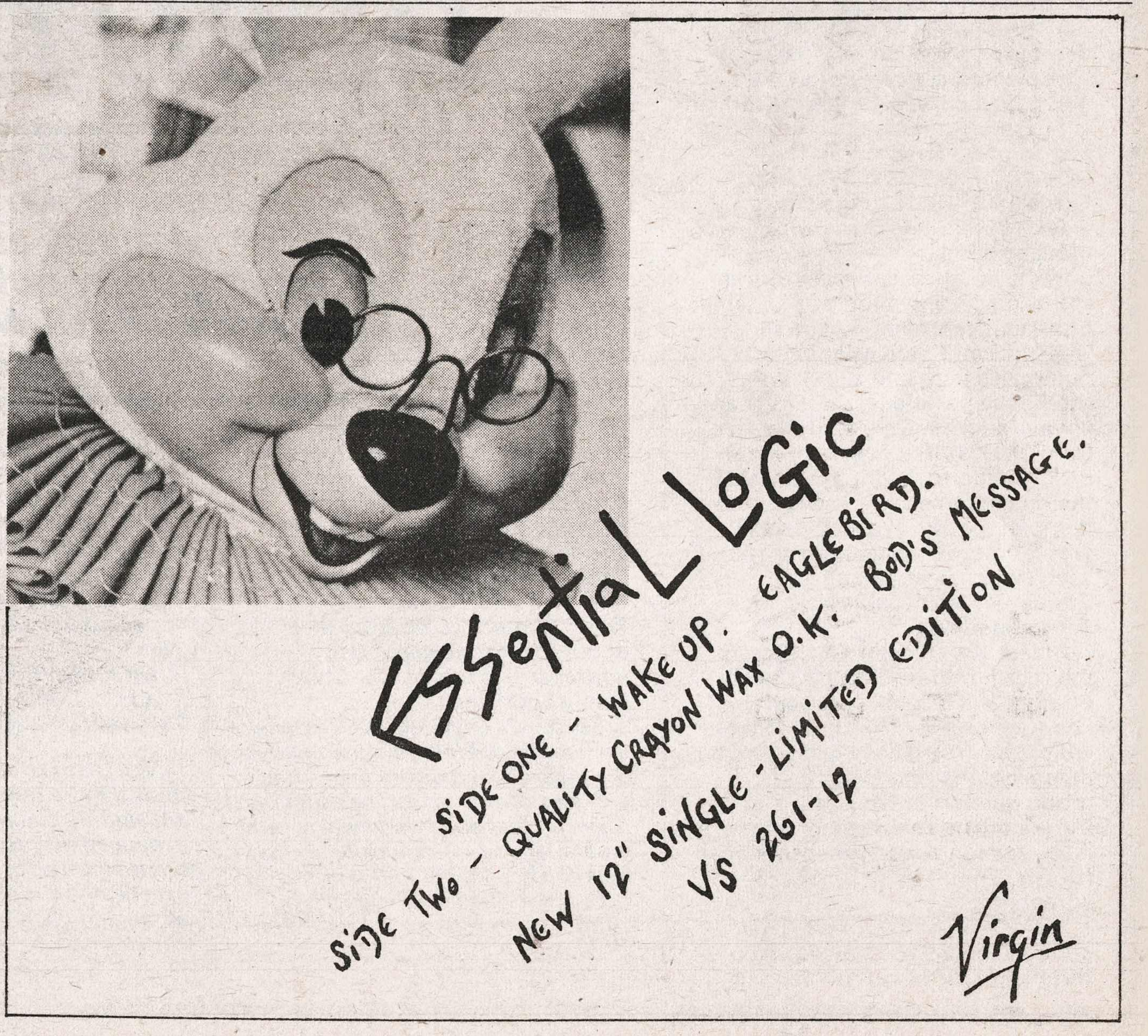
And the people at Newport think they're great. And this onlooker thinks that . . . they're the best pop group that ever there was.

By the end of the year maybe they'll have split up. Maybe they'll be in America. Whichever way it is maybe your group can take their place.

Phillip gave her everything-
a romantic dinner, a gold ankle bracelet, all his best lines,
and his bad breath.
Sorry Phil.



He should have remembered Double Amplex.
Available from Chemists throughout the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland.



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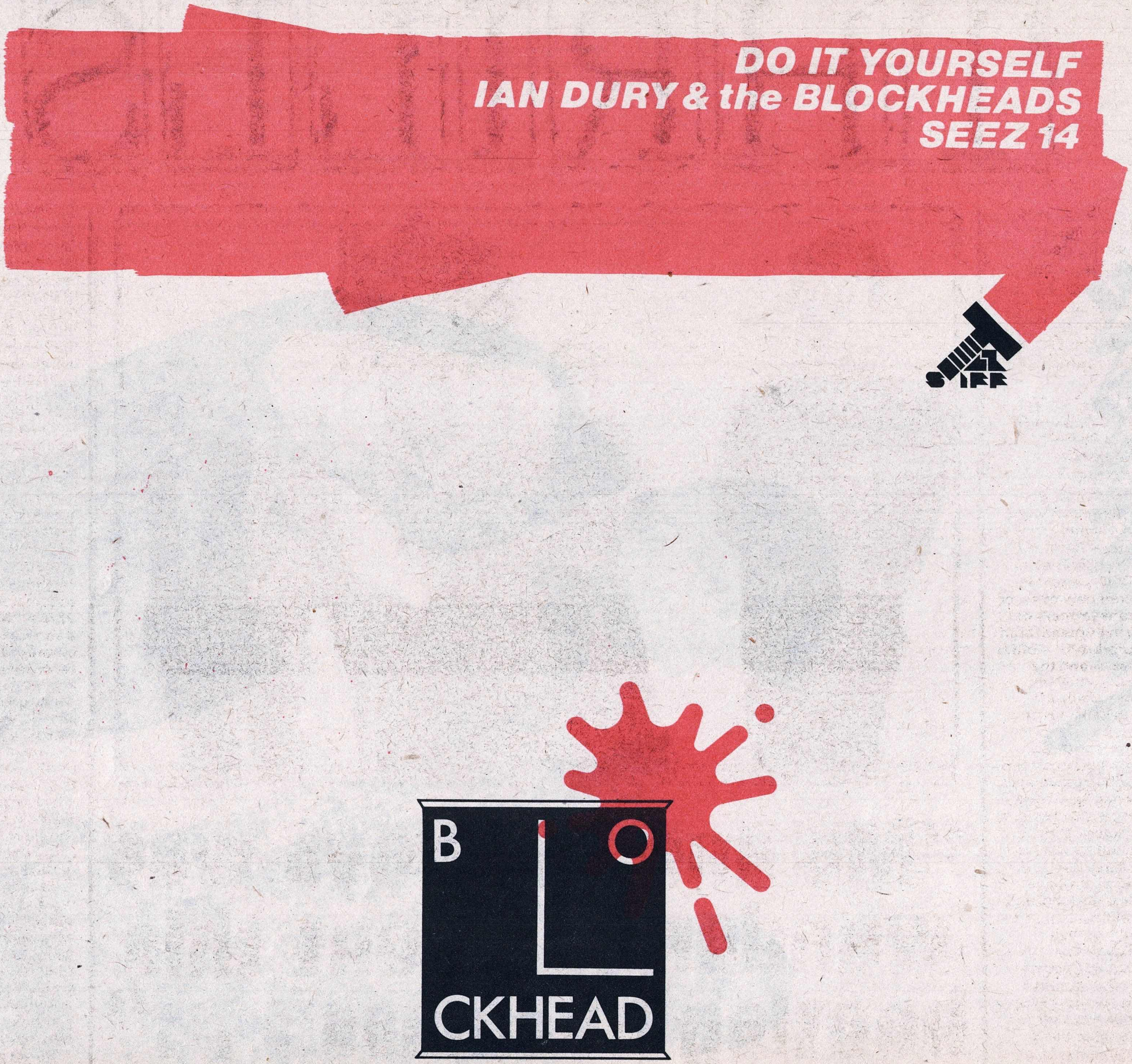
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THRILLS

Pic: Fin Costello

"Me and the boys was wondering about this bootleg business . . ."

Siouxsie sues the bootleggers — so do The Stranglers, Clash, Buzzcocks and dozens of other anti-establishment freedom fighters. *Thrills* sent MARK ELLEN to get his hands dirty . . .

ANYONE WHO IS anyone has been bootlegged. Dylan was the first in summer '69, when, after years of illegal blues, jazz and opera, bootlegs and rock music coincided in the release of 'The Great White Wonder' (the original Basement Tapes).

Now, a decade later, bootlegging has escalated to become an industry in its own right, as systematic and professional as the one it supposedly undermines.

Most large scale operators are currently pressing bootlegs abroad — complete with fake labels, addresses, logos and authorisation stamps. These are then shipped through customs in old sleeves or cheap and nondescript new ones, or else mixed with a consignment of legal albums. Once in England, high quality covers are produced — often with detailed artwork — and the albums arrive on the streets to change hands for up to £40 each. Some are even pressed in coloured vinyl.

Bootlegs subdivide into three categories — bootlegs, pirates and counterfeits. A 'bootleg' is an illegal, unauthorised live recording that's subsequently duplicated and sold; a 'pirate' is a coupy of an existing record or tape: a 'counterfeit' is an exact copy of a record or tape, together with an identical sleeve incorporating the original label and logo.

With the availability of their near-perfect sound quality, most bootlegs are taken off *In Concert* and John Peel radio sessions in England, and FM stereo broadcasts in America, as opposed to being actually taped at live gigs.

Inevitably, the best quality live tapes come direct from the mixing desk, a source so well established that Dylan paid his sound engineer £1,000 at Earl's Court on the condition that no mixing desk bootlegs should ever appear. (They didn't incidentally, but various others did.)

Most pirates are taken from studio demo tapes, the rarity of original arrangements or unreleased material usually qualifying for an exorbitant mark-up. Counterfeits are either duplicated direct from the record, or pressed from (usually stolen) studio master tapes.

Being bootlegged has always been a recognition of status.

With an artist of sufficient repute, there is automatically a limitless market for any of their material.

The various attitudes of established artists has hardened as the number of bootlegs increased. Dylan, for one, has turned a sharp volte face, considering 'The Great White Wonder' was always rumoured to have contributed largely to the revival of his entire career.

Patti Smith, on the other hand, actively encourages the bootlegging of her concerts, Keith Richard collects every available Stones bootleg, and Lowell George once confided that the reason for the excellent quality of the three best Little Feat bootlegs was that he mixed the tapes himself.

Jake Riviera: "I couldn't give a fuck about lost revenue . . ."

By 1972 it was estimated that 60% of the American eight-track and cassette market was controlled by pirates. Consequently, the Nixon administration made it a Federal offence to duplicate legitimate recordings for sale. The result was an influx of American bootlegs to England.

Accordingly, English record companies joined the British Phonographic Industry (BPI) for legal security that would both protect their artists and clean up the retail market.

Financed by the record companies, the BPI — when possible — recovers the damages and cost of legal proceedings from the bootleggers under prosecution, and recycles that money back into their funds to combat piracy.

The record companies never recoup any of their estimated loss of revenue.

The BPI's list of legal cases is endless. Their investigations are methodical. Having discovered a bootleg is selling on the street, they work back down the line to its dealers, wholesalers, importers and eventually to its manufacturers. In exceptional circumstances, they are issued with High Court Orders that entitle them to enter and search premises and remove illegal evidence.

They claim they have never encountered a case where a bootlegger has won a legal action, and they adamantly believe that "there is absolutely no evidence *at all* that bootlegs further an artist's career."

Predictably, the present bootleg boom is in new wave artists.

As the new wave gathered momentum, so the bootlegs increased in quality and quantitiy. One early example — a near-legendary Clash/Pistols album pressed from a portable cassette tape — gets increasingly frenetic when the recording machines batteries start to run flat. Once again, from such shameless amateurism has grown a highly influential alternative record market.

On behalf of their members (most major record companies) the BPI have taken legal action against bootleggers either as a matter of course or at the investigation of the artists involved.

Their recent cases include Graham Parker, AC/DC, The Damned, Eddie and the Hot Rods, The Ramones, Sex Pistols, Dave Edmunds, Ultravox and The Stranglers. They are also dealing with an early '79 bootleg of Patti Smith recorded in the UK, but she herself has taken no part in the proceedings.

There have been no cases involving The Jam, Boomtown Rats, or Ian Dury.

Thrills contacted spokesmen for four variously bootlegged new wave bands — Buzzcocks, The Clash, Elvis Costello, and Siouxsie and the Banshees — to hear their respective viewpoints.

OF THE SEVERAL **Buzzcocks** bootlegs to have surfaced since the band's outset, the BPI took legal action over the 'Times Up' album. It contains eight-track demo material recorded in September '76 in a loft in Stockport (when Howard Devoto was still in the band), and early versions of the 'Spiral Scratch' EP, and was released on the Voto label. Some of the material the band have never recorded in any other form.

Buzzcocks' manager, Richard Boone, claims "we were down in London, and went to an independent record shop, found some of these bootlegs and bought them. Later we were contacted by the BPI, who asked if we were aware they were on the streets. We said we were, and they said they were looking into it. We didn't bring it to their attention."

Did the band object to the album?

"We didn't object to its existence *per se*, just to the fact that someone is making something out of it at the expense of not only the group and their reputation, but at the expense of fans of the group; the fact that they're paying fantastic amounts of money for something that — although it's quite good quality — is not that great an album. And we objected 'cos we didn't *know* about it."

When they heard the album, did they still object?

"We liked the material, and I'm sure it's got fantastic historical merit. Generally, bootlegs are very interesting when their material is not available elsewhere. Obviously as a phenomenon on a large scale, someone somewhere makes a lot of money out of it, and the artist doesn't get anything. But it can further an artist's career, and it does mean you've got a certain amount of status and a certain market, which is quite nice. In fact, it's very flattering."

The BPI are currently taking legal action on behalf of **The Clash** against a pirate of the single 'Capital Radio'.

The case was initiated by the band's manager Caroline Coon when it was discoverd that fans were buying pirates of the single for up to £30 under the assumption that they were part of the original limited edition.

"I only take legal action in certain circumstances," Ms Coon told *Thrills*. "Myself, I love bootlegs. If it's a service to the public, if it's some enterprising soul that's gone out and recorded a live gig that one's never really going to hear — then that's one thing. But when it's a real steal of a single, when it's stright profiteering — that's another.

"These guys are making 1,000% profit, and the poor kids are thinking they've got a rare piece of vinyl which is in fact a copy, a forgery. That's basically why I thought we should run after this one."

Did the band themselves take any particular standpoint?

"If someone has genuinely gone out and recorded one of their concerts, which they would never have recorded themselves, I think they'd say good luck to the guys. But when it's consciously a rip-off, then it's a different matter altogether."

Almost all the **Elvis Costello** bootlegs have originated from America and Canada.

Remarkable for its diversity alone is the double album '50 Million Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong', which contains *Top Of The Pops* broadcasts, early Peel sessions, a Nicky Horne show, a Mavis Nicholson show, and some very early two-track demos recorded in Cornwall when The Attractions were supporting Wayne County on tour. The album changes hands for around £35.

The best known is 'Live At The El Mocambo' taped from a 'simulcast' (live broadcast) in Canada. Without Costello's permission, CBS Canada pressed up 2,000 albums for radio stations only, which were subsequently counterfeited in large numbers. All legal proceedings were initiated by the BPI.

Costello's manager Jake Riviera outlines the market for bootlegs as essentially a demand for live material.

"The only way round it is either to put out a live album yourself — which isn't always very satisfactory — or just to give the stuff away in free EPs and singles. But then what happens is you get people collating all your free EPs into a bootleg.

"I mean we haven't tried to make anything unobtainable. We gave away a free single with 'This Year's Model' and a free EP with the first 150,000 copies of 'Armed Forces'. I think that pretty much takes care of the keen fans."

■ *Continues over*

Richard Boon: "It's very flattering."

BOOTLEGS

■ *From Previous page*

Did he object to losing revenue through bootlegs?

"I couldn't give a fuck. I'd like to have some kind of royalty from bootleggers. 100 albums wouldn't be a lot to ask. But it's the record companies who stand to lose most out of it — which tells you something interesting about the whole record industry. It's the person who stands to lose the most who's the one who must obviously gain the most."

THE MOST RECENTLY bootlegged new wave band is undoubtedly **Siouxsie and the Banshees.**

Among the six legal cases the Banshees have opened in the last two months, the band are sueing the manufacturers of the now-notorious 'Love In A Void' album.

Partly an early Peel session and partly stolen demo tapes recorded before the band's contract with Polydor, it was released prior to their debut album 'The Scream'. It therefore contributed largely to increasing the band's following at a time when legitimate material was unavailable.

Immaculately faked to look like the band's own output, it comes complete with a picture of Siouxsie on the front cover, a John Heartfield montage on the back, a track listing in Germanic type, a false catalogue number, ST 33 stamp and authorisation statement. It also claims to be a product of the Sioux label.

Siouxsie herself objected to the release of its version of the title track on account of its controversial content: "Too many Jews for my liking", etc.

She was unavailable for comment but the Banshees' manager Nils Stevenson told *Thrills:* "She's bored to death with talking about Nazis and Jews, and trying to justify something that's not worth justifying."

Speaking on behalf of the band, Stevenson's opinion on bootlegs is partly understandable, entirely one-sided, and mostly outspoken to the point of contempt for their consumers.

"If you're making records," he claims, "You should have the right to decide what records go out and what quality they have. If these bastards start putting out stuff you don't want to put out, then they're taking away your control."

Surely it could be called a compliment that fans care enough about the band to pay a tenner for what they consider rare material.

"On one hand it's good I suppose, but on the other we're handing over our quality control to someone else."

But people who buy bootlegs aren't primarily concerned with their quality.

"Right, they want them for a bit of one-upmanship — so that they can say to their mates, 'ere look what I've got — even if it sounds shit. It's a bit of snobbery a lot of the time. That's stupid too, I hate that kind of elitism."

Did he deny that the album contributed to the band's success?

"The bootleggers wouldn't have bothered to produce it unless the market was already there for it. They didn't create the market by putting it out, they cashed in on a market that was already there."

But the album might have increased that market.

"What can I say?" he concludes, "I can't give you any clever quotes."

When asked if he denies that bootlegs had the positive function of increasing the amount of material available to fans, Stevenson replies: "The more bootlegging that's done to our material, the less likely the band are going to be to go out and play a better version." This statement he was later to retract.

Finally *Thrills* lent an ear to a known bootleg dealer, who — for obvious reasons — shall remain anonymous.

Did he, as someone who'd sold Banshees bootlegs, feel at all sympathetic with the band's attitude that bootlegs were elitist?

"Any Banshees fan would have felt really disappointed with that Polydor album as it's not nearly as good as 'Love In A Void'. I don't see why a real Banshees fan shouldn't have some memento of the reason they liked the band in the first place."

Did he agree that the artist had a right to object?

"Yes, and to a share of the profits — but I don't think it ever does an artist any harm. The people that buy bootlegs are simply and solely 100% fans of the band and are anxious to have anything the band have ever recorded.

"But the way it works at the moment is totally wrong; the way a record company can say to an artist, 'You can only release two or three singles this year as we don't want to flood the market'. As far as I'm concerned, if someone wants to put out a single every week, then why not? If people have got great music in them, then they should be allowed to get it out.

"Monopoly capitalists don't like to have the security of their monopoly threatened in any way. And that — basically — is what bootlegging is all about."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

RAR: In the Red but fighting the Blues

THE LATEST news sheet from Rock Against Racism reveals a loss of £5,500 on the recent Militant Entertainment tour. The deficit would have been much greater but for a timely £2,000 profit on the tour-closing Ally Pally extravaganza.

RAR attribute the loss to various factors, mostly derived from their inexperience at tour promotion. The original plan for 23 gigs was over-ambitious (15 were eventually played); publicity wasn't well organised; and there was a tendancy to book over-large venues, which in turn implies an over-estimation of audiences.

The problem of finding suitable venues was exacerbated by the allegedly unco-operative attitude of most student administrations; and RAR suggest ignoring colleges for future projects unless the NUS/NUSS can be persuaded to take a more overtly sympathetic line.

Despite this financial setback, the news sheet ends with a determined pledge to fight Tory oppression. "When the legislation starts seeping through, when the police get their 'extra powers', when the local law centre loses its grant, when a new abortion act appears on the statutes, when the Public Order Act comes out of the hat against summer carnivals, when the SPG move into Chapeltown, Mosside, Handsworth or to Notting Hill . . . we want to be there with gigs, pickets, demos and lotsa noise."

A national conference to consider ways of doing this is planned for late June/early July, probably to be held in Birmingham.

(Lest we be accused of bias, *Thrills* would like to hear from *any*

The Lone Groover — Benyon

NO ORDINARY ALBUM.

promoters or record companies willing to discuss their financial situation and political sympathies in print).

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

Getcher Cultcher 'ere

LATEST ROCK person to unveil literary pretensions is the Bard of Bow, the Scribe of Stratford, the Tolstoy of Tower Hamlets, the er, Polydor recording punk, Patrik Fitzgerald.

A booklet of his poems and very, *very* short stories, wittily titled 'Poems', has just been published by the Tower Hamlets Art Project, a community publishing group based in, er, Tower Hamlets.

Also included are several song lyrics: 'Make It Safe', 'Babysitter', and others.

Patrik receives no money from the book and T.H.A.P. is probably a very good cause; but for 75p you get a mere 28 pages many of which consist largely of white spaces.

The poems and stories are typical Fitzgerald — some incisive observations, a few good jokes, a bit of obscurity, occasional naivity/negativity, lots of whimsy — all in all, a somewhat *slight* collection.

Still, Stendhal didn't even *start* writing till he was 40. On the other hand Keats was dead at 24. Yup, life can be a funny old thing, with a hey ho the wind and the rain.

WILD BILL SHAKESPEARE

THRILLS

The truth will out. Julie Burchill reviews the new Clash single. Spotted in the Eastern Cape Province Evening Post by Simon Wakeling.

Stop Press . . .

ARE "HEAD SHOPS" NOW ILLEGAL?

LAST WEEK uniformed and plain clothes police raided the premises of *Rock Dreams* in King's Road, Chelsea, and took away artifacts, books and comics to the value of £1000. This is first bust of its kind in the UK. The police plan to take their evidence to the Director of Public Prosecutions to get the sale of "drug paraphernalia" banned on the grounds that it incites people to take illegal drugs. Affected under such an ordinance would be pipes, balances, "starch boxes", chillums, rolling machines and even papers.

In next week's *Thrills* Dick Tracy examines the implications, looks at the background — and charts the growth of the "paraphernalia" industry, from paper manufacturers to your friendly local head-shop.

WATCH THIS SPACE!!

THRILLS

When the disco gets dangerous

AS FAR AS the owners of the Ozone Outer Layer Disco were concerned, business wasn't bad for a Monday night. Seventy-five paying customers, some action at the bar, and no trouble. The Brooklyn New York disco's policy is no sneakers, jackets on the guys, 21 and up. Lately guys in sneakers have been a problem, especially when they come in a gang.

On the club's small dance floor perky local gals, dressed to the nines in their Calvin Kleins, slithered to Geno Soccio's 'Dancing'. The guys did likewise, threaded out in powder blues, neck chains and duck tails.

For a couple of hours they could make out they were at Studio 54 without leaving the neighbourhood, and at half price.

"If business keeps up we can expand in a few months," said Irving Banschoff to his co-partner and wife Tina.

"Yeah Irv," chirped Mrs. Banschoff sarcastically, "when the World's Fair comes to Flatbush we'll get rich!"

Irv grinned, and hefted a case of distilled beverage atop the formica bar. Suddenly the controlled ambience in the room was abruptly broken. Someone shouted, "Lie down on the floor! Take off all your clothes! No talking and nobody gets hurt!"

The man, scrupulously attired and standing in the middle of the dancers, held a gun. So did his seven partners, who had infiltrated the club individually, unnoticed.

One gun wielder ordered the deejay to "keep playing the records man, play 'Champagne' King man, and keep it *loud*!"

Startled, the patrons removed their garments, and were then told to lie flat on their stomachs. Pockets and bags were rifled, necklaces were torn from the girls, and one guy got shot for giving the bandits some lip.

He's listed as "stable" at Brooklyn County Hospital.

Within minutes the gang of eight had gathered the booty and fled the establishment.

"They were a wild bunch of dudes. They shot up my ceiling, scared my customers shitless, and almost gave my wife a heart attack," said the shaken Irving Banschoff.

"Yeah Irv, just like Clint Eastwood," chimed the perspiring Mrs. Banschoff.

Police are making inquiries.

A. COWBOY

THRILLS

"I think maybe it's more fun like this . . ."

NO ORDINARY JOE.

Joe Egan hasn't exactly come out of nowhere. You'll remember him as part of the very successful Stealer's Wheel, along with Gerry Rafferty.

But then the group split and they went their separate ways. Gerry into 'Baker Street,' and Joe into the country, where he spent three years reflecting on his last twenty.

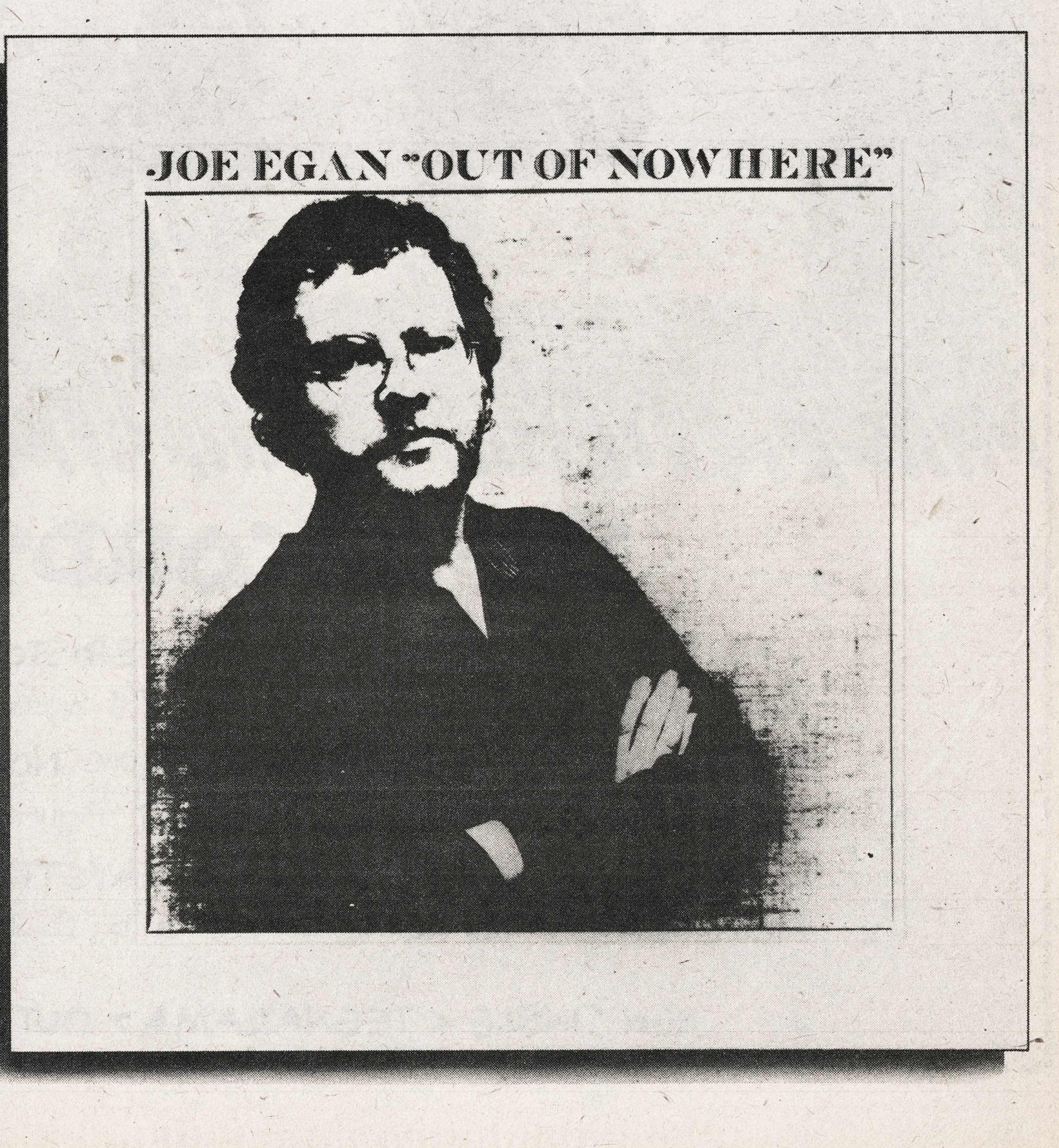
The result is 'Out of Nowhere,' Joe's first solo album.

It's a very special album that took a long while to write. But then Joe is not the kind of guy to rush things.

And David Courtney took just as many pains with the production. Which is why we think, when you add it all up, that 'Out of Nowhere' will be really going somewhere.

JOE EGAN'S SOLO ALBUM. 'OUT OF NOWHERE.' ariola

FEATURING THE SINGLE 'BACK ON THE ROAD.'



The Changing Faces of Thingummybob

HI THAR! Mah name's Bo and this here on the right's mah brother Buddy. Y'all remember me, doncha? Sure you do but maybe the next revealing shot of me in my long forgotten Applejack days of yore will refresh your (geddit?) memory?

'Course after that folks used to call me Hank. That's H...A...N...K... Nope, I never did get to grips with that particular handle either. Which is why I changed it to . . . what was it now . . . ahh yes, Freddy, or Freddy and The Dreamers to be more precise.

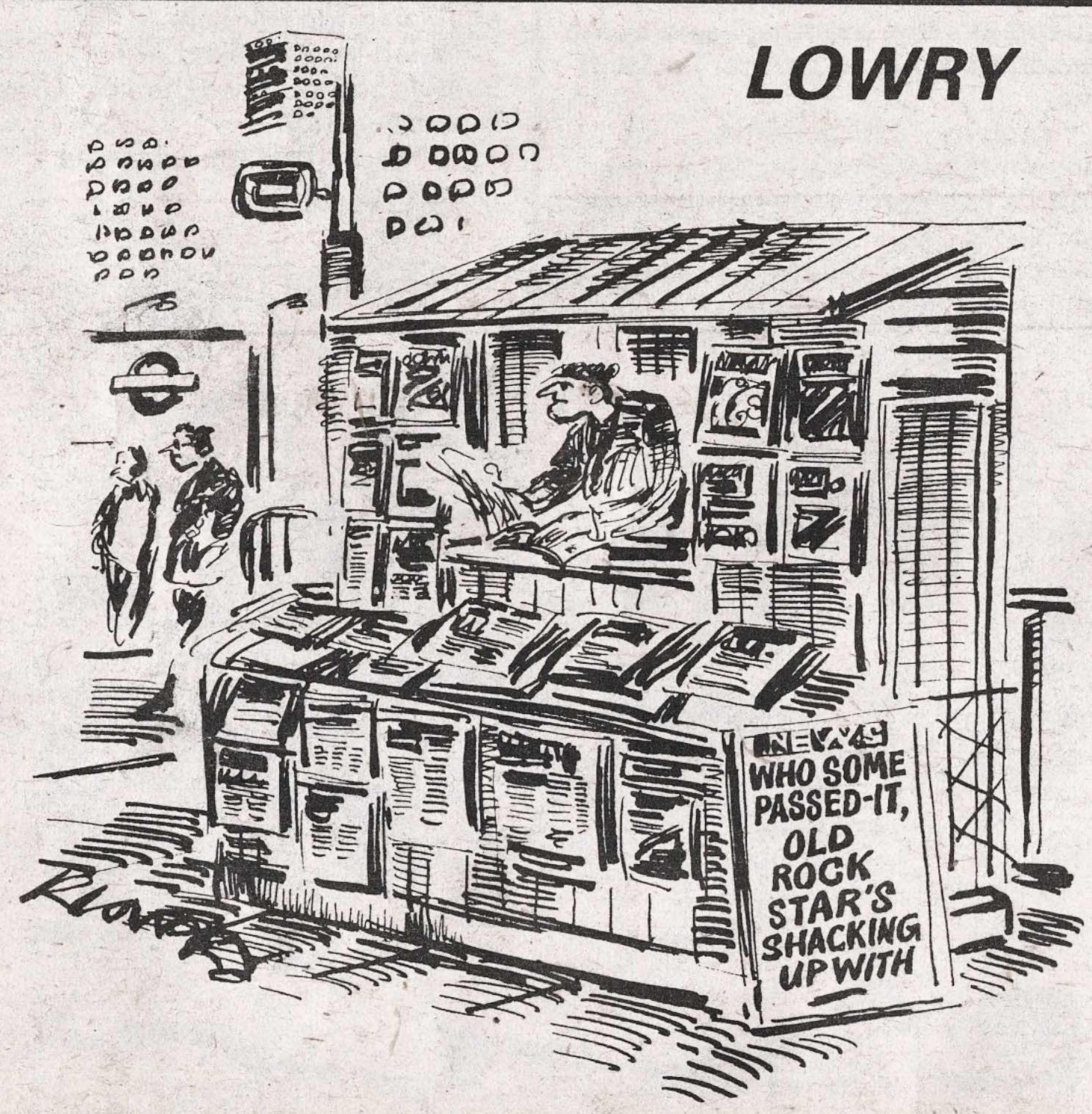
Natcho, it didn't take too long for the fickle finger of fortune to discard me like an unwanted shard. I took up writing and nearly got a film score accepted. I needed a gimmick, somethin' to separate me from the ordinary Joe. I toyed with calling myself Woody but it wasn't classy enough.

How many other famous Woodies can you recall? C'mon ten seconds. Right! Point taken.

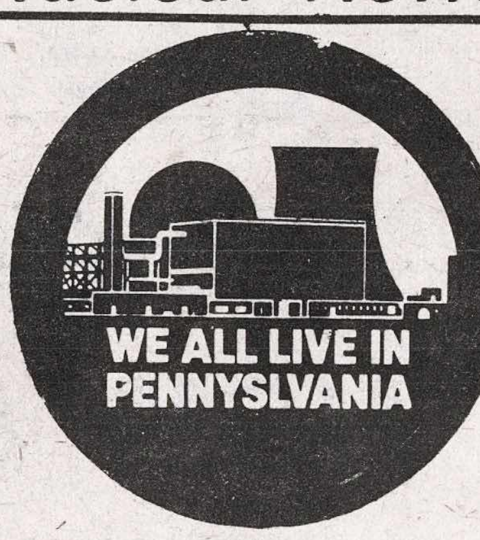
Finally, it came to me in a flash. I would be, thingummybob, whatsisname, bugger it, it's on the tip of my tongue, it'll come back to me in a minute . . .

Oi, don't go away . . .

LOWRY



Nuclear News



Rock mag pages damaged by harmful fall-out . . .

VARIOUS misconceptions, mistakes and oversights which need to be clarified crept into the series of Nuclear News pieces carried in the *NME* in recent weeks.

Contrary to the claims in a recent reader's letter, we never said that the Harrisburg reactor had reached "meltdown", merely that is had become a possibility. The reader also misconstrued the article's political bias. The point being made was that current party politics are outdated and remain largely unconcerned with the *real* issues — like nuclear energy — which are going to affect all our futures.

It should be pointed out that the headline to last week's piece — *Harrisburg UK: It's already happened here* — was not strictly accurate. Harrisburg stands as the worst civil nuclear accident to date. In the same piece the map should have been credited to Friends of the Earth, the photo to Greenpeace.

We have had a strong response from readers to our Nuclear coverage. Next week we will be carrying a review of the best of the Nuclear books in our *Print* section, with further news coverage to follow.

Finally, the two nuclear badges featured at the head of this article are available from 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11. Price: 15p each. Cheques/postal orders made out to THE BEAST.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

THE RECORDS ON TOUR

2 JUNE WOLVERHAMPTON POLY 3 JUNE BRISTOL LOCARNO 5 JUNE LIVERPOOL OSCAR'S 7 JUNE WESTON SUPER MARE SLOOPY'S 8 JUNE SCARBOROUGH PENTHOUSE 9 JUNE SADDLEWORTH ARTS FESTIVAL 10 JUNE NORWICH BOOGIE 11 JUNE CHESTER SMARTYZ 12 JUNE SHEFFIELD LIMIT 13 JUNE PRESTON POLY 14 JUNE LEEDS FAN CLUB 15 JUNE WOLVERHAMPTON LAFAYETTE 16 JUNE NOTTINGHAM SANDPIPER — MORE DATES TO COME — Booked by Cowbell - Tel: 01-262 7253

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Virgin

The critics aren't in two minds about Schizophrenics
"'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' is a triumph for Ian Hunter. The album's got a feel of knowing exactly where it's going to. It has confidence and assurity."
David McCullough SOUNDS
"...an impressive new album by Ian Hunter..."
"...He's helped out by his old colleague Mick Ronson, John Cale and members of Springsteen's E Street Band and he responds admirably to such a challenge..."
Robin Denselow GUARDIAN
"...this is a spirited album. Once again (this was the third time) I'd written Ian Hunter off too soon. Welcome back..."
Simon Frith MELODY MAKER
"...so Mott fans' younger brothers are far more inclined to buy the echoes of Hunter in the music of The Clash than check out the time-estranged source. Pity that. There's four potential hit singles here– not bad by anybody's standards..."
Giovanni Dadomo TIME OUT
"Rock Star Ian Hunter, rare survivor of the New Wave revolution, is back in Britain with a solo LP that is one of the year's best so far."
Anne Nightingale DAILY EXPRESS
"Classic, classic, classic, 'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' is by far the strongest, most consistent album Ian Hunter has been associated with since the demise of Mott The Hoople. There are no lows or peaks, because like any classic album it has the feeling of continual flow and an aura of malignant lust all of its own."
Peter Coyne RECORD MIRROR
IAN HUNTER
'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic'
Produced by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson
Management direction–The Cleveland Entertainment Company
Chrysalis Records & Tapes

BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN

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Shelter From The Storm
Love Minus Zero/No Limit
Ballad Of A Thin Man
Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
Maggies Farm
One More Cup Of Coffee
Like A Rolling Stone
I Shall Be Released
Is Your Love In Vain?
Going, Going Gone
Blowin' In The Wind
Just Like A Woman
Oh, Sister
Simple Twist Of Fate
All Along The Watchtower
I Want You
All I Really Want To Do
Knockin' On Heaven's Door
It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
Forever Young
The Times They Are A-Changing

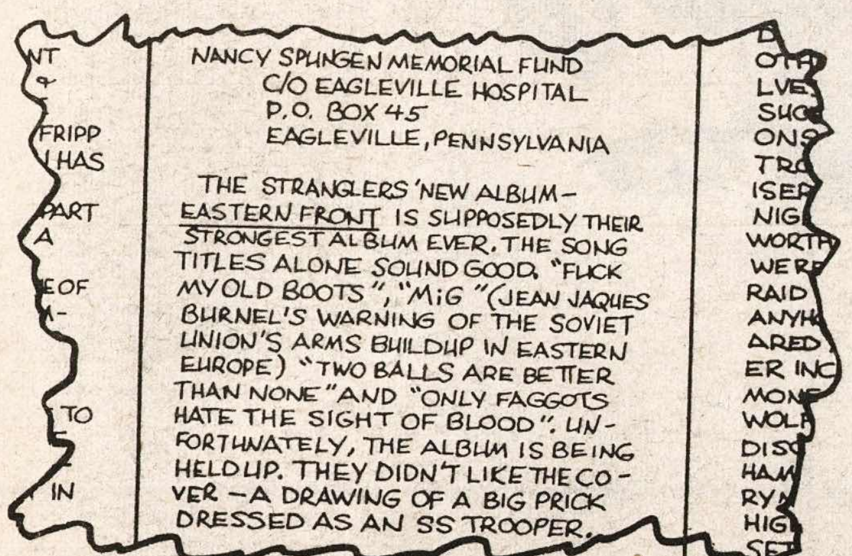
BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN

A Live Album Produced by Don De Vito

Album CBS 96004. Cassette CBS 40-96004

Aw, c'mon Punk mag, we woz kiddin'. . .

From NME, December, 1978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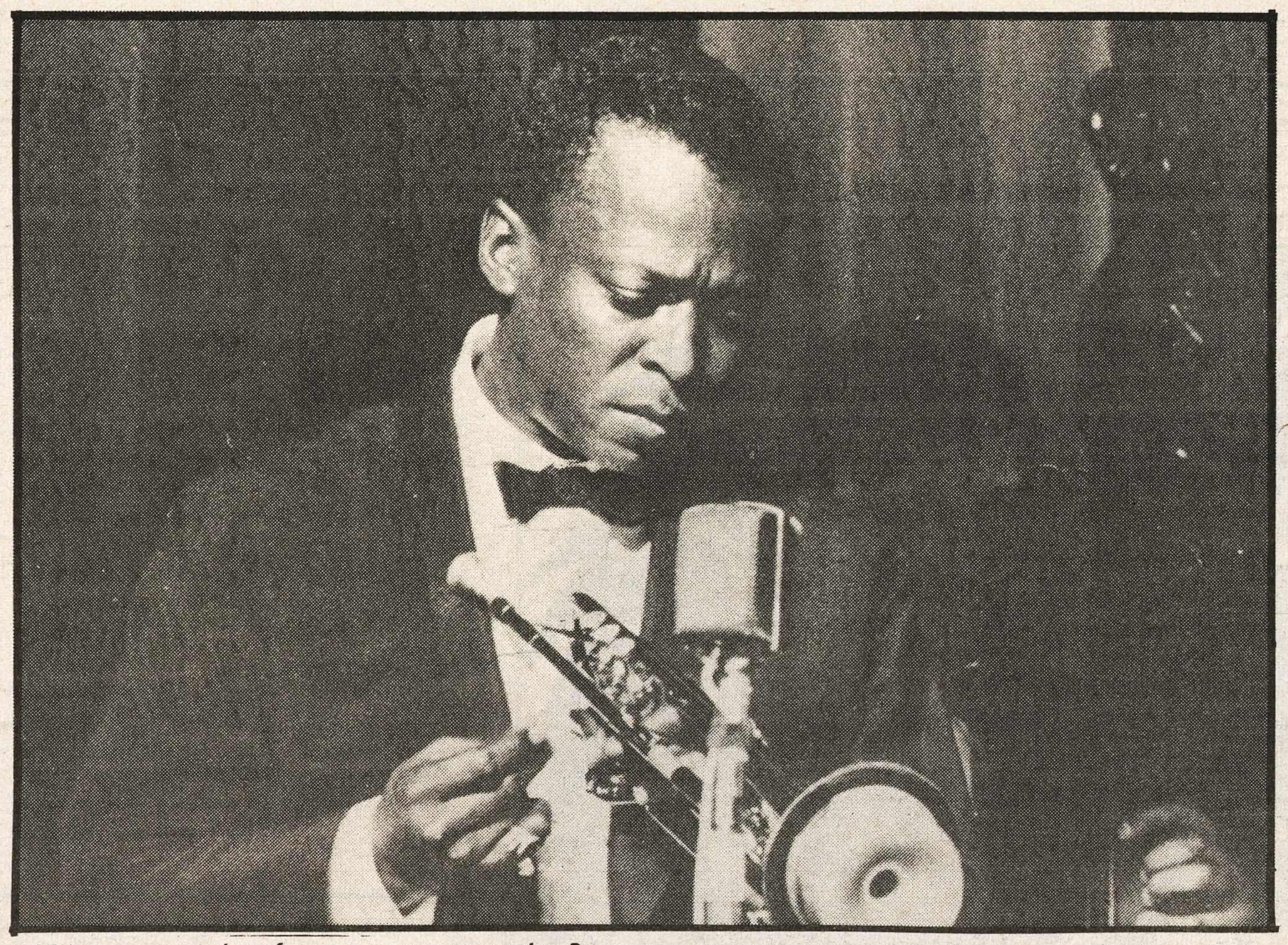
THE STRANGLERS 'NEW ALBUM — EASTERN FRONT IS SUPPOSEDLY THEIR STRONGEST ALBUM EVER. THE SONG TITLES ALONE SOUND GOOD. "FUCK MY OLD BOOTS", "MIG" (JEAN JAQUES BURNEL'S WARNING OF THE SOVIET UNION'S ARMS BUILDUP IN EASTERN EUROPE) "TWO BALLS ARE BETTER THAN NONE" AND "ONLY FAGGOTS HATE THE SIGHT OF BLOOD". UNFORTUNATELY, THE ALBUM IS BEING HELD UP. THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE COVER — A DRAWING OF A BIG PRICK DRESSED AS AN SS TROOPER.

From Punk (Noo Yawk), April, 1979.



Miles: recovering from cancer operation?

Whatever happened to Miles Davis?

THE SHAPE of things Miles Davis to come looks persistently cloudy. Miles continues to fulfil the misty criteria for legendhood — jazz innovator extraordinaire for nigh on three decades, 53 this month and still practically invisible. He coulda died or gone into politics for all we know.

His last recording flag on the atlas was a double album — 'Agartha' — recorded in the land of the expanding live-set, Japan. That was '75, and the rest of the gig in question cropped up on a Nip-exclusive double called 'Pangaea'.

Roundabout here things get kinda balancesheetish, with lots of albums in lots of countries with lots of lineups, and so on. To the young hep cat in the margin (me included) it's easy to lose track of it all, confuse interest with biography, funk with fetishism.

But just what is happening outside of market investment or collector's interest? Well, for an off, there's Miles' illness. It's generally thought that an operation for cancer-of-the-spine debilitated the man and rendered immediate recording prospects unlikely.

His subsequent recovery is equally obscure, although it is voiced that a session with drummer Al Foster and assorted unidentified Jap players took place sometime last year. Out-*there* disco, maybe?

In Noo Yawk Central, Miles' record company CBS can only affirm that 'nothing is certain'. Nothing is certain? We young beat-hounds at *Thrills* just say so what else is new in Black American jazz?

Get up with whatever comes your way, we say. (The new Anthony Davis album, for instance.)

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

Segregated Disco?

SPECULATION in the trade magazine *Billboard* that major record companies are planning to create separate disco departments for the promotion of 'R&B' disco (read black) and 'pop' disco (read white) is causing some disquiet within the industry.

A special conference was convened recently at a disco in Philadelphia by the Black Music Association (founded last year by such heavyweights as Stevie Wonder, Berry Gordy, Smokey Robinson and Kenny Gamble) to debate the question: "How can we help the music industry put disco in proper perspective vis-a-vis other black music?"

It was pointed out that white disco acts get their music played across the board, while black artists have to get really hot before they escape the confines of the R&B charts.

The issue was raised again at a trade conference in Florida where Steve Gold, co-manager of Far Out Productions and the group War, commented:

"What has happened is that we're going through immense revolutionary changes, comparable to what happened in the mid-'50s when the term race music had became archaic and 'rhythm & blues' took over.

"Now the term R&B is becoming archaic and the term disco is becoming another evolutionary step in the progression of the black-based American music that is becoming the true American contemporary musical art form.

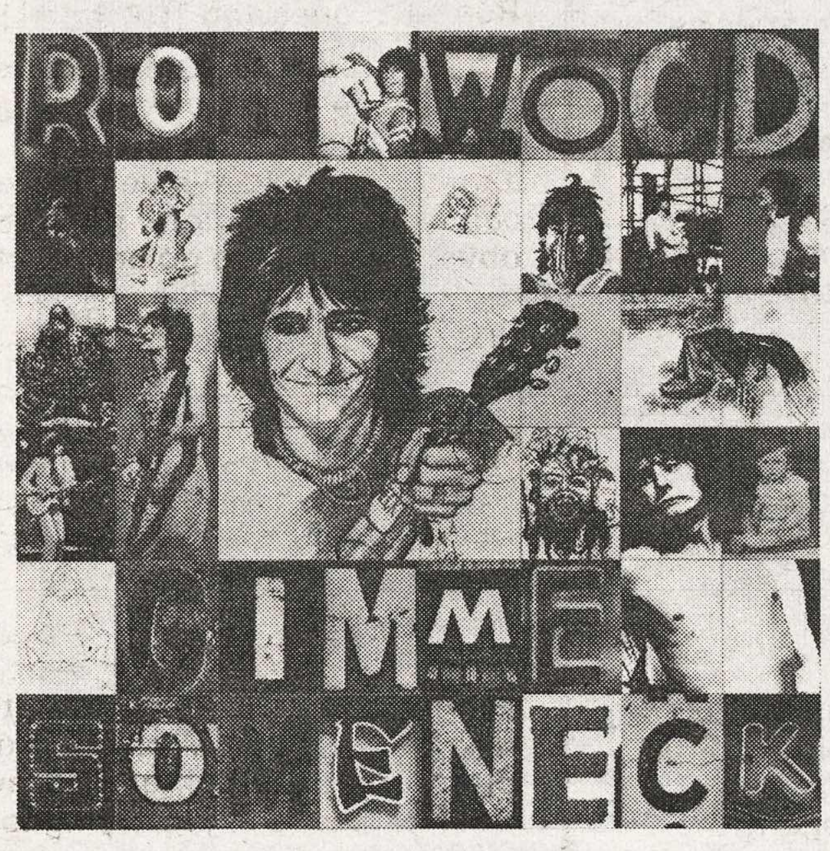
"In expanding to white audience acceptance, one is constantly making the black musical art form more palatable to the white music buying public, who are in dire need of a euphemism to relate to.

"The inherent danger that I see today is the beginning of a trend which may separate disco into black and white disco, which could endanger this step forward to the final acceptance of the universality of music."

DICK TRACY

TOUR DATES · MAY 22nd **BRIGHTON** TOP RANK · 25th **CROMER** WEST RUNTON PAVILLION · 26th **BIRMINGHAM** ODEON · 28th **BRISTOL** ROMEO & JULIET
29th **SWANSEA** TOP RANK · 30th **SHEFFIELD** TOP RANK · 31st **PORTSMOUTH** LOCARNO · JUNE 1st **LONDON** HAM'SMITH ODEON · 2nd **DUNSTABLE** CALIFORNIA BALLROOM

Ron Wood sticks his neck out



"Gimme Some Neck" – a knockout new solo album from Rolling Stone guitar ace Ron Wood, aided and abetted by all his famous and infamous friends.
"Gimme Some Neck" features eleven blinding tracks, including "Seven Days," a song penned specially for the album by Bob Dylan.
Get a load of "Gimme Some Neck." But be careful – you could get bitten.

Ron Wood new album 'Gimme Some Neck'

CBS 83337 Cassette 40 83337
Produced by Roy Thomas Baker

CBS Records

THE KIDS WHO'RE SKA'D FOR LIFE

THE SPECIALS, by ADRIAN THRILLS. Pix: MIKE LAYE

'Somebody tell me
What happened to rock steady
Won't somebody let me know,
Where is bluebeat and ska?'
'Bluebeat and Ska', Matumbi

ROCK STEADY, let it be known, is alive and well and living in the West Midlands. Bluebeat and Ska too are looking decidedly healthy of late in the capable and skilful hands of The Special Aka, seven brawny, sharply-dressed Coventry lads — five white and two black — more commonly referred to simply as The Specials.

Tonight The Specials are playing London . Fulham Greyhound to be precise — and the feeling of high expectancy in the air is being underlined by a group of about two dozen skin-cum-mods on the dance floor in front of the stage.

Like the group, most of them are dressed immaculately in assorted suits, shades, sta-pres and trilbies.

The mob call themselves the 'rude boys', a name stolen from the Jamaican hoodlum youth of the '60s, and their chants are reverberating around the walls and rafters of the pub venue.

'MOOOOOONSTOMP!'
'MOOOOOONSTOMP!'

Neville Staple, The Specials' burly, bluebeat-hatted singer, strides purposely forward to a microphone and addresses those of the crowd yet to down their drinks and deposit their feet on the dance floor.

"I wan' all you skinheads . . .an' punks . . . an' mods . . . an' rude boys . . . to get up off your feet . . . !"

'MOOOOOONSTOMP!'
'MOOOOOONSTOMP!'

The husky vocalist's eyes are popping on their stalks like a bullfrog on blues as he looks up to the back of the room, and continues:

"You put your braces on an' your boots on your feet, an' give me some of that old moonstomping!"

The tug of a slowly ascending bass riff jerks the rhythm section into shape and the band launch forcefully into the ultimate climax of their 15-song set, an animated interpretation of Symarip's decade-old Trojan warhorse 'Skinhead Moonstomp'.

Beside Neville, the unblinking Terry Hall shares lead vocal duties, while to his left guitarist Lynval Golding picks rapid-fire offbeat chords from a gleaming white Telecaster, hopping back and forth like Chuck Berry in a pair of spring-heeled loafers. Dynamic just ain't the word for this.

Behind these three 'front men', a solid back four of drums, bass, lead guitar and organ punch out a driving, obstinately danceable bedrock rhythm.

On drums there's John Bradbury (aka 'Brad'), on bass Horace Panter (aka Sir Horace Gentleman), on lead guitar Roddy Byers (aka Roddy Radiation), and behind a Vox Continental organ Jerry Dammers (aka Gerald Dankey), one of the band's three remaining founder members, their chief spokesman, songwriter and general guiding light.

Their two-tone sonic tonic soon has the rude boys contingent at the front gleefully lifting their kneecaps in a spirited bout of moonstomping, the likes of which hasn't been witnessed in these or any other parts since 1969.

In front of an audience The Specials undoubtedly live up to their name, and the effect — though tinged slightly with nostalgia for an age come and gone — is anything but dated. The Specials are here and now and they demand your attention, but more of that later.

SKA BRIEFLY, was the original Jamaican music of the early and mid '60s. It was trademarked by a stringent, driving offbeat, usually emphasised by piano or brass.

Practised by such luminaries as Prince Buster (of 'Al Capone' fame) and Byron Lee, the genre was similar in many ways to the New Orleans R&B of artists like Fats Domino — that being the music that Caribbean radios could pick up from the stations of the deep south American mainland.

In Britain, outside of the West Indian community, Ska — or Bluebeat as it was alternatively termed over here — remained relatively unknown until its irresistable dance beat gained favour with the rising Mod movement.

However, it was only after the chart success of Millie Small's 'My Boy Lollipop' in 1964, that entrepreneurs began treating the market with any degree of seriousness.

Labels like Island and B&C sprang up, the music gradually became more complex and slowed down, the emphasis switching from horns to electric rhythm guitar and bass. Ska evolved into the golden era of Rock Steady, led by the likes of Derrick Morgan, The Maytals, The Heptones and John Holt's old group The Paragons.

And Rock Steady in turn became the reggae of the late '60s, a more up-tempo counterpart patronised by British skinheads, though derided contemptuously by the majority of the rock audience.

It is a rich heritage and one which The Specials embrace warmly with their tribute versions of old songs and instrumentals — Prince Buster's 'Too Hot', The Skatalites' 'Guns Of Navarone', The Pioneers' 'Longshot Kick The Bucket', The Maytals' 'Monkey Man', Harry J All Stars' 'The Liquidator' and the aforesaid 'Skinhead Moonstomp'.

Jerry Dammers, as articulate in conversation before the set as the band are embullient during it, takes up the story.

"When we started off, we were trying to mix modern heavy reggae with punk rock, but the two styles were so different that they didn't mix.

"We'd do a bit of heavy reggae and then go straight into a hard punk number and we just couldn't get any continuity going 'cos the beats are so far apart.

"So we have gone back to Ska because it's much closer to R&B, which is also where British rock came from through artists like The Rolling Stones and The Small Faces.

"What we're trying to do is form a new British beat music from the influences of British rock and Jamaican music. We've got two cultures in this country now, so the obvious thing is to go back to the roots of reggae and the roots of rock to try to form a new dance music.

"Although we enjoy listening to modern reggae, we don't feel at ease playing it, whereas original ska is much closer to rock music because it was just like a basic rock drumbeat with offbeat guitar thrown in.

"It's not that we're just trying to revive Ska. It's using those old elements to try forming something new. In a way, it's all still part of punk. We're not trying to get away from punk. We're just trying to show some other direction.

■ *Continues over page*

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SPECIALS

■ *From previous page*

"You've got to go back to go forward."

As the conversation turns to the hoary old Can-White-Men-Sing-The Ska/Rock-Steady/Reggae question, the other Specials rise to the bait.

Neville: "I think it's rubbish when people say that white blokes can't play reggae and it's not *hard* enough, but you also get some white guys who can play reggae better than a black guy.

"Like, if you were to take our bass, drums and organ and put them on record and play it to a black audience, the black audience wouldn't be able to tell the difference."

Jerry: "The thing is that a lot of modern reggae is religious music and when we've played with some black bands, these dreads have come up to me and said we should leave Jah-Jah music alone.

"That's fair enough. So we do leave Jah-Jah music alone and go back to when reggae was more just straight dance music.

Lynval: "It's a load of crap when they bring the question of Rasta into whites playing reggae anyway, 'cos you'll never come across a true Rasta in England — Rasta preaches peace and love, but Rasta in England preaches to hate and that is not the true Rasta way in Jamaica."

THE SPECIALS arose from the ashes of various soul bands on the Midlands club circuit around the middle of 1977. Jerry Dammers formed the band — then The Automatics — with the prime aim of simply organising a few free-for-all reggae jams.

But by the time a vocalist — the droll, doleful Terry — had been recruited from neighbourhood punk band Squad a few weeks later, they were already setting their sights a little higher.

They began gigging with a set comprising Jerry's self-penned, punk-inspired material alongside a handful of oldies, most notably 'Moonstomp' and 'Liquidator'.

Neville Staple, meanwhile, had given up toting his Jahbadis sound system around the local black clubs to become the band's roadie, eventually joining as the second vocalist.

A series of name changes ensued — from The Automatics to The Jaywalkers to The Hybrids to The Coventry Automatics to The Specials and a plum support slot on last year's Clash On Parole tour, a stint they landed through former Clash, Sex Pistols and Matumbi roadie Roadent, also a native of Coventry.

That tour over, The Specials were to virtually disappear from public view for all of six months as the then Clash manager Bernie Rhodes took charge of their affairs, lengthening their moniker to The Special Aka (the common abbreviation for 'also known as') in the process.

The partnership proved far from happy, the band now alleging that Rhodes put a complete end to all their live work, offering them little in the way of real support and "never appeared to like us in the first place anyway".

By the time they finally freed themselves from him earlier this year, original drummer Silverton had left in utter disillusionment to be replaced by the present sticksman 'Brad'.

But things quickly started looking up.

Their resolution, drive and self-sufficiency had, by then, fully hardened. Almost immediately they were blitzing the capital with a short series of startling gigs, counterparting their worthy cover versions with a clump of hard - bitten originals, the finest of which are 'Blank Expression', 'It's Up To You', 'Concrete Jungle' and the recently unleashed killer single 'Gangsters'.

And though assorted A&R people are currently to be seen creaming their open cheque books wherever they play, The Specials themselves seem less than overwhelmed by the relatively sudden upturn in their fortunes.

If anything, the overnight attention is encouraging them to focus more clearly on a few of their original ideals, one of these being the establishment of their original ideals, one of these being the establishment of a record label through which they can encourage other Midlands bands such as Dex's Midnight Runners, a Birmingham combo reportedly doing much the same with the Stax-era soul of the '60s as The Specials are doing with Ska.

"Hopefully, we can keep our own label", proffers Brad, referring to Two-tone Records, the Rough Trade-distributed independant on which the 'Gangsters' single appears.

"But having said that, we don't know yet if it will be economically possible to do so. It's very hard to know, but if we could get a licenced - label deal sorted out then we could probably try a few other things.

"In Coventry, the kids like to be able to align themselves to a band. They want to follow a band like crowds do anywhere.

"And when they see a band hotfoot it down the motorway to London to sign a record contract and start living down there they seem to think they've been deserted."

AS I'D entered the dressing room of The Greyhound before The Specials' set that night, I handed over a record that I'd promised to Jerry. It was a copy of Prince Buster's 'Madness' on the Bluebeat label that I'd picked up cheaply at a jumble sale some time before.

As he tucked the disc safely away in his overnight bag, the organist looked up and gave perhaps the most accurate insight into the entire Specials' trip.

"We have to keep on pushing our own stuff all the time 'cos we want to be recognised for that. But really, there's so many great songs around like that one that we'd like to do.

"I mean, that's what this band's all about. Madness!"

A newbeat from Bluebeat that'll leave you ska'd for life.

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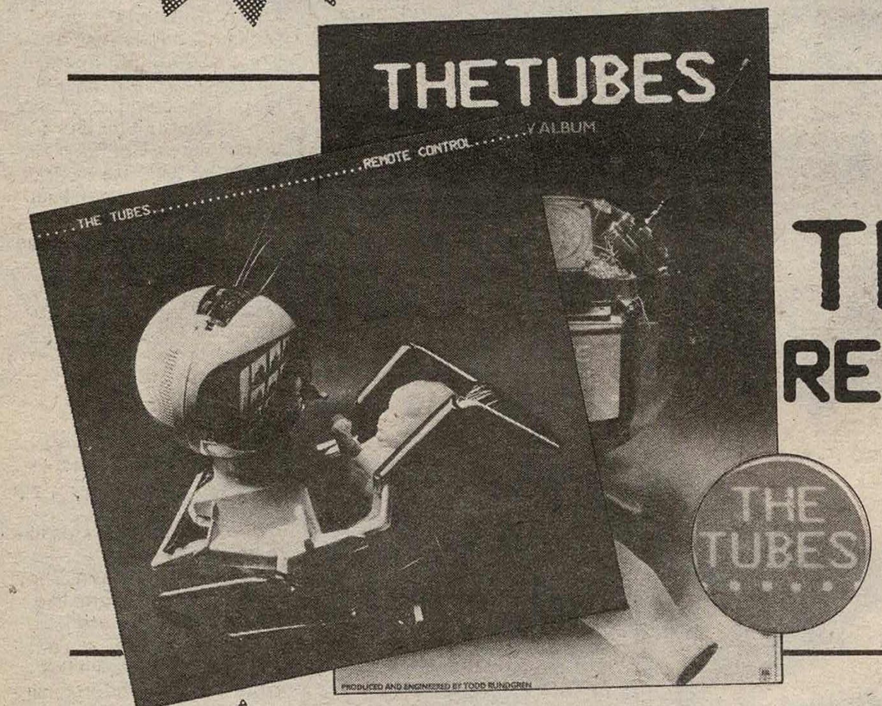

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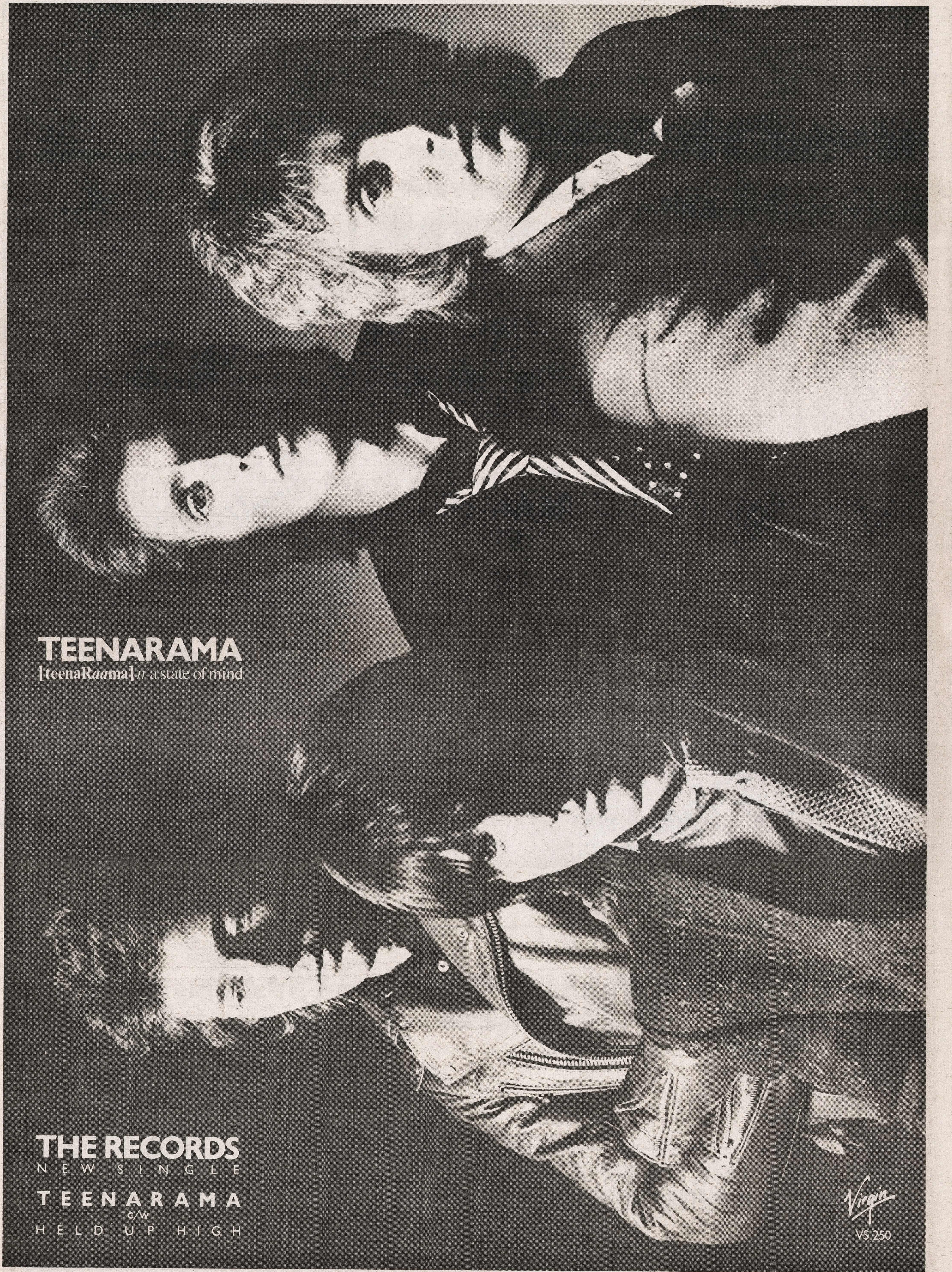
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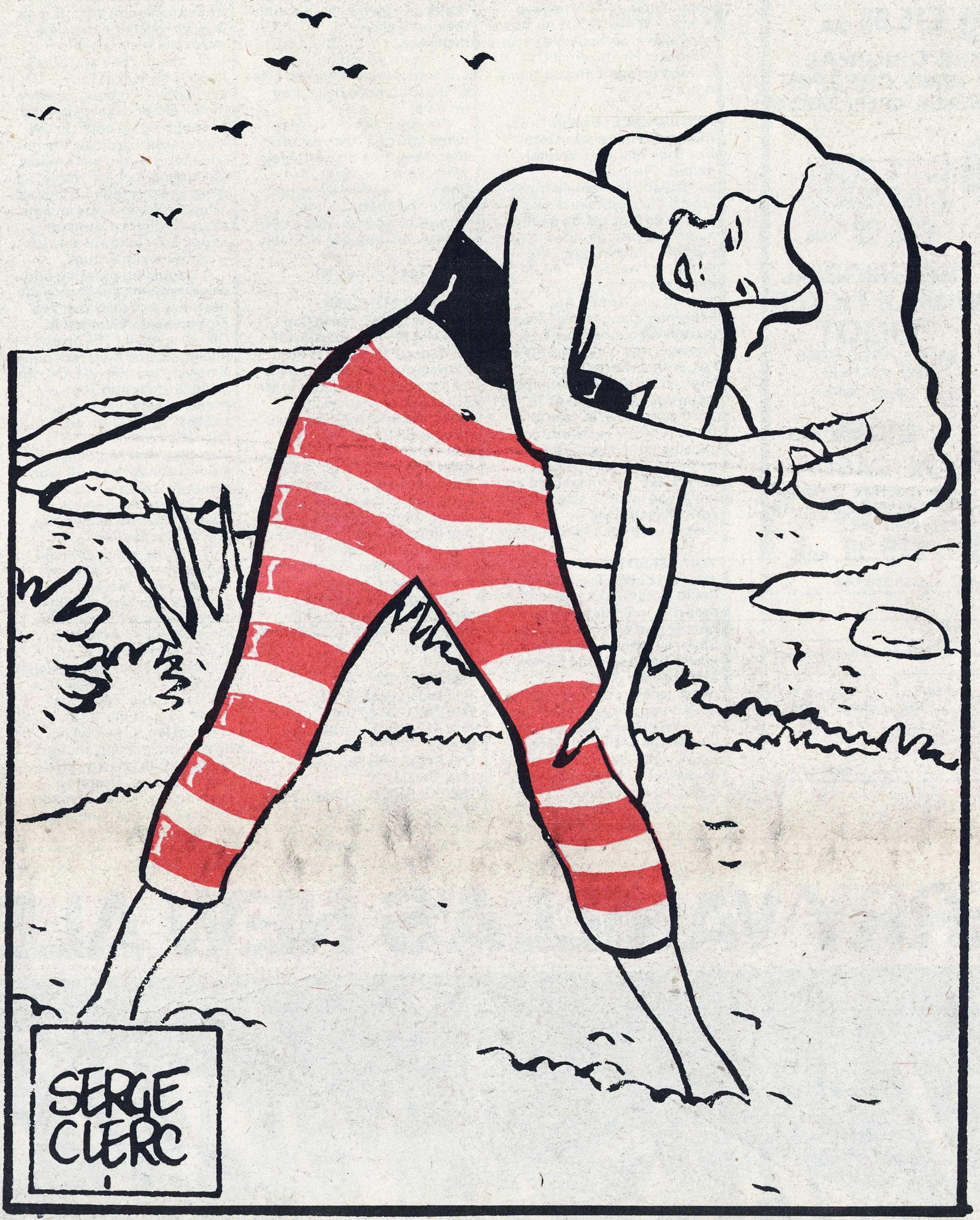
SINGLES

DANCE/TRANCE

Yes, summer's here (etc) and it's time for another round of logical positivism

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER



ESSENTIAL LOGIC: EP *(Virgin)*. I dare say very big in Banshee circles. The Essential Logic appears to be to take a fairly ordinary riff progression and jump all over it adding hiccupping 'harsh' flat Lora Logic vocals — warbles, the sleeve says — and, though I appreciate that these people aren't half as straight-faced as they perform, the music is empty and stale. The lyrics are not anything like startling — after all it doesn't even have to rhyme anymore — and I defy anyone to 'get off' on yet another new wave band kissing reggae ('Bod's Message'). Nah, you're not gonna drag me into another attack and defence tantrum, this review reads — WAAHOOO! Essential Logic fail to start in the Earth Wind and Fire stakes! New Music fans STILL New Music fans! (After all these years . . .).

SPONOOCH: Crime Buster *(EMI)*. Jesus wept. Caught between whether to imitate Village People or Manhatten Transfer on the jacket, this tacky team opt for hysterical tinsel Sarah Brightman-type racket within the grooves. If it hits then despair rules the day.

EDWIN STARR: H.A.P.P.Y. Radio *(RCA)* EVIE SANDS: Keep My Lovelight Burnin' *(RCA)*. Boy, I'd hate to hang for every year this pair are over 35! Edwin — 'Don't call me Eddie Baby' — sets about making a conceptual twin of his giant hit 'Contact' and, though I'm not one of these 'real' soul freaks, I'll admit he has some trouble suiting his substantial soul chords around this wafer-thin arrangement. It all sounds so "Quick lads, let's get it into the percussion break before they tumble we ain't wrote a song yet." 'Contact' had sweat, this one mildly perspires and a slight breeze would send it flying.

Evie Sands merely slides a Neil Sedaka concept of disco under one of her imbecilic tunes and, pushing her mouth into a tough 'funky' attitude, she gets down. Both artists are on the record jackets in their disco clothes and display sinister urgency to stash some cash. It is beyond me how these people continue to record when so much talent lays neglected, i.e. Hinskook the Eskimo, who sings 'Night and Day' six months at a time. (Well, all this dross makes such heavy going and, besides, I hadn't heard it before . . .).

THE ZONES: Looking To The Future *(Arista)*. Ponderous sub-reggae plod with half a mind on Queen-type backing vocals, which is all you need. The rate this column's going, this single's all I need.

MORE SMALL NAMES
UK: Nothing To Lose *(Polydor)*
SKY: Cannonball *(Ariola)*. You must have seen the ad for Sky. "Five Of The Most Respected Musicians On Earth Can't Be Tied By An Earthbound Name!", it howls. How we laughed. It's Tristan Fry, Francis Monkman and three other sensitive types who anonymously meander here through a BBC Radio Workshop instrumental in a most shockingly vapid performance. UK, three musicians in massive fur coats, churn out grade D Motors copy because they have a contract and it entitles them.

THEO VANESS: As Long As It's Love *(Epic)*. Very bad copy of Village People style. Piffle along the lines of 'don't persecute or shout at anyone because remember they're doing the best they can . . .'. Worse than the chicken at Tresky's.

THE SCORPIONS: Another Piece Of Meat *(Harvest)* JAMES TAYLOR: Up On The Roof *(CBS)*. That's it. We can sink no lower. This 45 turn out has even defeated this incurable optimist of all things single. You bastards! You saw what a good mood I was in at the start and it got up your nose didn't it? The Scorpions would have been desperate back when Frigid Pink were considered worth queueing for. In 1979 they obviously find it gratifying to rage away doing Deep Purple's 'Speed King' till your eyes bleed or whatever heavy metal fans like to pretend will happen at their silly rallies. James Taylor could only be worse if he sang Graham Nash songs and could only be better if he supported Scorpions.

THE GIBSON BROTHERS: Cuba *(Island)*. Feel the music. I feel well again. What a great, great record this was. The beginning of this column seems such a long time ago . . .

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: MACHINE: There But For The Grace Of God Go I *(RCA)*. An uproarious record. You know how it is when you snap up a brace of records that succeed in making every other piece in your collection sound as stale as a *Charlie's Angels* plot? Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this working week. My current caprice leads me to make Machine a nose above the noisy mob of demanding bastard razor rats that have this week's single column by the throat. Now check this sliver of Disco against bigotry.

"Carlo and Carmen Vidal just had a child/A lovely girl with a crooked smile/Now they got to split/'Cos the Bronx ain't fit/for a kid to grow up in/'Let's get some place', they say, 'somewhere far away/With no blacks/no Jews/no gays'/So Carmen and the family left their dirty streets/To find a quiet place overseas/And year after year the kid has to hear/The do's and don'ts and the dear's/And when she's ten years old she hears that rock and roll/But poppa bans it from the home/And there but for the grace of God go I/It could be me it could be you/There but for the grace of God go I/Oh God . . ."

Not only do you get brain, but it's connected up to five minutes of steam heat on vinyl. There are no obligatory percussion breaks — it just keeps on going stab, stab, stab. Machine obviously don't know the meaning of their name and, if you don't make room for this record, you are a saliva-dribbling crumb who's knuckles drag along the floor. Got it? You got it. Get it.

A BLITZ OF HITS.
McFADDEN & WHITEHEAD: Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now *(Philadelphia)*. (Time 10:45). The Philly Revival is OPEN! The vocals M&F provide slide straight from the throats of O'Jays, Harold Melvin and all the precious tracks you shook and got dreamy over back across the dance floor. It's not slow, it's not fast but, by jingo, it's warm in there. Basically just a chorus chant, it builds and rolls all over you, brass and strings staying way back, never out of order, bass and drums a solid ooze of musicianship pumping hard but low under the title which, with astounding soul, is animated into a rare and infectious animal by the two leads and a small bunch of femmes. A delicious taste, essential plastic. There's a moment toward the end when everything breaks down till there's just M&F moulding two words — *"no stopping"* — around a backing of handclaps. When the bass pedel leads it all back into the chorus the thing peaks on pure celebration. Transcending labels like the finest music, consider yourself subpoena'd.

ANITA WARD: Ring My Bell *(TK)* (Time 8.08). This'll take a few more plays than McFadden and Whitehead to become as involved with you. A flimsy break this, ideal for Tina Charles, built with only guitar, bass and drums and a lot of work for the synthesized chiming that Rose Royce captured on 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore'. But the more forgiving amongst us will soon get accustomed to its shrill party and be reaching for the tropical TK sleeve at least twice a day. Shame about the lyrics but nonetheless a fine record, a good pop song.

EARTH WIND AND FIRE WITH THE EMOTIONS: Boogie Wonderland *(CBS)* (Time 9.21). So frantic it has to be Earth Wind and Fire, who right now are probably the world's most successful exponents of the pop single, despite what we are told by Buzzcock diehards. Right here we get an awful title and a total bluff of a tune made solid and shining by the band's technique, unstoppable effervescence, ultra-crisp production and general swishy gusto. Their guests here, The Emotions, at first louse it all up though by vocalising after the fashion of double-tracked cartoon mice and are only overlooked after repeated playing. Rats, I'll have to own up. I was trying to play like a reviewer because I

Continues over

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LOST AND FOUND

From previous page

know this single — this group — are loathed by mass sections of *NME* readers and I thought rational argument might bag the undecided voter. Enough. This review reads — WAAHOOO! Another convulsive, compulsive Earth, Wind and Fire hit single! Now my secret love's no secret any more . . .

FIRST CHOICE: Double Cross *(Salsoul).* First water disco from one of the traditional names. Disco acts — particularly the female trios — are a bit like football teams insofar as they get by on the name and past glory whilst the line-ups change by the producer/manager. I doubt if this is the same firm who bashed out 'Armed And Extremely Dangerous', even though we connect the two. Anyway, this is a pushy little epic with a chorus tag as immovable as the Indian Ink tatoo you gave yourself in the third year. Now, in case all these recommendations are causing you to wash over cynical, this little advice service will be put on hold and we'll leap into the skip full of curio 45's that McAlpines deliver here each Wednesday.

YOU ASKED FOR IT?
THE ROLLERS: Turn On The Radio *(Arista).* What bleedin' time d'ya call this to come home? And where's the 'Bay City' you went out with? It's gonna be interesting to hear all the dopey BCR retrospectives that will spring forth when the group fulfil the last part of their 'legend' and die like Glen Miller. The only people who claim to like them nowadays are creatures who scream their hideous perversions in the bar at sell-out rock gigs to all within earshot, even though they pretend they're casually discussing the matter to a few surrounding friends. *Bomp* magazine loves them in its own characteristic, narcissistic, spineless way. Well, after sacking singer Les Roller and getting sordid with their revelations of degeneracy in the Sundays, they return sounding understandably different. Like a Pilot/Rubinoos baby they revolve.

"Tripping out on Sunday when you find that you're a Star/New York on a Monday when your L.A. was fine/ . . . So you take another 'Lude and shoot another dime/Cos your money is the power and your ego's on the line."

Vintage L.A. whine.

NOW CALM DOWN!
DANA & GENE: Dario Can You Get Me Into Studio 54? *(Midsong).* Now this is Pop. It's packaged as disco but it's far too pretty a lilt. Gene is Mr Silver Spoon, he has the looks, the loot, the limos and he calls on Dana — no, not that Dana — during the verses to let him impress her. Dana choruses with the title of the song and, cracking up, our dapper hero confesses it's the one thing his station can't buy. Dana reduces the wretched slicker to tears with the request.

'I just don't know!!', he screams. A beaut little hit from a non-existent up-dated *Grease.*

THE INDIE 500
THE PAIN: Feel *(Kaos).*
THE ZIPS: EP *(ZIPS).*
THE ALLIES: Plush Living *(Harp)*
THE SODS: No Pictures *(Stortbeat)*
THE FRESHIES: Straight In At Number 2 *(Razz).* First off, apologies to the groups for making them appear like some nitwit nuisance shopping list, but if each independent got separate room this singles column would zoom straight through to next week's news pages. And so . . . The Pain trash in from Stockholm and, though they've mastered the look, musically they worship Motorhead. Their guitarist's hopelessly locked in sympathy with boogie heavy metal, either droning behind or chopping up badly in the lead stakes. I promise I'm not sneering smug when I report the highlight of the whole '72 mess is when their version of 'Steppin Stone' ends and the singer proffers a stunted *"Fugk orrf"* to make sure we know their aim is Punk.

A disgusting pressing and a weedy sound cannot hide the neatness and class that The Zips present. Recorded in Glasgow, their EP is nicely intelligent and their recording time very worthwhile. OK, the group's ideas and aims are tried and safe but they don't suggest suffocation and I'm fair certain this'll be the last time they'll be so pushed for studio money/fees. All four songs are perky gems and your wages will be well guided into this, excuse me, power pop parcel.

The Allies wisely offer no clue as to their origination. 'Plush Living' is a dull, carefully cranky but really cosy runabout of little value. More weary Woolworths electric piano played uninspired and another singer who sings like he's naked in the North Pole. The Sods' singer sounds like a 15 year-old Ian Hunter with Rotten affectations, though not nearly as good as that might suggest. Despite a dashing keyboards bravado the song is so-so, and the words — I think — self-important and pointless. The Sods are from Worthing, the type of town in which a nuclear warhead could reek damage that'd run into double figures. (Waits for laughter and applause to die down before . . .).

To redress the balance a little — The Freshies bound through in a most welcome way. They sound alert and alive and deserving of some higher form of indulgence. However, the pressing here for review jumps all over the shop in spite of the collection of world coinage I've assembled on the stylus. Anyway, from Manchester, the Freshies join the Zips on the ever-growing list of talent in need of some megabuck made-it to pump moolah into the tune of three quarters of a million pounds. (Ah, Moriarty, they don't write tunes like that anymore . . .).

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: Shine A Little Love *(Jet).* Still trapped inside *The Thief Of Baghdad Meets The Wizard Of Oz,* the Easy Listening Orch play that song again. Now with a pencil cross out the offending word. The single is stupendous/not worth a rub. Happy?

BARRY WHITE: I Found Love *(Unlimited Gold)*
GORDON HASKELL: People Don't Care *(RCA)*
RAY TISSIER: Love Is A Small Town *(Ensign).* There are enough sham tears in a sixpenny box of Weepo to break three hearts, and each tear is stuck on by a tiny drop of glue affixed to the back! Which reminds me that, when Napoleon saw the Roman amphitheatre at Verona, empty and silent, he said "Tiers, idle tiers" — speaking in French of course (after J. B. Morton, my hero, who died recently).

CHERRY VANILLA'S NEW ALBUM

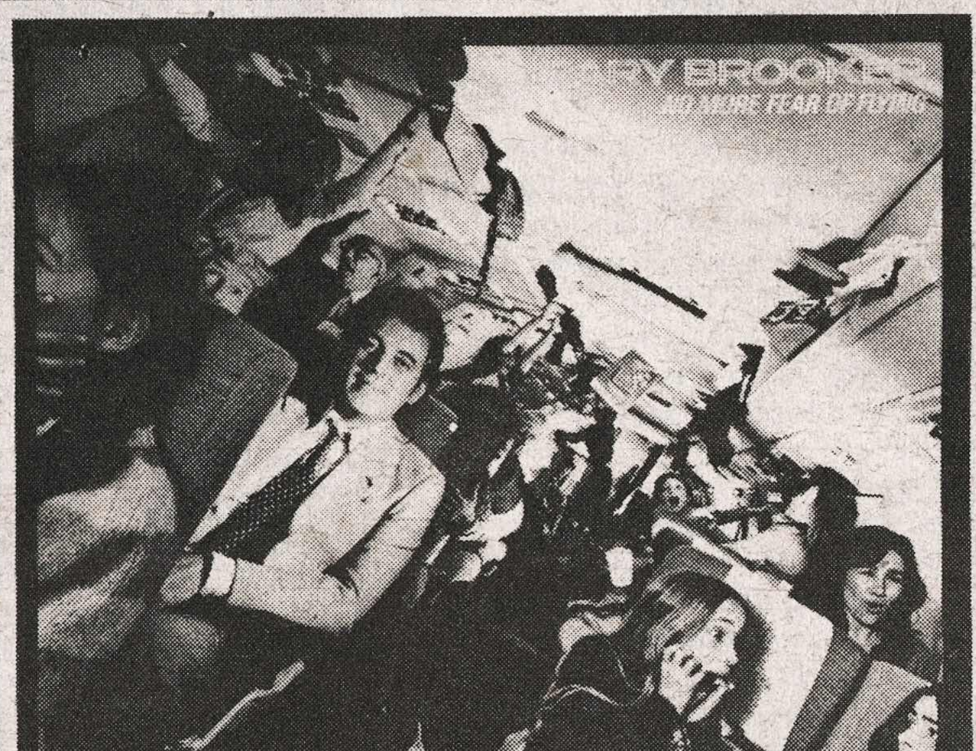
GARY BROOKER. FLYING SOLO AT LAST.

If you are aware of Procol Harum, then Gary Brooker needs no introduction.

For a decade he was the inspiration and leading light behind one of the world's most progressive bands. Responsible for such classics as 'A Whiter Shade of Pale', 'Conquistador' and 'Pandora's Box'.

Since Procol Harum last recorded, Gary has been concentrating on his first, eagerly awaited solo album entitled 'No More Fear of Flying'. Produced by George Martin it shows the full range of Gary Brooker's style from bluesy ballads to hot rock n'roll tracks such as the new single 'Savannah'.

The whole album is a reminder that Gary Brooker is very much alive and well and still blessed with the talent and voice that made him one of the cult figures of the seventies.



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FEE WAYBILL in preparation . . .

Busby Berkeley, Can

FEE WAYBILL of THE TUBES reflects sadly on the fact that choreographed tits, S & M 'n'dildoes don't keep the

HE'S SITTING round watching television when I arrive. Well, not so much *watching* television, you understand, as *immersing* himself in the Bristol ★★★★ star hotel room's sensory-soother the way some other soul might soak away vexation in a hot Radox bath.

"So *you're* the famous Tony Parsons."

Fee Waybill is in his late-20s, a big geezer though no Moose Malloy, sporting that casual look-garish Tubes On Tour T-shirt, old Levis worn white at the joints and informal bar feet.

If Gene Wilder ever had plastic surgery to make him look like Bruce Springsteen and the operation was moderately successful, he'd be a dead ringer for Fee Waybill. Even Mel Brooks and their mothers couldn't tell them apart.

He's got the TV sound turned down, mute *Grandstand* final results flickering across the screen at which he stares with brooding melancholy while on the other side of the room the music coming from his tape machine blusters loudly.

Fee Waybill is very depressed. This is because with The Tubes new album, 'Remote Control', what were once The Goodies on Angel Dust have attempted the ambitious project of becoming Marshall McLuhan in 4/4 time, the bondage no longer the smell of burning leather, now the intangible effect of the round-the-clock crock of brain candy on the collective Yank public's soft cerebral substance enclosed by the skull, cathode ray conceptualism no less.

What got Waybill's goat were all these accusations that The Tubes were, at best, just a cut or two above the very medium they vilified, just as fatuous and vacuous and rapacious and rotten . . .

"Maybe we watch a little too much TV," he muses, real solid stock Heartlands voice, closer to Cannery Row than Dildo Bugger. "Maybe we've watched it for too long now, but that's the way it comes out of us . . . we're never so direct as to just come out and say I HATE IT! I *don't* hate it, I love it *and* I hate it . . . sometimes I really miss it, especially when I've been doing a million things and just don't want to think, I don't want to listen to any more records . . . I don't wanna do *anything* except let my mind go blank and watch TV . . . that's the thing TV's good for . . ."

Waybill is not only depressed, he is also very dazed and bemused. He says that the media in England has been "tearing me apart" and that he can't understand it, what have they got against him, why does everybody hate his guts so?

My flesh crawls with disgust and loathing. Is it possible for a human being to be so insensitive after giving *the* most *quoted*, most *contemptuous* quote of the decade.

I would imagine that quote had something to do with it.

"Huh? *What* quote?"

Sure, sure.

"No, *really*, man! What quote are you talking about?"

You *know* the one — "I'll do *anything* for our audience, I'll *kiss their ass* if only they'll buy our albums . . . then, when we've sold a million, I'LL SHIT OVER *EVERYONE!!*" You don't remember that dumb, nasty crack, Fee?

"No, I never heard it before. Who said it?"

He's serious.

You said it. He goes into hysterics.

"I never said that! Never! I never said anything *like* that! I've never *heard* it! No *wonder* everyone tears me apart! A DJ said to me — you sure picked an easy subject this time! I said, you sure picked a fucking easy *job*, prickhead! Putting on fucking records! No!No! No! I totally deny every world of that! I'm gonna have to hunt down that fuckhead! I've never said that, I never will, I never would . . . ooooooohhh, my God, wait till I tell the rest of them . . . the way we *work* for our fans . . . what kind of a nerd . . . just opening the door for everyone to kick my ass . . . GARD-DAMN!!!"

He slumps back exhausted by his raging, ranting refutation. "That quote . . . you tell 'em, boy, you tell 'em . . ."

Nobody can lie that good.

THE TUBES come out of Phoenix, Arizona, a boiling dust bowl where dehydrated cowboys stuff their faces with junk food till their silver spurs turn green and carve the cobblers off the cattle with hearts heavy with nostalgia as they reminisce about the days they could get away with handing out the same treatment to the local longhairs, before some of the good old goys on the country music station like Willie Nelson started sporting very fetching Pre-Raphaelite *coiffure* themselves, shoot.

Also escaping Phoenix at the tail end of the '60s was Alice Cooper, or as The Tubes affectionately refer to the pal they allege plagiarised the majority of his theatrical japes from them, "The Shit".

The climate of Los Angeles was too similar to hometown Phoenix, so in dribs and drabs the crew who would later be The Tubes drifted up to San Francisco.

Bill Spooner, guitarist and leader of the band, had supported himself in Phoenix with country and western piss-take gigs and paid the rent in San Francisco with something more suitable to post-hallucinogenic heads — a kind of *Star Trek Lampooned*, recruiting the rest of the present line-up to his existing nucleus when he needed extra Space Cadets.

They became The Tubes, 'Walk On The Wild Side' seen as Las Vegas revue, a Rabelaisian pageant with which orthodox hippiedom or local residents might occasionally feel sufficiently offended by the S&M sketches with girl dancers clad only in a few strap-ons and the Mockquis de Sade done up like Adam West in his underwear, or take objection to being showered with stale bread, or think Quay Lude walked like a fruit, to register a protest with anything from a picket sign to a broken bottle.

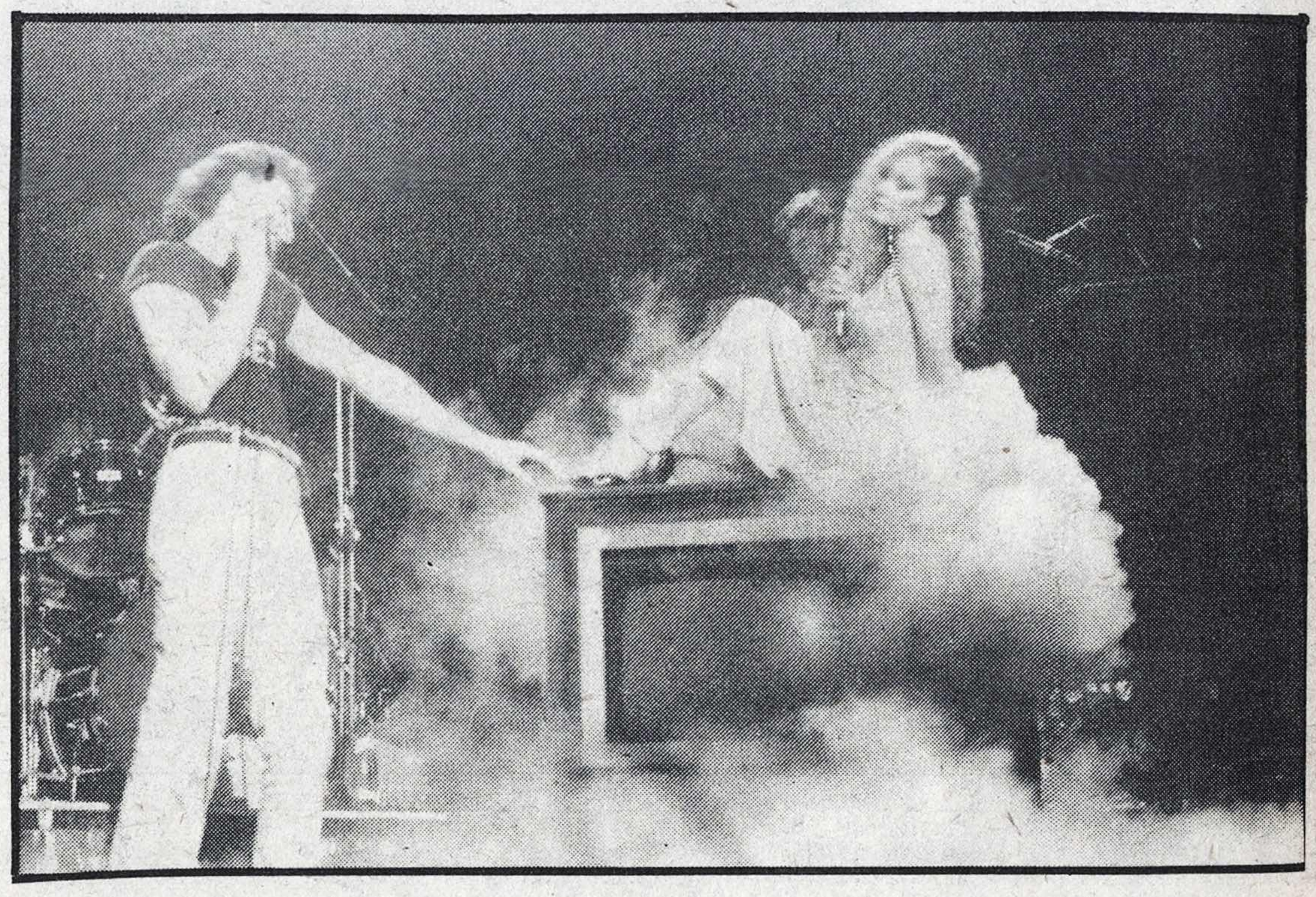
They signed with A&M in 1975 as San Francisco's most feted band outside of the Slick Airplane rhetoric rock market, and they kept adding to the spectacle, making it ever more extravagant, more dancers, more costume changes, more bizarre caricatures, sex and drugs and Billy Smart, roll up roll up for the rock'n'roll Big Top!!

Now, with 'Remote Control' and their latest stage show, The Tubes are pulling back from all that bacchanalian visual excess, not because they're getting mellow, but because they're getting bankrupt . . .

"The sale of our concert tickets has at no point in our career ever been reflected in our album sales," says Waybill. "That's the whole fucking thing with our group. We can sell out virtually any gig but we weren't making money on either the records or the shows. Until we cut back on the road we were carrying 35 people and it didn't matter *how* well concert tickets sold, we weren't making any money."

Yeah, but can the kids who flock to your shows have their sensory balance — mother nature's compensation clause which results in the blind usually having way above average hearing, or the deaf having exceptional vision, etc — so drastically altered by your show, their visual sense intensified and audio sense diminished to such a degree that they'll go home with a total mental block about buying any of your records?

Waybill nods. "Our band was so overshadowed by the theatre that they would go home and, rather than buy the record, would say, 'WOW, LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF QUAY LUDE, MAN! WASN'T HE FAR OUT MAN? WASN'T JOHNNY BUGGER FAR OUT, MAN!? *WASN'T – THE – CHICKS – WITH – THE – BIG – TITS – FAR – OUT, MAAAANNN!!!???*' So music wasn't even second, or third, or fourth, it was like maybe fifth or sixth or seventh. We decided we had to have a real big change in The Tubes format because otherwise we were going to have to find another business because a record company will not keep you if you don't sell records in large quantities sooner or later . . . they'll find someone who does."



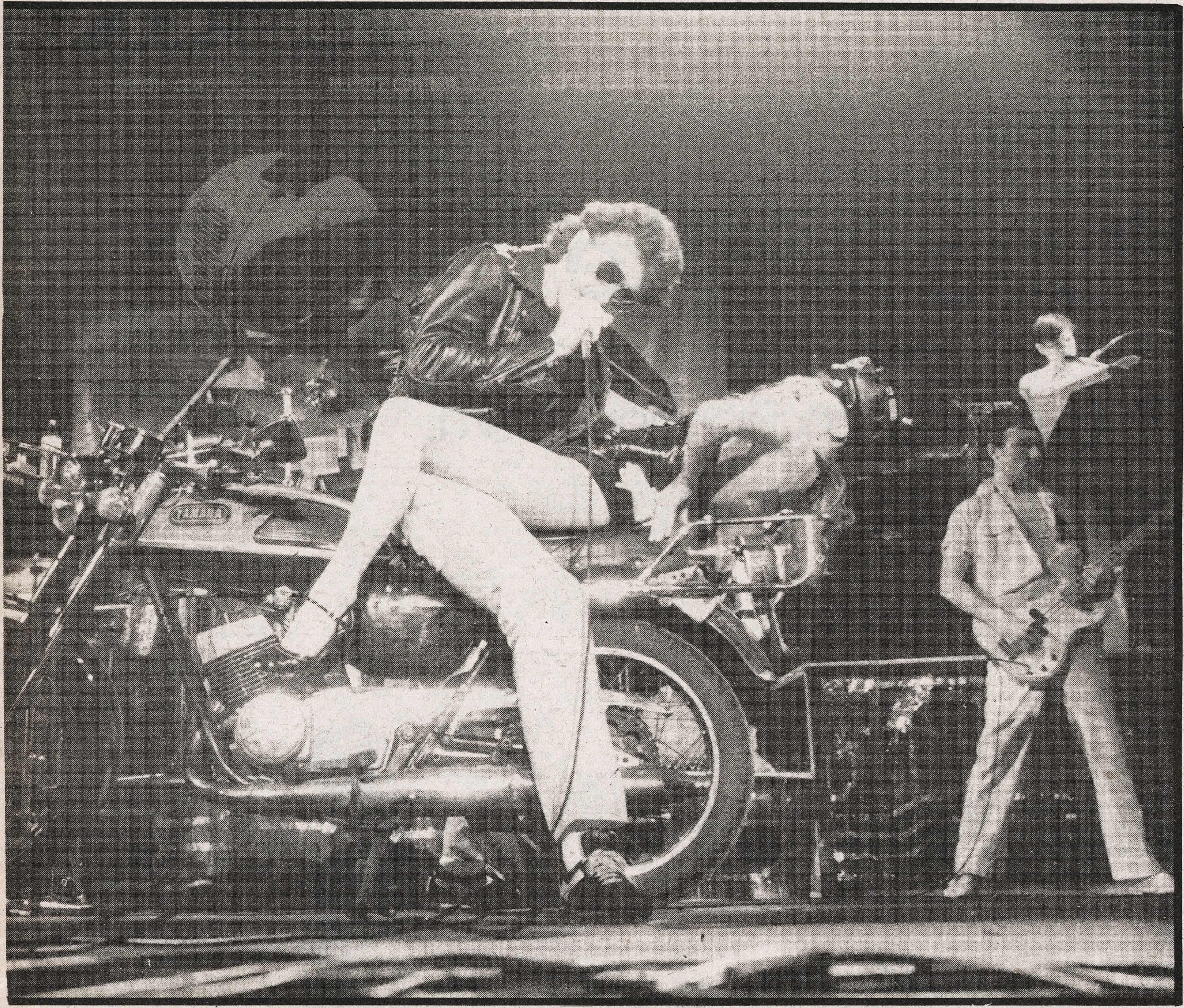
Although their vast touring expenses over the years have resulted in an almost constant hand-to-mouth existence for The Tubes, the cost of putting the band on the road has also been underwritten by A&M and Waybill predicts they could be on the verge of being without a label at this moment.

"We could be on the bubble *right now* as far as record companies are concerned. If we don't have a pretty big selling album soon they're going to find someone who will.

"We decided we *had* to emphasise the music more so it wasn't so overwhelmed by the theatre because obviously our tours didn't sell albums. And when they realised that, A&M said, 'Well, if you don't start selling records we're not going to give you any more support'."

MONEY, MONEY, money. But in the Platinum Age Waybill can't afford *not* to be a very fiscal person. The record industry had a turnover last year of three and a half billion dollars yet over 90 per cent of the records released didn't make any money; over 90 per cent wastage.

In America, when Warners release an album, their distribution network



. . .and under power.

You Spare A Dime?

bank manager satisfied. He is speaking to the FAMOUS TONY PARSONS. All pix: CHRIS HORLER.

is so vast, so complex, so comprehensive that they don't reach the break-even mark on an album until it has sold a quarter of a million records.

There's a name punk band on Warners books who are reportedly going to find things very difficult for themselves if their next album doesn't top the break even mark at least.

I ask Waybill how much of The Tubes' miserable performance in the record store he attributes to incompetence on his company's part.

"Well, in the States A&M just signed a deal with RCA to distribute all A&M products and in my opinion RCA just don't know how to distribute records! We play to 10,000 seater venues and there's no records in the stores, none at all. I think they imagine that the live show is so wild that the records will sell themselves and it doesn't work that way . . . and I think their minds work the same way here.

"I know they're going to freak when they read this. But we need the kinda push Blondie gets . . . Jesus, pictures of Blondie, I have seen so many pictures of Blondie since I've been over here I wanna throw up . . ."

Another factor in the change of Tubes' tactics was their experience of playing four weeks at the Whiskey A Go Go in LA last year, doing two shows of two and a half hours a night, six nights a week . . . and what do ya get? Another month older, a grand total of 480 costume changes for Fee Waybill and a cool 11 grand in debt.

But beyond the cash, a number of musicians in The Tubes were on the point of jacking it all in, sick to the teeth of being session men stooges at the back of the stage, continually getting moved further and further back to make space for the latest, biggest, most spectacular special effects / choreographed quivering flesh / carefully rehearsed spontaneous theatrics EVER, while up front the kids' choice, Coco the Quaaluded Clown, hoofed his way through another tap 'n' spike routine with the cast of 1000 . . .

"We started out as a band," Waybill says. "But by that stage the guys in the band, the musicians, were second class citizens and they got really depressed . . . 'we've got this elaborate thing worked out so could you guys move your amps a bit further into the wings . . .' If you ever saw a picture of The Tubes all you could see was me and a million dancers. So, more than anything, we changed for the guys in the band."

Waybill guffaws. "After all, they're the guys not selling the records . . ."

LOOK BEHIND YOU! EEEEEK! Gone are the mondo-morsels of fragmented Amerikana madhouse fantasia seen last time round, but The Tubes still wear their gimmickry on their sleeves and that's what I like about them.

What you get is what you see — there's no self-righteous little stage props (a para-military backdrop here, a bit of political power arranging there, you know how it is, comrade) and the observations made are about as subtle as the two 12 feet Marlboro cigarettes toted by a couple of leggy fag packets that beat the brains out of our vertical Holden Caulfield, innocence abroad and encouraged to build his expectations up, Alice through the 29-inch colour screen, eventually losing a blonde and gaining an avaricious TV set who devours our hero as though he was Jonah in a technological horrorshow and leaves nothing to buy except a few edited highlights.

The Tubes sound used to be blowsy raunch but now it sounds more smooth, polished. Somebody got a diploma for boogie. Names come to mind — names like Wings and Eagles when they, um, rock out, or a friendly Lynyrd Skynyrd. Oh, yeah — very, very Meatloafish without the Spector / Springsteen fetish let out of its closet . . . I remember that Meatloaf sold more copies of their last album than the Stones did, but I also remember that nothing succeeds like a good tune and a lot of Tubes toons have got elongated soloing in the middle, so that poker-faced Fee can partake of some thespianism.

His pious, wormy quiz master has Waybill getting his claws out and that's when he really comes alive, condescending, comatose cretin bestowing gifts on the poor in return for public humiliation. After a while you didn't even miss John Cleese.

The stuff from 'Remote Control' works best of all — 'Turn Me On', 'TV Is King' through to 'No Way Out' and 'Telecide'. The downered blues version of 'White Punks On Dope' was worth a smirk and, when they were through teasing, the proper version was heartwarming, the best song the Runaways never wrote.

But when The Tubes get carried away with the sheer excitement of playing close together again — Waybill: "Before we just got further and further away from each other to make room for props, dancing, stripping, tits and ass and everything. Now we're physically near to each other and can relate, we're all up!" — and they crank out some pretty much standard *rock ordinaire,* well, personally I found it like staring at the test card.

Waybill reckons it's preferable to the whoopie cushion wheezes they were doing on the last tour.

"It turned into crotch humour, toilet jokes, one after another . . . it just seemed that whenever I was at a loose end on stage or between songs or something, I'd go into some sleazy joke or grab my dick and it was an easy way out, it was an easy laugh . . . toilet humour is a real easy laugh.

"Probably there were twice as many people turned off as the couple of guys in the front row who gave it the big chuckle. In those days, I was just doing nothing for my longevity."

So how's the future looking now?

"If nothing else we've improved the mental attitude of ourselves . . . we were so down . . . now we're kicking, man."

I noticed that some people think you're taking the piss when you do that Who medley.

"Yeah, people think that we can't do anything except take the piss outta people but nothing could be further from the truth. In the States there's a lot of snobbery against us because we like to have a good time and a laugh, because if we ain't SEEING THE AUDIENCE ENJOYING IT THEN WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK EITHER AND THAT'S DEPRESSING . . . *Journey . . . Foreigner . . . Ted Nugent* . . . Jesus, I can't believe anything can get so miserable. Nah, there ain't too many people having a good time over there . . ."

But they haven't got their record companies on their backs. If you played that kind of stuff, neither would you.

"Ah, they're just following their formulas for a hit record." He beams happily. "And we don't know what the formula is!"

You got a lot of religious programmes on American TV.

"Whoooooaaaahhhh! Religion is *big business* there, every city has got their evangelist, their Reverend Ike, they're making a fortune out of it. You'd think people would have caught on by now but they still have these tent revivals where people go to be saved, in a tent, outside, at night, and the guy gets them all worked up and, boy, they just unload all the cash they got on 'em, donate to The Lord, and they just pocket the cash and these guys make a fortune.

"It's a load of shit. Anyone with a brain knows that's a buncha baloney, but it appeals to the poorer segment of the population. They go for those poor people, who are deprived, not so well educated . . . and they milk 'em. I guess the culmination of it all was at Jonestown where . . . in the States that just appalled the entire country, that that many people could go ahead and commit suicide, even that many poor people.

"Jim Jones was from San Francisco and it even hit close to us because we have a warehouse in this black ghetto. The rent's real cheap and we have this huge building. It's an alley and the whole block is black people. Over the years we got to know everybody on the block and they're pretty nice people mostly, the kids . . . some of the kids try to sell heroin or something and our next door neighbours, the mother and the two sons were all killed at Jonestown and we . . . just couldn't believe it . . . and there are so many people like that who are poor but have to believe in *something.*

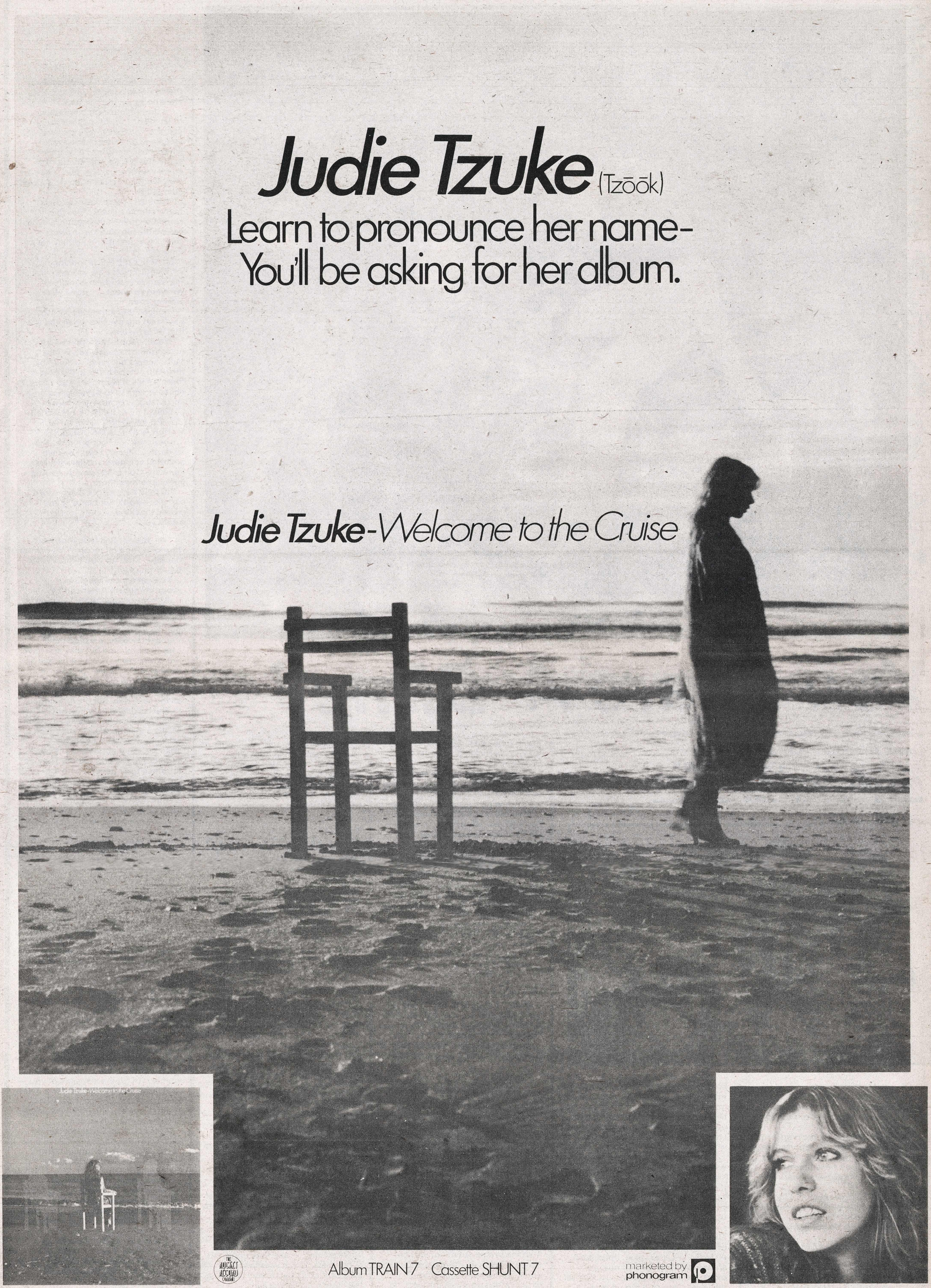
"They're so depressed and some guy comes along and goes — believe in me, I'm gonna take care of you, I know you're poor, it doesn't matter, I'm gonna take care of you — and these people go right for it. They don't have enough confidence in themselves and they fall for it and go off with some cult leader . . .

"Jesus Christ, it just freaked me out. This little kid used to come over to the warehouse every day and watch us practice and hang around. He's *dead.*

"His mother, she made him commit suicide . . . but now I think there's more awareness about and there's shows and articles and stuff about these cult religions. Parents should watch out for their kids, they shouldn't let them follow some maniac around . . ."

Waybill is very, very choked.

That quote, Waybill certainly didn't say it.


Judie Tzuke (Tzōōk)
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You'll be asking for her album.
Judie Tzuke-Welcome to the Cruise
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Remember when? Antique WHO outside the Railway Tavern

WHICH WAY TO THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL?

IT'S FOUR o'clock on a sun-drenched afternoon, and The Who are mingling freely amidst the champagne and the cameras, the strawberries and the statements at an informal Euro-press party being hosted by on the patio of the picturesque Villa Les Charmettes, on the outskirts of Cannes.

The Who are currently the centre of more action and attention than at any other juncture in their existence. With two triumphant concerts staged beneath a Mediterranean moon in the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre at Frejus and a thumbs-up premier of *The Kids Are Alright* celluloid scrapbook in their hip pockets, they are passing the time of day with the press until 8.00 when they will play their last trump card — the first official screening of the truly remarkable movie account of the seminal Mod movement, *Quadrophenia*.

Townshend lights up a cigarette, surveys the beautiful French countryside and, as he exhales, remarks that it was just 20 miles from this location that he first conceived the germ of the 'Quadrophenia' album.

At the time of its inception, Townshend was apparently preoccupied with the lifestyle of that near-legendary Who charter fan, Irish Jack — "One of the original Mods who I'd left behind and who, I'd discovered, was in pretty bad shape, and so I sat down and wrote about three days in *his* life."

Unfortunately, before he has the opportunity to elaborate further, his reflective muse in interrupted as a Euro-press gang-bang cross-examination begins.

Townshend fields a barrage of questions, promptly throwing them back into play with the skill of Peter Shilton.

AS WITH taxes, it's inevitable that the subject of Keith Moon's death should be broached.

Nobody avoids the question — Townshend has often said: "The Who have always made a special point of being insensitive to the feelings of the other members of the band, and I don't see why we should stop now" — but it's obviously a subject the band don't wish to dwell on at length. Instead they either adopt a lighthearted stance (Townshend: "Even when he died, you have to admit that Moon still had a great sense of timing") or, as in the case of drummer Kenny Jones, use it as an excuse to discuss another aspect The Who's career — the part to which he now contributes.

"When I see the fim, all that I wish is that Moon was still round doing it," Jones says.

And of his approach to playing: "Whereas Keith had a more theatrical way of playing, I just give it to 'em right between the eyes and that's that."

Much of The Who's chemistry was as a result of the interaction between guitar and drums, and it was a approach Jones had long been familiar with.

"Unlike most drummers, I never play with just the bass, I play with everyone. I suppose that comes from playing with Steve Marriott in The Small Faces, who both sang and played at the same time. Whenever Steve felt like doing something spontaneous, I'd just accentuate it. And the same thing happens with Pete."

The introduction of Kenny Jones into the line-up has also had a positive effect on John Entwistle.

"It goes without saying that Moon was about the hardest drummer in the world to play with — if you ever saw him sit-in with another band you'll realise why! Keith was so unpredictable that I always had to watch out for when he went out of tempo and I didn't go along with him. With Kenny, I feel a lot freer."

We learn that Roger Daltrey — who, it is rumoured, took Moon's death much harder than anyone else — has yet to see a finished print of *The Kids* and has no intention of doing so for at least ten years.

"Just after Keith died," says Daltrey, momentarily wiping the ever-present ear-to-ear grin from his face, "I found it difficult to look at the rushes, because it made me realise just how much we had lost. Amongst other things, he showed us all how to live . . . really!"

Back to Townshend, who is asked by a foreign journalist whether The Who are nothing more than "working class heroes playing at being rich?"

There's a brief pause.

"I'm still working class," retorts Townshend adamantly, "because I give most of my money away. If you really want to know, at this very moment I've got an overdraft of £250,000!

"The amount of money that passed through The Who's camp was phenomenal," he reveals, "but the amount of money one actually saw or controlled was quite small. Now, the great thing about The Who today is that we control some of the larger amounts and try and point them in the right direction."

He cites plans for a microcosmic film-based recording studio complete with the most sophisticated dubbing facilities, down at Shepperton as one instance.

THE WHO. currently in Foreign Parts launching their new films, talk to ROY CARR

"What I do with my share is to try and keep in involved in various ground-level creative projects.

"On the other hand, what The Who are trying to do is exist in England — which isn't easy at the moment — and take care of the responsibility to allow rock to mature and do it without crapping over everything. If we can do just that and still remain human beings at the other end of it then I honestly believe we've achieved one helluva lot.

"We've lost one of our members so far and it's a painful loss . . . something that we never ever thought would happen to us. We thought we would survive, but one cannot deny the fact that rock 'n' roll has claimed so many young people."

He ponders. "Maybe the statistics would be the same if you ran a survey on any other stress-profession, but the fact remains that losing Keith was a terrible shock."

If Townshend refused to be provoked by the previous line of questioning, he rises to the bait when asked if the British Government publicly acknowledges — with a hypothetical pat on the head — The Who for staying put . . . refusing to take the money and run.

"The Inland Revenue acknowledges it all the time," he jests, but his flippant mood quickly turns to suppressed anger.

"I don't give a shit whether or not the Government acknowledges our presence in England. What do we need *their* acknowledgement for! What have *they* got to do with *us* or, for that matter, people in general. C'mon, let's get our priorities right for once. Bureaucrats" he snarls — "they're *civil* servants . . . *we* acknowledge *them* . . . they're there at *our* behest. *We* vote *them* in.

"As people in the rock business grow up, they should realise that for bloody years they've had everything inside out. Instead of growing up thinking that you're an outcast, you should grow up thinking that you're *it* . . . you're what the whole bloody thing is about."

THE IMMINENT release of *The Kids Are Alright* biopic next month and *Quadrophenia* in early autumn will, unquestionably fuel the emergent Mod revival and shape the remainder of the year.

Whether or not it will have any positive effect on the '80s or just go the way of Power Pop and half-a-dozen recent revivalist trends is open to speculation.

Having viewed an audience cross-section that attended The Who's recent Rainbow Theatre re-birth, Townshend argued in the bar afterwards that perhaps Modrophenia was nothing more than a figment of Paul Weller's insatiable fan fixation/fantasy.

"It's got nothing at all to do with The Who. It's all to do with The Jam. It's Paul Weller's thing."

But Townshend has yet to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the topic.

"Maybe," he suggests, "these kids think that life when The Who were 16 and 17 was better than life today. I'm only guessing . . . but it could be nothing more than just a bit of romantic nostalgia.

"It's strange how a lot of fashions that immediately followed the British punk movement were backward looking. After the safety-pins and the slashed clothes, it went to the point where the last time I saw Johnny Rotten and one of the guys out of The Clash they both looked like '50s rockers: black leather jackets, rocker shoes and Teds clothes.

"It could be that all the kids who don't fancy living with all of that prefer the old smart Mod outfits."

Though *Quadrophenia* doesn't always press home the fact that in its purest form, Mod — to quote the late Peter Meaden — was an aphorism for clean living under difficult circumstances, the fact remains that the last thing original Mods would have been involved in was anything that remotely smacked of revivalism.

Mods led where others followed.

As Roger Daltrey puts it: "It's a shame that these kids who currently call themselves Mods can't find their own thing. At least that's one thing the punks had going for themselves."

With fashions currently being rendered almost obsolete before they've been stocked along the High Street, one striking thing about *The Kids Are Alright* is that at any given juncture in their trend-setting career. The Who never appear backdated.

Daltrey reckons that it was just a case of always keeping their feet on the ground. "Whatever we did we did for real . . . we weren't pretending. No matter what, we kept our credibility and that's the most important thing for any band."

Someone asks Townshend what Jeff Stein, director of *The Kids Are Alright*, offered in the way of credentials to persuade The Who to allow him to correlate their celluloid back-pages?

"Absolutely nothing whatsoever," claims Townshend, "other than he was a great Who fan."

The story goes that when Stein first approached Townshend and The Who's manager (Bill Curbishley) and asked whether he could make the movie, he sat and cried for two hours when the proposal was rejected.

"I said to Bill," recollects Townshend, "anyone who cries for two hours can never make a film about The Who. But Bill said, think about it the other way . . ."

Townshend claims that the images available were limited.

"What would have been amazing," he says, "would have been if we'd been filmed like every other day or week, so you could compare when we were up and when we were down."

Nevertheless, The Who are unique in having access to a backlog of seminal film stock that dates right back to their period as The High Numbers at The Railway Tavern, Harrow and Wealdstone. Even that early in the game they showed style and purpose.

Conceived as a replacement for *Tommy*, the *Quadrophenia* magnum opus was subsequently dropped from The Who's repertoire after just one introductory tour.

Townshend: "Unfortunately, it didn't work because, amongst other things The Who have set themselves strange standards on stage."

The situation was further aggravated by a violent disagreement between Roger and Pete and the entire project was shelved until now because it had become a touchy subject.

Re-worked, excerpts from 'Quadrophenia' now constitute an integral part of The Who's refurbished repertoire.

Without wishing to re-open old wounds, Townshend — when going through an intense period of self-re-evaluation — once informed this writer that he felt he was too old to be running around the stage like a kid playing guitar. Thankfully, since those dark days he has altered his opinions.

"Sometimes, during the depths of a really bad day I really would like to crawl off and die, but I realise that there's something very magical about being on stage and part of a band that's working together. It's very fulfilling because it's always been kinda dangerous and risky and that's what rock has always thrived on — risk."

Still excited by the events of the last three years, he opines that it's important for bands like The Who to share the experience.

"Not in a patronising way — because new bands hate to hear you say, watch out for this or that, because we've been through it. But nevertheless I feel that having existed for 30 years, rock should have its Godfathers."

AWWWWWW *MAMA!* I wanna tell ya 'bout Texas radio and the big beat.

You step out of the airport in Dallas and straight onto hot concrete looking for a cab and there's this big green Ford that looks like it lost a fight with a steamroller sometime around the years that Chuck Berry got slung inside for statutory rape. Up comes the driver, a huge beefy bespectacled man nudging into his mid-40s: he walks like Bo Diddley, don't need no crutch. Throws your stuff in the back, gives it the gun and the big green Ford lurches through the weave of roads and tunnels leading onto the expressway that takes you into Dallas, the Kennedy-snuffing capital of the world.

The heat in New York is humid and it steams you: in Texas the heat is dry and it bakes you. Inside the big green Ford, everything is cool. My man Bo punches his radio and out comes *soul music,* amazing pounding emotional dance music, blowing hot to the heart and cold to the bone. Bo flashes a grin wide as his radiator grille, all gold and ivory and tobacco. "Out here in Texas," he says, "you can get yourself some *faaaaaahn* weed. Hey."

There's a spliff in his hand, Yank-style: tiny, tight and white. On him it looks like a toothpick. "None for me," he says, "I prefer to wait till I'm off-duty 'cuz it screws up mah *drahvin'*. But y'all go right ahead."

Just below knee-level, right by the gearshift, is a mess of skins and clips and a small bag of pot. Hospitality, Texas-style. He asks what we're doing in the state and I tell him we've come to see Ron Wood.

Not a flicker.

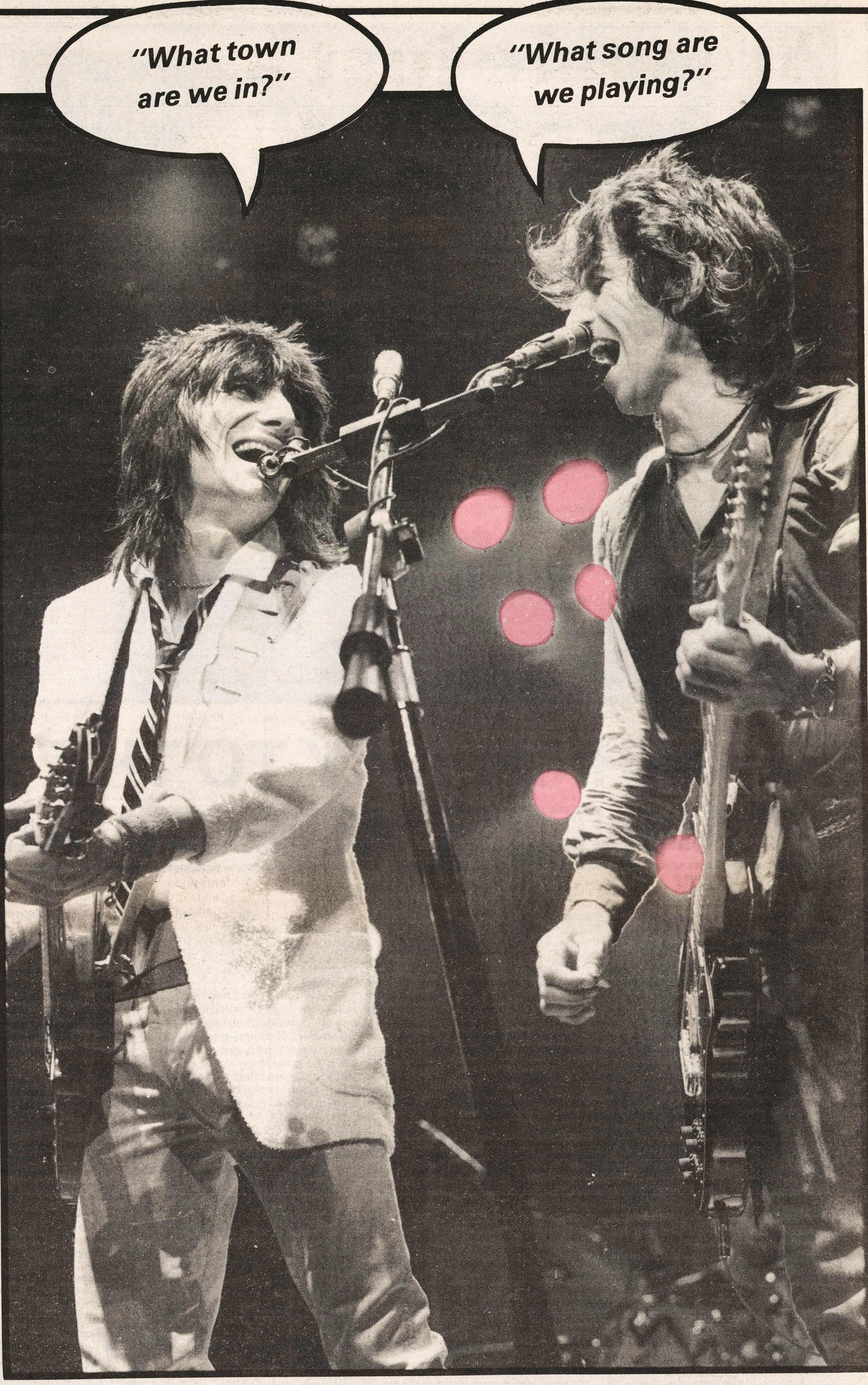
Ron Wood of the *Stones.* He relaxes.

"Ah hey, the *Stones.* Yeah, they cool. I tellya who I saw a while back who was outasite: Wings. You know them?"

Meanwhile the soul station has got it's fingers into Donna Summer's 'Hot Stuff', the hot dry highway has faded into a blur. "You can hear some good blues 'roun' here — Lowell Fulson, he lives roun' heah sumplace, but I tellya what I really dig: country an' western music, Merle Haggard and Charlie Pride . . . who was that cat that recorded 'When I Need You'? Leo Sayer? Yeah, he's outasite too . . ."

The night's gig is in Houston, right at the other end of the state. However, for this leg of the tour, Ron Wood's touring group The New Barbarians (a name donated to him by Neil Young, high on the list of anticipated superstar guests who never show up) are domiciled in Dallas, at the Fairmont Hotel. Going to stay at the Fairmont is not so much like going to live in a hotel as moving into a new neighbourhood. It makes any Hilton look like a greasy boarding-house in Doncaster. Air-conditioned to the *nth* degree of frosty elegance, chandeliered, plum plush, huge enough to cover a full city block, Al Martino singing in the bar for the last night of a two-week residency. This is *elegance,* Jack. Makes you *sick.*

Anyway, this is where the Barbarians are stationed. The deal is as follows: at some unspecified time the band haul themselves out of their pits, do whatever is necessary to get themselves ready to do what they do. Then they spill over the lobby in a flurry of scarves and shades and guitar cases and lean blonde girls who make the Texas businessmen with the briefcase phones drinking and talking business in the bar stare. Then they step into the limos and cruise to a private airfield where their chartered jet is waiting. They climb into the jet where the stewardesses say "Far out" to anything anyone says to them and no-one has to *ex-ting-wish cigarettes and othah smoking mateeriahl* during take-off and landing and you can eat the chicken salad or the roast beef cooked right there in front of you by a nutter in a chef's hat. At the other end they disembark into another bunch of limos, or maybe it's the same limos and the same drivers, who the hell can tell, and they gas the suckers up and whizz them straight into the back of the hall, behind the stage, where they can hear Keith Richards' reggae tapes ricocheting around the building and the anticipatory bullfight cheers from the kids as each record ends before they disappear down a long grey corridor and into the band room where the hopefuls cluster outside for the forbidden glimpse of gods at rest and play. Then when they're all tuned up and ready they run down the grey corridor and the stage goes dark and the roadies who've been grooming the amps and dicking around with the lights get into position and the yell goes up till it shakes the building and the Voice Of God declaims, "Ladeeeez 'n' gentlemen, THE NEW BARBARIANS . . ."



ALL RIGHT. The New Barbarians is the Ron Wood tour. The object of the exercise is two-fold: to do some dates to promote this album that honest Ron's made to inaugurate his new solo deal with CBS Records, and also to give the two members of the Stones with the most insatiable appetite for gigging and playing and jamming and having fun something to do while Jagger hides out from Bianca's lawyers and the main corporate edifice — a cultural institution known as The Rolling Stones —starts to think about its next album and tour.

The New Barbarians are six: there's honest Ron outfront to carry the weight on guitar and vocals (and mouth harp and pedal steel and tenor saxophone, but that's another matter). Behind the drums is Jospeh 'Zigaboo' Modeliste of The Meters, the New Orleans funk axis who've supported the Stones on two tours and who form the nucleus of Allen Toussaint's operation. Almost hidden by the keyboards rig is Ian MacLagan, tiny and dapper, hair rinsed grey, veteran of Small Faces, The Faces and the last lot of Stones activities, an ex-mod to the back teeth. Looming over a tiny Alembic bass, meet and greet Stanley Clarke, a lean towering young Jumpin' Black Flash, and the acknowledged king of fusion bass (unless you count Jaco Pastorius as a fusion bassist.) Bobby Keyes, a Stones regular for most of the '70s and the pride of Lubbock, is blowing his golden saxophone.

Lemme see. We left anyone out?

Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood pop out of their respective limo doors virtually simultaneously. Ronnie Woods looks just like Keith Richards but Keith Richards looks just like Mick Jones.

Wood is jaunty and bouncy. He looks as if the world's sleekest, blackest hedgehog is sitting on his head. Richards' face is white and expressionless. The milling throngs of musicians, ladies, drivers, assistants, liggers, under-assistant West Coast promopersons and whatnot parts like the Red Sea to let them through.

Mick Jagger is nowhere in evidence. Bob Dylan is somewhere else entirely. Neil Young is probably asleep. Joe Walsh may not even be present in spirit. Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page and Eric Clapton show neither hide nor hair nor guitar pick. All the 'guest star' buzz, carefully denied and eschewed by those connected with the tour but well in evidence and certainly not hindering the sale of a ticket or three, is carefully weighed and judged to be so much catcrap. Still, it's buzz and you can't knock it. These venues they're playing are *big* suckers and this tour ain't exactly costing fourpence to put together and a seat sold is a seat sold is a seat *sold,* Jack. Can you dig it?

This is bigtime rock and roll, USA. This is not half a dozen guys crammed into a dying transit wiping motorway grease off their chops and trying to decide whether they can afford to buy new strings *and* get pissed tonight after the gig. This is big business and it moves sweet and sleek as a whisper down cool grey air-conditioned corridors from late afternoon to early morning.

Right here on this baking airfield, the

"We were just a couple of working class tossers who were only in it for the piss-up and the birds after the show."

— Steve Jones, Sex Pistols

Ah, the glories of rock'n'roll on the road, the endless round of debauchery and illicit delights! But what happens when the endless round becomes just that — an endless round?...

The New Barbarians: A Tale Of Two Rock'n'Roll Addicts

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY (guitar), illustrated by JOE STEVENS (sax).

The News Brothers

entourage is out of the air-conditioning for the second of six moments of its day. The first was when they left the hotel to get in the limos. The third will be when they make the lightning transfer into the second set of limos up in Houston. The next will be when they climb out of the limos and into the plane after the gig, and then — wait a second, got to figure this out — ummmmmm — when they get *out* of the plane and into the next set of limos, and finally they'll have to leave the cars and get into the hotel. Then it's cool canned air scented with ice cubes and plain sailing all the way.

The reason for all this farting about is v. simple. The Barb's ain't playing Dallas, and nobody except a few real hip people even know they're there. Meanwhile, all the kids in Houston are going totally pineapples because they think that somewhere in their town, Keith Richards, man, is holed up in a room with Tibetan prayer shawls over the lamps and Rasta posters all over the wall and all sorts of amazing far-out scenes are going on all over the place and there's cocaine and blowjobs and weirdness and if they comb Houston and harass all the desk clerks in all the major hotels someone will finally break down and admit that yes, Keith and Woody *are* there and yes, Mick Jagger *is* with them — sharp intake of breath, *wow* — and the room number is 821 and there's a party going on and all you have to do is get in there — shit, man, everybody knows what goes on around a Stones tour, which is what this almost is seeing as how it's Woody's tour and Keith's with him, and *please* mister if you know where they are you won't regret telling me . . .

That's what Sonja thinks, anyway. Sonja's from Georgia originally and she says she's only 17 and she's just *crazy* about the Stones and she looks like a rock-and-roll 14-year-old designed by a committee of *Oui* staffers. Makes you feel like a real asshole to have to tell her that sorry, the tour's staying in Dallas and Jagger ain't there at all.

So this way, the Barbs get to keep all the Sonjas and the ones who aren't even cute and, worst of all, their male equivalents the hell out from under their feet. The time when these guys wanted to drown in Sonjas is long gone. The amount of publicity that Richards has had over that bust in Toronto has been so ludicrous that, by contrast, going out on Woody's tour is almost like going into hiding but just the same the name of the game is P-R-I-V-A-C-Y and plenty of it.

So Sonja's little tanned shoulders droops and her little fantasy is shot to shit but even if she was in Dallas and she'd made it up to Keith's Room it wouldn't be what she expected. Still, later for that even as Sonja walks dejectedly back towards her seat, 'cuz the lights are going down and the yell goes up till it shakes the building and the Voice Of God declaims, "Ladeeeez 'n' gentlemen, THE NEW BARBARIANS . . . ! !"

SIMULTANEOUS ACTION: everybody in the hall climbs up on their hind legs, waves their fist in the air and bellows. Security men fan out and motion kids back to their seats in a show of force that keeps everybody docile without any visible aggro. Modeliste climbs up behind the drums, MacLagan slides in behind his Hammond/piano/moog set-up. Keyes ambles over to his mike, horn at the ready, bottle of Bourbon clamped firmly in his other hand. Stanley Clarke, bass clamped tight to his chest, prowls in front of his amp like some impassive panther. In his black leather pants he looks like some parallel-universe version of Phil Lynott.

Ronnie Wood comes scampering out with his silver guitar. White shirt open at the neck and tie askew, white towelling jacket, red knee boots and impish grin of favourite bantamweight contender making an entrance on the night that Norman Mailer is going to see him take the title. Exuberantly running on the spot, fists in the air, his angular face contorted into comic aggression, he is an appealing figure: friendly, self-mocking, energetic. No matter how flash he dresses and how much he poses, you just *know* that Ronnie Wood is all right.

Wander through all the rock and roll sleazepits in all the rock and roll cities and you never hear anyone telling you that Ronnie Wood is a bastard. Post-punks who resent Jagger because they think he's a jetset poseur or Richards because they see him as a millionaire junkie who walks his way out of busts that would have put ordinary citizens away for most of the '80s . . . they still check Ronnie Wood from back when The Faces were still accepted as a people's band by *everyone.*

Remember him then? Capering about like a naughty kid caught with a cigarette behind the bike sheds on the run from the school caretaker. Like back at the first live all-star *Tommy* at the Lyceum all those years ago when it was a solemn as the opening of Parliament until Rod Stewart swaggered on to do 'Pinball Wizard' and there behind him, tagging along like the kid brother you just couldn't bear to leave behind . . . guess who? An oily clamped into his chimp-grin, hair miraculously on end, was Woody, scampering exuberantly to an amp. You couldn't hear anything he played, but he looked like the gatecrasher who's having more fun than anybody else at the party.

His entry into the Stones has lightened up the texture considerably. The Mick Taylor phase of the Stones was the period when Jagger and Richards became the visible *gestalt* of the band. Anybody with more than half an eardrum could tell you that the Stones would have great difficulty sounding like the Stones if Charlie Watts decided to hang up his rock and roll sticks and Bill Wyman isn't exactly a klutz, but though Taylor supplied skill, intelligence and feel he had less personality than the average chair.

So between them Mick and Keith supplied the fantasy: love-and-joy-and-loneliness-and-sex-and-sex-and-sex-and-sex plus booze-and-pills-and-powders plus please-allow-me-to-introduce-myself and it's-a-gas-gas-gas and world's-most-elegantly-wasted-human-being and all the rest of the bullshit, while Taylor melted into the rhythm section and tossed out his swampsnake leads and the legends cavorted out front.

Woody's entry into the hallowed unit dispelled a few of the shadows. His good-natured cockiness let fresh air into corridors still paced by spectres of Meredith Hunter and Brian Jones, of tales about knives and pool-cues and drowning, of Hollywood and the Riviera. Honest Ron, the human face of The Rolling Stones!

"I suppose I seem more accessible," he says later that night. He attempts to open a bottle of beer on the edge of a table and succeeds only in tearing a giant chunk of wood out of the unoffending piece of furniture. He looks up with the expression of comic dismay with which he customarily greets unsuccessful attempts at little public bar macho stunts. "That's 'cos I *am* more accessible. I mean, Mick and Keith are founder members and it's all been going on for much longer for them. The pressure is much greater for them, so it's all much easier for me . . ."

ONSTAGE, HE completes his lap of honour but the cheers he garnishes for this display of unselfconscious cheek are as a damp fart to what happens when Keith Richard, one sinewy fist clamped around a bottle of Rebel Yell bourbon and the other hefted skywards, strides to the front of the stage, spectral but solid, wasted but not weary. Foppish no longer, his unassuming yellow shirt, black jacket and blue jeans spell out that the pomp and circumstance of the Stones have been packed up in mothballs for tonight, but that aspect of Keith Richard which exists both within and without the context of the Stones is what's important.

Stage centre, there's the three-headed mike stand that first saw service at the Kilburn Gaumont gigs that promoted Wood's first solo project 'I've Got My Own Album To Do' way back when he was still in the Faces. Immediately stage right of the mike is a music stand — most incongruous — loaded with set-lists, key lyrics, mouth harps, slides, cigarettes, picks and the like. Woody dances out front, counts four and kicks into Chuck Berry's 'Sweet Little Rock And Roller'.

The sound is full and relaxed. It isn't pompous overblown stadium rock and it isn't razor-edged British R&B, but it has that perfect combination of ease and power, lurch and balance, that characterises what is meant when the term 'barroom rock and roll' is used as a compliment.

Clarke and Modeliste lay down a taut, sleek backbeat that gives the guitars just enough slack for them to take chances with the rhythm, but not so much that the chances don't all pay off. Wood's guitar sound is thick and distorted, Richards' pithy and thin. Between them, they stretch the beat like elastic and then tighten it up again. MacLagan tinkles and splashes, Keyes honks like a wild goose with catarrh. It's a groove.

Listen, whatever you think of these guys and the way they live — and it's worth remembering that they've been at it so long that they genuinely don't know how to do it any other way — they didn't get where they are just by having good haircuts and hanging out with Margaret Trudeau and Truman Capote. They're capable of more than just going through the by-now traditional, choreographed, institutionalised ritual of a Stones show. Three-quarters of the way through the show — I reckon it's when Richards stumbles upfront to dip and stab his way through his first solo of the night — that I decide I'd rather be seeing The New Barbarians than a Stones show just because it's fresher, looser and almost completely unpretentious.

Most of the material is drawn from one of three main sources: material from Wood's new album 'Gimme Some Neck' and its predecessors 'Now Look' and 'I've Got My Own Album To Do', deepdown blues like 'Rock Me' and 'Worried Life Blues' and Stones numbers. Richards and MacLagan hold down most of the backing vocals, with Richards getting a fistful of numbers of his own to sing.

For one of Richards' vocal numbers, 'Let's Go Steady', Woody dumps his guitar in favour of the tenor sax that's been his pride and joy since Christmas. "Variety you want? Variety you get!" he announces to the audience, rubbing his hands. A present from his girlfriend Jo Howard, the sax used to belong to Plas Johnson, and Wood blows simple but precise triplets alongside Bobby Keyes as Richard delivers a strained but effective '50s gospel blues ballad vocal.

Then it's switcharound time again as a roadie brings out a pedal steel guitar and Keith ducks around behind MacLagan's piano as the diminutive mod moves to the organ for the stone-country 'Apartment 109'. The Texas kids lap it up. Sheeeeeeet! Yeee-haw!

Neither Wood nor Richard have ever been renowned for sterile perfection. The dynamic between them is always subject to the moment: when everything's clicking, they are the epitome of the swagger and stab that two meshing rock and roll guitars can muster; when the wires get crossed they sound like a fight in a scrapyard. They're having persistent tuning problems and amp buzzes anyway: the best guitars, amps and roadcrews that money can buy and they've still got problems.

Richards in particular is goofing out more than any other big time guitar player. Even when they're laying down a 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' encore sharp enough to perform open-heart surgery with, he still slides up to a climatic chord and misses it by a good three frets. For the intro to 'Rock Me', he takes a slow 12-bar chorus by himself to introduce the riff, and he misfrets notes, strings fall off his fingers.

He does everything but drop his pick, and stares down the audience as if he's daring someone to make something of it.

On the blues numbers, Wood fishes out a mouth-harp and blows squeaky, tootling Jimmy Reed-style blowing-and-bending figures, a change from the Little Walter/Sonny Boy Williamson/Junior Wells style favoured by most white blues harpists. It bears the same combination of diffidence and flash that marks almost everything he does.

It's the blues numbers and the funkier pieces like 'Infekshun', 'Am I Grooving You?' and 'I Can Feel The Fire' that prove the most combustible. For a start, Clarke and Modeliste get a chance to step out some and the cool, deadly ease with which they negotiate the more complex rhythms is splendidly counterbalanced by the sharp, rough, bourbon-soaked guitars. At one splendid point, Wood —dashing around the stage like a demented parrot on jetskates — ends a solo with a screaming high note so off-key that it's hardly in the same galaxy as the rest of the tune and Clarke puts his head on one side and goes "Whew!" and Wood cracks up . . .

Gotcha!

'Am I Grooving You?' fades into Clarke's showpiece: Bootsy Collins meets Sly Stone meets Jimi Hendrix inside Phil Lynott's leather pants: 5,000 watts of skinny soul. It takes him about 90 seconds to pulp the entire audience. He picks the riff from Curtis Mayfield's 'Pusherman' in sing-song harmonics (Wood skipping out from the back, where the white boys are taking a breather sip and smoke, to double up the riff on harp to soak the hall in a breath of county blues) and then pounds his bass to a paste with dazzling speed runs and remorseless rhythm figures. He then crosses the stage to do it again, takes his ovation, grins in his beard and steps back to let Modeliste demonstrate a dozen different ways to play the same beat in the space of little over a minute and then everybody comes back refreshed.

■ *Continues over page*

NEW BARBS

■ *From previous page*

"Contrary to what you've heard," shouts Wood, "there ain't no-one here but us chickens. There are no special guests tonight . . . except you lot!"

The roar he gets for that demonstrates that no significant proportion of the almost-but-not-quite sold-out house could give a shit, even during the Stones numbers. "Who The Fuck Is Mick Jagger?" is the message stretched out across the girl photog's T-shirt, and even when Keith kick-starts 'Honky Tonk Women', dragging out the chords so long you think the beat just *has* to fall apart (but it doesn't) no ghosts walk.

Purists may get disapproving and wonder if Ron Wood has the *right* to sing 'Honky Tonk Women' or 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', but hell, man, Johnny Winter and Peter Frampton both did 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and *anyone* has more right to do 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' than Peter Frampton. Plus things start getting silly when Stones fans start getting protective about 'Love In Vain,' 'cuz I'm *sure* they checked with Robert Johnson first . . .

"Howabout us Barbarians going looting and pillaging then, Keef?"

THE NEW BARBARIANS show is rough, warm, human, good-humoured, energetic, unassuming and strictly life-size. When you see it, you ain't staring at something gigantic and far away. It's not as spectacular and legend-soaked as a Stones show, but it has a warmth and humanity and friendliness that will never waft off a stage that has Mick Jagger on it and THE ROLLING STONES on the poster outside. Whether you still believe in the great Stones myth of The Greatest Rock And Roll Bank In The World or whether you see them in the post-punk light as a bunch of poncy smacked-back old jackoffs, they can never be just a rock band playing for your pleasure and theirs. The New Barbarians can. That's the difference.

"That's partly why I'm becoming an American citizen," explains Ronnie Wood. The show's long over, the jacks are in the boxes and the clowns should have gone to bed but they haven't: they're up in Keith's room. As 'Gimme Some Neck' blasts out of Wood's sound system and a thickset denimed lump of Texan muscle called Rob jerks around the room bellowing along with the album . . .

Wait a second. I've got to tell you about this guy.

Rob's eyes bulge behind his glasses and his face goes red. His short curly blond hair is in total disarray. Like Bobby Keyes, he went to the same school in Lubbock, Texas, as Buddy Holly, though they weren't in the same year. What makes Rob a footnote in rock and roll history is that when Buddy got snuffed, young Rob was the cat who inherited Buddy's record collection. Still got 'em at home now.

He leaps up to Wood and grabs Honest Ron's slender white hand in his own huge calloused sausage fingers and pumps along with the record, bellowing lyrics and bourbon at Woody, who is jerked in and out of his seat like a puppet. They hug, Rob lurches off on another tour of the room.

Wood shakes out a Marlboro, tosses it in the air and attempts to catch it in his mouth to regain his composure. He misses completely, tries again and this time almost swallows the damn thing. He pulls it out of his mouth and lights it. Luckily, it's not too damp to burn.

"It's weird, but if I'm an American citizen I'll be able to spend more time in England. I really want to, because London's my fuckin' home, but what with the tax and all . . ."

I ask him what he thinks about Thaatchi and he winces.

"Maybe it'd better for the country if all the prodigal sons could come back there and spread their money around and try and help out some of the people who the government won't be helping out, bring some of the money back home . . . that doesn't make much sense, does it?"

Keith Richard takes much of the new wave's resentment of the Stones' role pretty much to heart, and seems in turn vaguely resentful of that attitude to the Stones: a kind of I - died - in - the - war - for - you - and - now - you - hate - me-you-ungrateful-jerks viewpoint. How does Woody feel?

"Well, I do feel a little hurt by it, but not as much as Keith because of his being a founder member. I'm still a bit new, so I don't maybe feel quite so isolated, but I don't know . . . maybe it's what I deserve."

Who do you like out of the newer bands?

"It may sound corny, but I always liked The Sex Pistols," he says, a trifle ruefully. The Pistols were the first band to take a massive swing at the Stones, but by order of the unacknowledged kinship that links all British rebel bands no matter how much Jagger and Lydon would deny it, the Stones and the Pistols are karmically related, sons rebelling against fathers. The relationship is perhaps most clearly defined by the fact that Mick Jagger called Malcolm McLaren when the shit first started coming down around Sid Vicious in New York and offered — on behalf of the Stones — any financial and legal aid that might be necessary.

And when McLaren called him back the following night Jagger took it all back . . . (Incidentally, just in case anybody feels like denying this, I've heard a tape of McLaren's end of the conversation, so shove it. Okay?).

Richards' attitude to punk is more combative, more competitive. Unlike Wood, he feels personally challenged by the whole thing. In the plane on the way back from Houston, me and Joe Stevens were sitting in the front compartment shooting the shit when up comes Richards, barefoot, white-faced, rumpled, hair spun out like black candy-floss, eyes ringed with exhaustion, one leathery fist still clamped around his bourbon. He looks me up and down, checking the threads (black suit, white-shirt, black tie, red sneakers, shades, short hair).

"Hello Charles," he says flatly, voice simultaneously dry, crisp and slurred, "what are you going to do now that punk is dead?"

My gorge rises. It's one thing to discuss whether punk is dead when you live in Britain and check the scene, but what the hell right does Keith Richard have to say that from where he sits?

So we start in on that, and I tell him that punk didn't just mean punk bands and nihilism, it meant throwing the gates wide open for any sort of band that wanted to play and could do something that means something to kids and that it ain't just stuck in '77 but it's progressing in all sorts of directions. I start telling about the Human League and Stiff Little Fingers and Magazine, f'chrissakes.

"Ah," he says, "but progressing used to mean something different, didn't it? Who's that band who sound like The Doors? I hate them. Progressing used to mean Yes and Genesis and all that lot. What's Public Image about? Johhny Rotten or Lydon or whatever you call him . . . I like him, but that single's just a Byrds guitar sound, innit? And whether you like 'em or not you've got to admit that McGuinn and those guys do that better than anybody . . ."

He makes much more sense talking about blues — Buddy Guy and Junior Wells were supposed to be jamming with them in Chicago, but Buddy was driving up from New Orleans and missed the gig even though Junior got up and blew a few — and reggae.

He turns me on to radio station WLIB in New York, which serves the Caribbean expatriates among the black community and plays music from Trinidad and Jamaica and if you tune in to them you can hear Culture and Spear and Isaacs right there in the 'eart of Babylon. "If a good pre is on sale in Kingston on Monday it'll be in the shops in New York on Wednesday and I'll have it Friday," Keith announces.

"One of my proudest moments was introducing Stanley Clarke to Robbie Shakespeare and Zigaboo to Sly Dunbar backstage at Madison Square Gardens."

He unbends considerably when I tell him how important reggae is to the new bands, just like blues was to the Stones when they started. He checks Gregory Isaacs and Spear something fierce, and regards 'Money In My Pocket' as "pretty lame as Dennis Brown records go." He's had a pad in JA since '66, and he's been hip to reggae for well over a decade, so it ain't like the cat has no ears left or anything. It's just that I regard the scene in the UK as being exciting and valuable and I'm annoyed that he doesn't. What happens is that at different times, he and MacLagan and Wood all latch me and stare at me penetratingly as if they were asking something important and say, "Tell me . . . whaddya think of The Police?"

STANLEY CLARKE is adapting to the loose-knit, high-energy music of the Barbs with elan and aplomb. He's well and truly turned onto reggae and he's even checked a few punk bands. "What I like about them, I guess, is that there're so *many* of them. What music needs is musicians and the more people there are playing , the better it is."

So how'd a man of Clarke's background get involved in this?

"Well, I'd been playing a few tours with Jeff Beck and a British drummer named Simon Phillips, and I wasn't doin' anything because Jeff has a few things to tie up before we play again. I know Ronnie real well because he'd come to see us a lot, and when he called up I figured this'd be more fun than takin' a holiday."

Clarke doesn't feel anything incongruous about going from super-fusion music to Wood's warm, sloppy rock and roll.

"It's a looser feel and higher energy, but I ain't a *jazz* bass player. I'm a *bass* player. They're real good to play with."

Modeliste is Wood's favourite drummer after The Great Charlie Watts, who played on every track on the album except for the single, Bob Dylan's 'Seven Days', on which Mick Fleetwood does the duties. If the album has a Stones feel to it, it's not so much Wood who provides it, though his guitar playing is well in the tradition; nor is it Richard, who only plays (and then fairly unobtrusively) on two of the tracks. It's Watts, and 'Gimme Some Neck' is another tribute to his genius as the unchallenged chairman of the board of rock and roll drummers.

Wood is explaining how he wormed the song out of Dylan when they were both down in Miami for an Eric Clapton album. "I've always had a lot of front with Bob ever since he came to the party for my first solo album in New York. He was the first to arrive, and no-one recognised him at all. He was all wrapped up and he looked greasy and he sidled up to me and said, "Heeeeeeeeey, man, I really dig your album." (Wood's Dylan impression sounds like anybody else's Dylan impression, but at least it's authentic).

"I just went *huh?* Since then, he's always been really nice. If I call his office, he calls me back in five minutes, like when I had to call to get the words for 'Seven Days' out of him." He giggles. "I've got more front than Harrods, I have!"

Rob comes up and tells me that he'd rilly 'preciate it, cousin, if he could wear my red sneakers for the rest of the night. He asks my room number and says he'll have the sneakers outside my door at 8 the next morning. Unfortunately, we take the same shoe size, so we swap — after all, he's an old schoolmate of Buddy Holly's and he's built like a brick shithouse.

There goes the phone! The voice on the other end crackles even though there's no static. "This is Keith, man," it sez. "C'mon up to my room. All the heavies are here and we're havin' a party. Five minutes?" It's his third call. Woody says Keith wants to be interviewed as well, which is fine, because with a bit a luck he may be loaded enough for me to ask him whether he bought his way out of Toronto without getting chucked down a lift shaft.

Keith's room is a floor above Woody's. On the wall are photos of the Barbs, of Peter Tosh. A Rasta flag the size of my living room floor and a beautiful pencil drawing of a Rasta child nestle by the Playmate Of The Month. A tape of the night's gig roars out of a huge cassette player. The place is strewn with empty bottles and loaded people. Bobby Keyes is in a bad mood and his wife is talking to him slowly and intensely. Suddenly he chucks a piece of toast at Wood as a particularly hot slide lick comes up.

"That means I played a lick he wishes *he'd* played," explains Wood. Airily he flicks a Marlboro butt in the general direction of the potted plant in the corner. It falls a good eight inches short and starts burning a hole in the carpet. He looks ruefully about him, scuttles over, picks it up and puts it in an ashtray.

Richards is methodically turning the room upside down. He's looking for a bag of Jamaican 'erb which he has misplaced and he's gonna find it if it takes all night. He keeps rolling the sleeves of his T-shirt up over his shoulders as if the touch of the sleeves is unpleasant to him. Swigging his bourbon, he rummages through yet another suitcase.

Rob comes bounding up to me, pointing angrily at my sneakers. "These dayim thangs is hurtin' mah ankles!" he says as if I'd deliberately pulled a dirty trick on him. We change back.

Found it! Richards holds his bag of grass proudly aloft, stumbles towards the corner sofa and hauls out his skins. Rob plumps himself down right next to Richards, who looks about him as if he's only just realised where he is and then passes out, cheeks drawn, mouth open, eyes shut.

Rob helps himself to the grass and he and a bunch of gigantic cowboys (members of the Dallas Cowboys football team, as it happens) begin getting wrecked.

Grab grab grab. Richards is schlumpfed out in a corner while a bunch of people he hardly knows ring room service on his tab, smoke his dope and make free with his room. It's a while before anyone gets on the case and then Wood begins clearing out the jetsam and getting Richards revived.

He says he'll ring me if Keith is fit to talk when the room's been cleared. He doesn't, so presumably he wasn't.

Before they make *who* run?

NEXT MORNING, I'm trying to find the soul station that we heard in the cab and the sucker is *hiding*. So you make do with the regular stations and evolve a system whereby you switch channels anytime they play Olivia Newton-John. There's a New Barbarians commercial which mispronounces two of the names and plays 'Seven Days' and 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' as background. When 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' was cut, Brian Jones was still alive and Ron Wood was playing bass in Jeff Beck's band.

One more channel and suddenly Jagger's voice fills the room as 'Sympathy For The Devil' spills out over Dallas . . . *"who killed the Kennedys when after all it was you and me?"*

Awwwwwwwww, *mama* . . . Texas radio and the big beat . . .

"Zzzzzzzzzz."

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SILVER SCREEN

The Hardcore Life

Directed by Paul Schrader
Starring George C. Scott, Peter Boyle and Season Hubley
(Columbia)

George C. Scott beats on the brat in The Hardcore Life

Blue moves

A second reel from the man who brought you *Blue Collar*. Although it's not as crushingly impressive as that grim, grimy handshake with everyday life and death on an American factory floor, *The Hardcore Life* applies similar means to similar ends.

Writer-turned-director Paul Schrader's obviously drawn to people under pressure, to watching them as they make or break under the strain. In *Collar* the pressure squeezed men for whom the familiar became intimidatingly unfamiliar; in *Hardcore* it threatens to squash one man for whom the unfamiliar becomes distastefully familiar.

The storyline's straightahead. Middle-class, mid-Western businessman Jake Van Dorn (George C. Scott) loses his daughter whilst she's away at a church school convention in California, engages private eye Andy Mast (Peter Boyle) to locate her, becomes impatient at eye's lack of instant results and so, following a tentative lead, dives paunch-first into the pornucopia of Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, enlisting a young prostitute (Season Hubley) to help him on his way.

The film's fulcrum is just as simple: religion versus sex. Schrader himself grew up in the mid-West and studied there to become a Christian Reformed priest. As a result his interest in Van Dorn, whose background is stiflingly 'low' church (Dutch Reform in fact), is as much personal as professional.

Scott's own stocky physique and hard, high bluff of a face — the sort of rock on which churches might once have been built — are made to measure for this "damnably proud" man whose determination to rescue his daughter from the fleshpots of the West Coast is as obsessive as his rejection of both his and others' sexuality. Brows knotting inextricably at the mere mention of the words "fuck" or "suck", Scott simply hasn't looked as role-right since his lead in the otherwise appalling *Patton*.

But Van Dorn's pilgrimage into pornland doesn't cut quite the swathe he has in mind; his revenge is as slow as it's eventually sweet. He's repeatedly thwarted, has to learn to improvise and adapt (suits are out — jean jackets and shades, even wigs, are in), to play his part by rules that aren't written in any Good Book he's read. His hesitant, forced urbanity frequently dissolves into naked violence. Scott lends the character a credible and constant edginess, the desperate thrashing of a fish well out of its water.

Panning intro and outro set to the ironic tones of the excellent Jack Nitzsche-supervised soundtrack, 'Precious Memories' aside, *Hardcore* adopts a graphic, confining gait — almost that of a dry, factional telepic. Schrader seems diffident, somehow reluctant to pick bones with either pornography or bigotry, prurient towards the one and passive towards the other.

Both exist, he admits, but neither are right or wrong. This is an oddly, perhaps fashionably, amoral tale. It shows people doing whatever it is that chance and circumstances compelled them to do — people who are only judged or justified by other people, not by some superior court of appeal —in this case Schrader himself, of course.

Actually, that's not entirely true. For auto-biographical reasons presumably, Schrader's attitude to Van Dorn isn't as neutral as, for example, his depiction of the worldly, quick-to-quip Mast or the smooth, slithering would-be porn mogul Ramada (Leonard Gaines). Van Dorn excepted, the *Hardcore* world is full of characters who are simultaneously corrupt and incorruptible, above either condemnation or approbation.

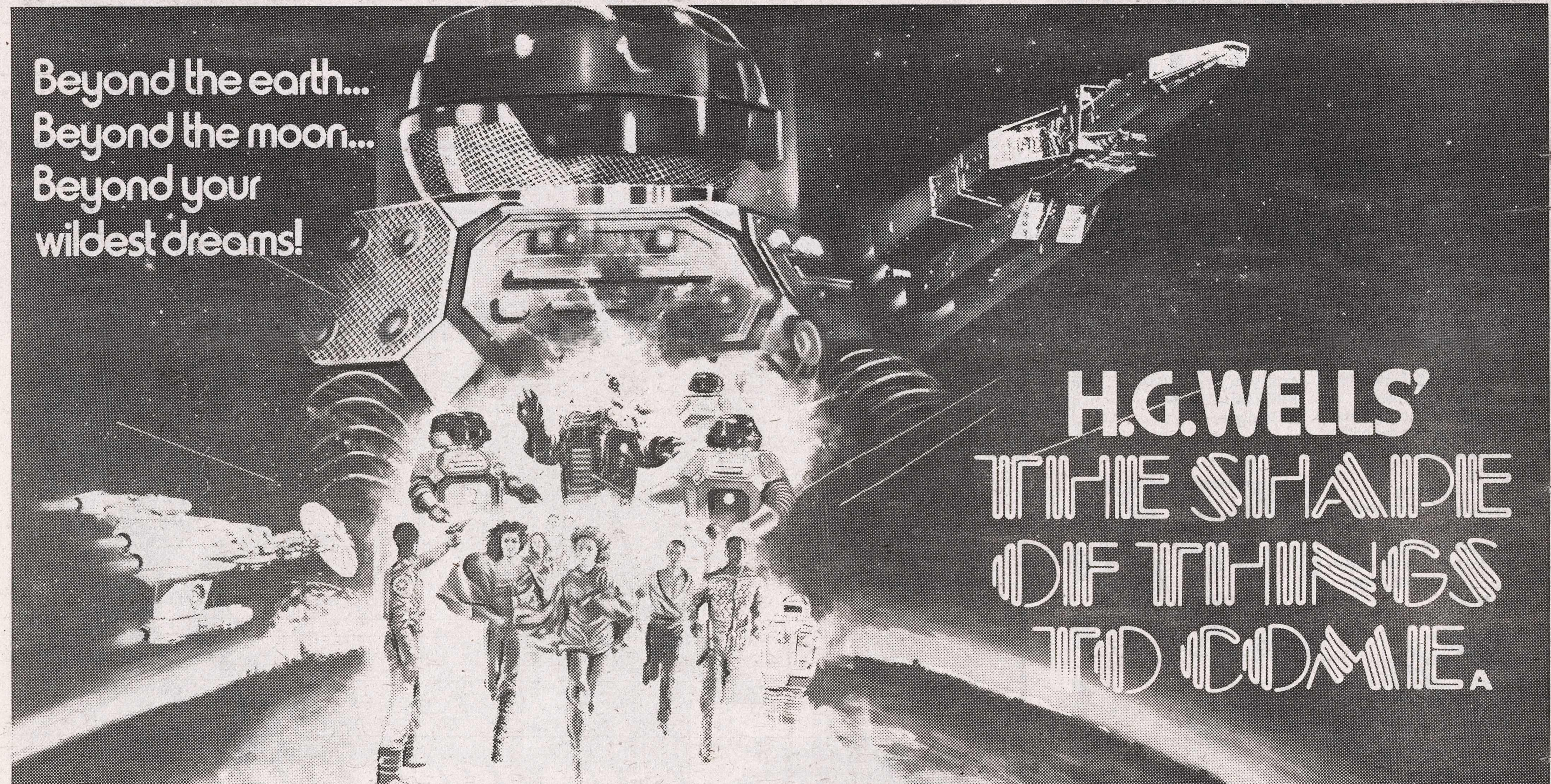
Whereas Schrader's admiration for Van Dorn is far from muted — and it's this understandable but unfortunate (in term's of the film's aesthetic success) display of commitment to cause that chips away at *Hardcore's* emotional base, that lessens the impact it might otherwise have had — that forces it, one suspects, to a conclusion that veers on the thoroughly unconvincing.

Van Dorn emerges as something of a hero in a world that's dispensed with heroes or heroics; he just doesn't fit, either dramatically or circumstantially. But this flaw isn't fatal.

Schrader's compassionate measuring of degrees of tolerance and intolerance (this detailed especially well through the awkward agreement to differ reached between Van Dorn and the young prostitute), his stoic, myrhh-in-mouth humour, his scrupulous caretaking of minor characters — all this demands attention and acknowledgement.

Angus MacKinnon

A well-seasoned Hubley in The Hardcore Life. Silver Screen continues being smutty over page.



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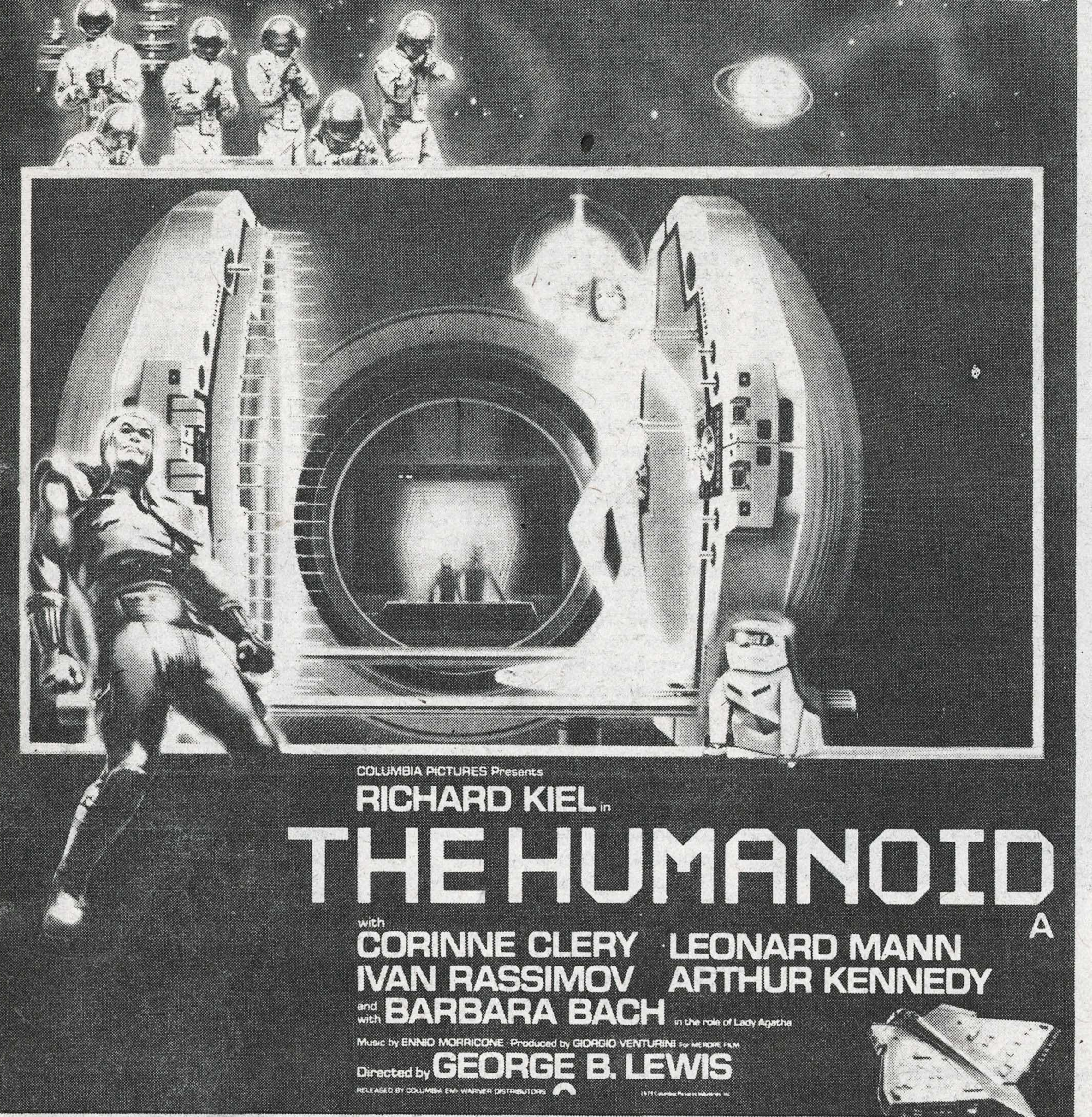

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More SILVER SCREEN

Vanessa Redgrave is Agatha, Dustin Hoffman isn't.

Agatha

Directed by Michael Apted
Starring Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman
(Warner Bros)

The Lady Vanishes

Directed by Anthony Page
Starring Elliott Gould and Cybill Shepherd
(Rank)

In December 1926 the lady vanished. At a time when she was at the height of her early success as a novelist, Agatha Christie suddenly disappeared from her Surrey home and, with public excitement about here whereabouts intense, laid low for eleven days.

It was a real-life mystery to complement all those fictional ones she ceaselessly published. Only this time there was a difference; the last page actually was missing. She was discovered in a Harrogate hotel, registered under the name of the woman her husband was intending to divorce her for, but never explained this strange hiatus in her personal life.

Now, Kathleen Tynan has written *Agatha*, tactfully described as "An imaginary solution to this authentic mystery". She has contrived a plot which is decidedly highly-wrought, but which at least has the fascinatintg virtue of giving full rein to that calculating villainy with which the authoress invested her own stories.

According to this scenario, Agatha is vulnerable and retiring, scared stiff of journalists and publicity. Her husband, Col. Christie, is upper-class shit of the year, whose idea of decorum is not beating his wife in front of the servants. Agatha dotes on him nevertheless, and is temporarily unhinged by his disavowal of her hence her flight to the Yorkshire spa.

The plot unfolds unhurriedly, superbly reflecting the leisured pace of life of those taking the waters in Harrogate. Apted directs economically, and with the same eye for detail that characterised his 1973 movie *The Triple Echo*. Indeed, the period recreation is fastidious. Many of the scenes are even ill-lit, attesting to the dubious quality of the electricity of the times.

Production designer is Shirley Russell, no infrequent visitor to the roaring '20s (she has been here before with hubby Ken in *Women In Love*, *The Boyfriend* and *Valentino)*, and her hand is evident as the standard totems of the age — cloche hats, flapper dresses, and Charleston references — occur in profusion.

The witty, inventive screenplay has been co-written by the excellent Arthur Hopcraft, who has presumably presided over the creation of some of the film's minor characters, such as the gauche and ambitious, but likeable, provincial journalist.

Above all else though, the film's success can be attributed to the

JOB HUNTING
SEE PAGE 57

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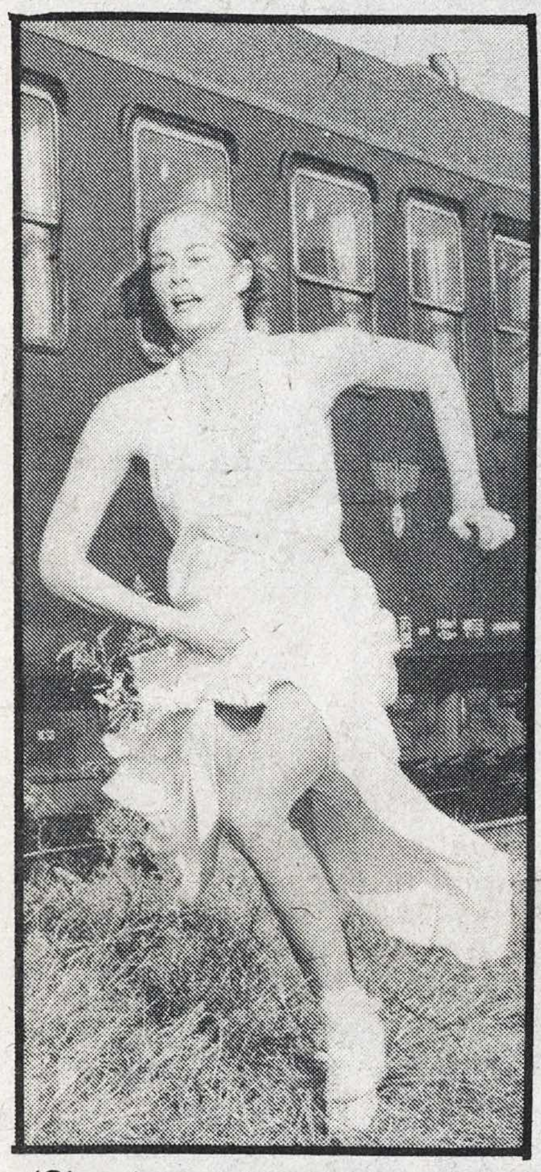
performances of Redgrave and Hoffman — the former wide-eyed, straight-laced and emotionally frail in the title-role, the latter brash and determined as the big-shot American journalist who dispenses charm and gratuities with equal liberality, and who tracks Agatha to her Harrogate hideaway, only to fall for her and so deny himself the scoop of his career.

She is, of course, much taller than he is but, in a way that is typical of its pursuit of verisimilitude, the film doesn't try to disguise this, but rather capitalises on it so that it becomes both a source of humour and a factor which neatly sets the seal on this improbable attraction of opposites. (A bizarre moment occurs when both are standing together and Vanessa descends, giraffe-like, to kiss Hoffman.).

By contrast, it is the central casting that crucially flaws the remake of *The Lady Vanishes*.



'Shoulders' Shepherd, who doesn't vanish.

The parts taken in Hitchcock's classic movie by Vanessa's father, Michael Redgrave, and Margaret Lockwood are now bequeathed to Elliott Gould and Cybill Shepherd, presumably in a misguided effort to satisfy the demands of the American market.

So the roles have necessarily been created anew. Gould, as a strangely camera-less *Life* photographer, shambles through in familiarly amiable style but Shepherd, playing a "much-married madcap American heiress", frequently seems to be in the wrong movie altogether. (Indeed, her performance is so off-key, one occasionally wonders if she's not simply in the wrong profession).

It is, after all, the most English of thrillers, and concerns a Nazi attempt in August 1939 to abduct a seemingly innocuous English nanny from a train hurtling through Bavaria towards Switzerland and safety.

The other passengers are expertly cast — particularly Angela Lansbury as the archetypal nanny in question and Arthur Lowe and Ian Carmichael, portraying English gentlemen as only English gentlemen can, who perform superbly in the roles originally made famous by Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, spluttering lines like "My dear sir, you can't be in England and *not* know the test score."

Page boldly goes where the old master went before, making not entirely a hash of it although inevitably many masterful moments of suspense of the original count for nought in this version. Even the change from monochrome to full colour works disadvantageously. Where Hitchcock's train snaked through a gloomy, mountainous terrain, Page's now traverses breathtaking scenery, redolent of the glossiest of holiday brochures — something which clearly contrives to dispel the mood of foreboding.

Nevertheless, as a Hitchcock remake, it achieves slightly more than *The 39 Steps*. George Axelrod's script certainly has its moments, and would have had more if Cybill Shepherd had not botched quite so many lines.

And who needs star names anyway? The most important ingredient of any movie these days is, it seems, a steam train.

Bob Woffinden

The Manitou

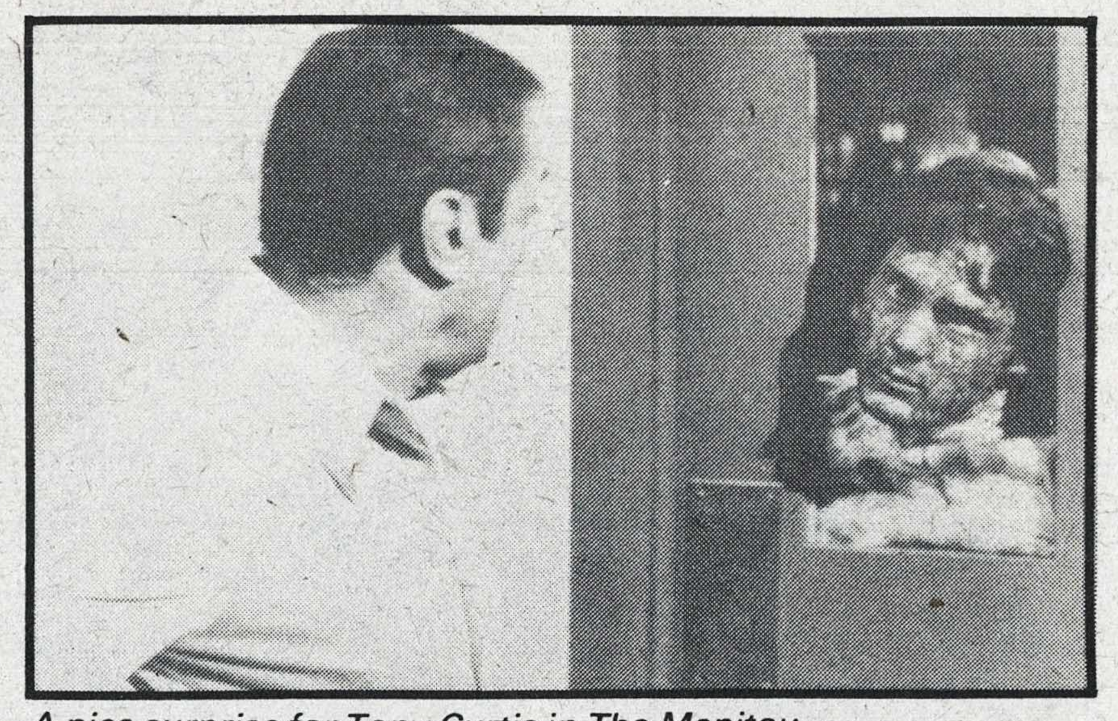
Written and directed by William Girdler
Starring Tony Curtis, Michael Ansara and Susan Strasberg
(Enterprise)

Subtitled *Spirit Of Evil* by its wary UK distributors, *The Manitou* is a gloriously gory and hilariously hokey supernatural thriller which deftly treads the broad beam between terror and titters.

And with Tony Curtis as a magic dabbling conman who dishes out platitudinous placebos to frustrated old rich ladies in San Francisco, not all the laughs are unintentional. He reads Tarot cards, the cad, which foretell nothing worse than an occasional attack of wind for the old biddies but when the Grim Reaper keeps cropping up he starts to sweat: "How do I know what it means? If I did, I wouldn't be doing it."

The mystery deepens when a moveable 'tumour' is discovered on the neck of Susan Strasberg, Curtis' old flame, and the specialist is as ignorant of the whys and wherefores as our Tone: "*I* wrote the books and I don't know what it is."

What it is, of course, is a foetus — implanted at random by a 400-year old Indian medicine man, Misquamascus (stop laughing at the back). With the help of a spiritualist gypsy (a sultry Stella Stevens, you won't believe) and a vague anthropologist (a bewhiskered Burgess Meredith, you will believe) Curtis finds out more than he wanted to know about Indian



A nice surprise for Tony Curtis in The Manitou

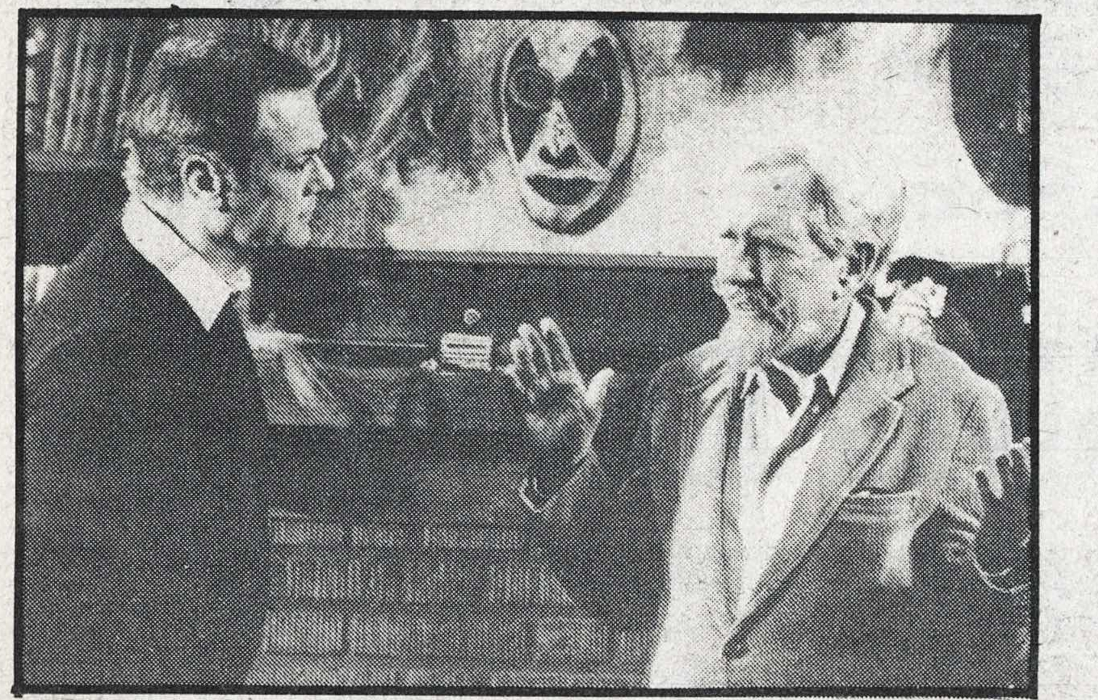
folklore: "A pure ethnic occult art, undiluted by European conceptions and preconceptions."

It's to do with the Indian Manitou, see, which means spirit. That can be good or bad, and no prizes for guessing which way this one swings. So even a dead Injun's no good, eh? Not quite — for Curtis is able to persuade a bitter South Dakotan mystic to help fight this naughty manitou with little more than a bag of tricks and an imposing performance by Michael Ansara.

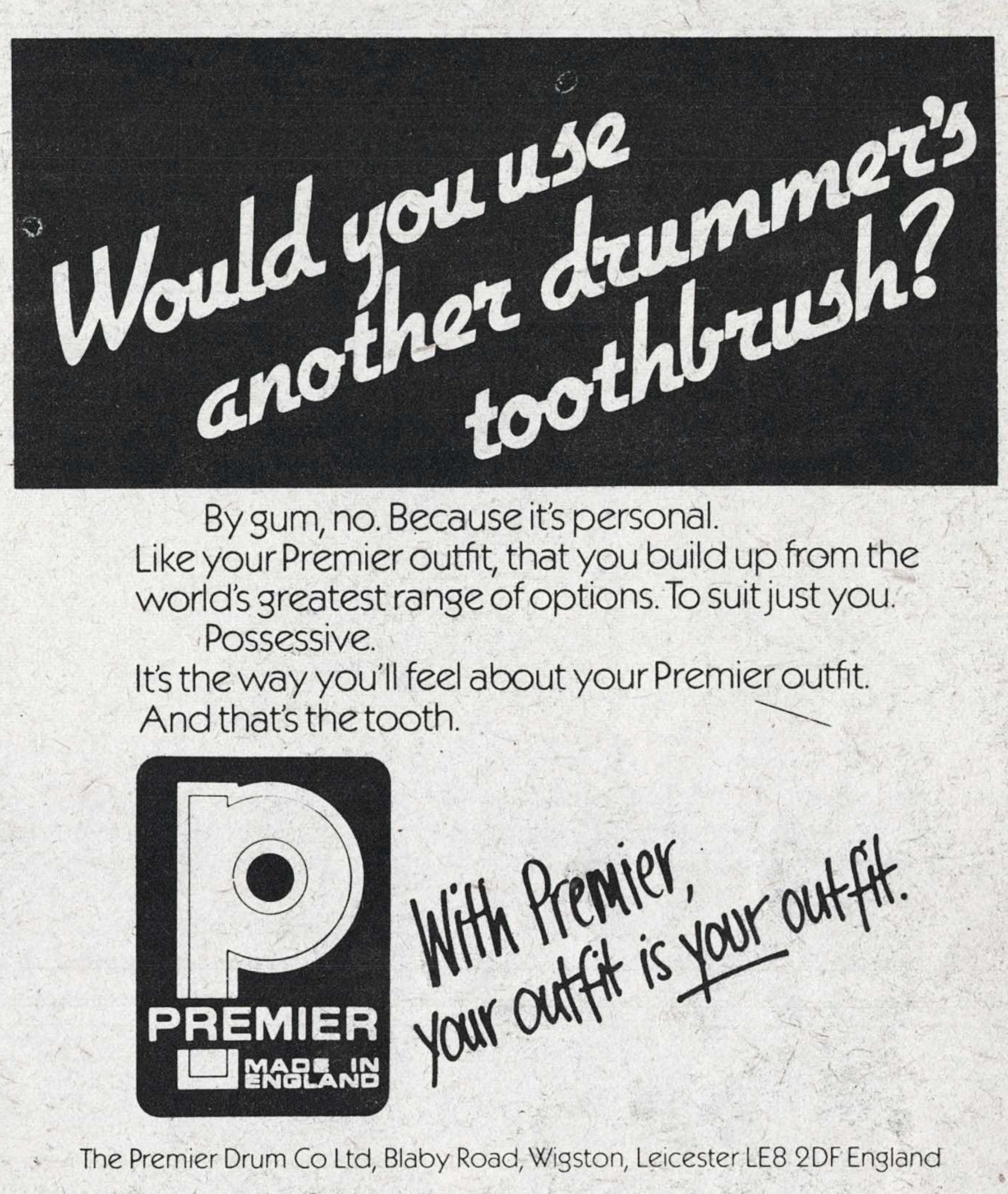
There's a big heap of havoc to be wreaked and the make-up men work overtime to give us the willies. The literally cosmic climax is well over the top but *The Manitou* piles it all on with a pleasing lack of solemnity (producers of the *Omen* series please note).

Talk about the magic of the movies; what else could make such total rubbish so hugely enjoyable? I wonder if they'll make a sequel, *Mainitou-tou*.

Monty Smith



The Manitou: "And some of them are this big."



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ALBUMS

Bowie: *"I think I'm going to like living here."* Pic: Neal Preston/Andy King, LFI

Only Boys Bleed

David Bowie plans an accident — Angus MacKinnon cleans up the mess

DAVID BOWIE
Lodger *(RCA)*

"Sometimes it gets so lonely/Sometimes you get nowhere/I've lived all over the world/I've left every place" — **David Bowie** ('Be My Wife', 'Low').

For as long as we, the rock audience, remain content to let others dream our dreams for us, for as long as we delude ourselves into thinking that it's better to live vicariously than — or so we presume — not at all, then there will always be a place in our heads and hearts for the likes of David Bowie. And so it goes . . .

Bowie recently described 'Lodger' as "up". Odd that — if I remember rightly, the last of his albums Bowie described in similar terms was 'Young Americans', an escapade I doubt I was alone in finding distinctly "down", harrowing even in parts, as Bowie reflected bitterly on the debilitating effects of stardom. *"Fame — bully for you, chilly for me"* — the line rang like a knell.

But at least you could dance to it (which helps, or so I'm told); Bowie's oeuvre has never lacked irony. Oh well, a person can only presume that "up" takes on meanings for Bowie that us lesser mortals can only imagine. His linking of 'Young Americans' and 'Lodger' suggests he reserves the word for his more cathartic work, for the chapters in his book that he feels have grappled manfully with whatever demons he was whipped by at the time, exorcising them, leaving him tired but relieved.

That fits, almost. 'Lodger' must be the most enervating and enervated album Bowie's made. Some say he didn't even want it released at all, but that RCA insisted, calling contracts and suchlike to hand and mind. And so here it is, for Bowie's better or worse.

'Lodger' is a travelogue, a distracted, rather depressing, rather diffused jumble of hit-or-miss-and-run songs, ten in all. It differs principally from 'Low' and " 'Heroes' ", the preceding parts of the trilogy it's supposed to complete, by eschewing instrumentals altogether: no more brooding in Berlin. I like it a lot, but that's neither here nor further.

'Lodger' follows Bowie the compulsive creative (*"But any sudden movement and I've got to write it down/ . . . But I'm still getting educated but I've got to write it down"* — 'Fantastic Voyage') as he flits around the globe on another of his perennial grand tours (*"Sometimes I feel / That I need to move on / So I pack a bag / And move on / Move on"* — 'Move On'). Among the general and particular ports of call are Russia, Africa, Kenya, Japan, Turkey and Cyprus.

Bowie pauses from time to time to log entries in his song diary, to offer us the aural equivalent of Instamatic snaps, to frame pictures but rarely lend them any perspective but his own. Solipsism still rules. And what more could or should be asked of a man whose work has so consistently combined the equal, but interactive, opposites of brazen elitism and unmitigated populism? Not a lot, I suppose.

The cover of 'Lodger' catches Bowie splayed in zero-gravity over bathroom tiling, his right wrist bandaged. It busily mixes metaphors: on the outside it incorporates a postcard graphic (a p/c to 'home', to you, to me, to RCA); on the inside it shows us Bowie being made up for the outside shot, two expensive Omega watches (mmm, time — meaningful), Bowie as a baby (maybe), a detail from an Adoration of the dead Jesus Christ, a pic of the revolutionary Che Guevara on a stretcher surrounded by soldiers and an unidentified lying corpse on a morgue slab. The reverse of the lyric sheet shows the same splayed Bowie against images of Africa and The Far East.

But what does it all signify? Well, like so many of his rock peers, Bowie seems to be having problems with what we down here call reality. The inference of the 'Lodger' package appears plain enough to me — Bowie asks us to believe him when he suggests that he's still striving to carry a world's weight on his shoulders, that he's a martyr to his cause, to himself, to his following, his flock, etc, etc.

Narcissism, David old chap, delusions. You know something? You're really no more important than anybody else. You might think you are, but you're not, however privileged your position, however influential it may or may not be.

As ever, Bowie's art is supremely reflective — it's a mirror, not (thank God) a dour, drubbing Marxist hammer — and therefore, at any given moment, supremely contemporary. Therefore also valuable: mirrors on the wall and on the world. Therefore also misleading: mirrors aren't much help unless you know what you're looking for in them.

And, on this evidence, Bowie is miserably confused. He hasn't, you'll recall, chosen to fabricate himself a persona since the demise of The Thin White Duke aka Thomas Jerome Newton era, itself an unsettling, often insanely megalomanic gambit that lasted through 'Station To Station' and, less measurably, some of 'Low'.

Why? I've no idea. Perhaps the alienated, isolated Duke/Newton image lodged (no pun intended) itself more deeply in Bowie's psyche than he's even, understandably, admitted. Even now I remember Bowie's pronouncements on the vexatious topic of Big Brother leadership — a role he seemed, for a crazy moment, to actually relish undertaking himself — with extreme distaste. I also remember thinking of a German historian's interesting observation that many great movers of men come in from the outside, the 'cold' — Napoleon from Corsica, Hitler from Austria, and so on. I hesitated, however to tie up the loose ends, preferring to attribute Bowie's idiocies to his speed of life. (How sentimental of me.)

Perhaps, on the other hand, Bowie perceived the role and rigmarole of creating then casting aside personae for the beguiling, fascinating (to him and to his audience) but ultimately futile attempt at pre-emptive occupational therapy it was: *"running away, running away from yourself"*, as Bob Marley would say.

Perhaps Bowie just couldn't tell the fantasy from the reality anymore. No, don't laugh. It happens, even in real life.

All of which brings us back, rather circuitously, to 'Lodger'. I doubt very much if Bowie is any more honest in 1979 than he was in, say, 1974 — it's merely that his dishonesty is more transparent these days. 'Lodger' is something of a luxury really: a muddled, rather desperate dash around the world, preserved for posterity.

Mind you, I don't envy Bowie his predicament, not for an instant. Any brochure will tell you that travel broadens the mind (and hence the song), but it certainly won't remind you of how limited an escapism the activity actually is; you tend to take yourself wherever you go. And, believe it or not, Bowie doesn't seem even remotely aware of either this or the fact that his progress, that of a buzzing fly, is still dogged by an overweaning condescension and extreme indecision. All this Romantic *wanderlust*, DB, such a short-term solution. Or didn't you know?

In other words, there's very little rigour here, none of the hi-lo (depending on how you took it) economy of expression that charged the song side of 'Low', and not much of the more mainline rockological preoccupations that drove the song side of " 'Heroes' ".

No, Bowie's self absorption and self-indulgence seems so complete he can only sporadically emerge from it and make some catchy, kitschy statement like 'Boys Keep Swinging', a pluperfect pop song and airwave mantra that stands uneasily in this assembled company. But 'Boys' is *so* pat, so offhand, so deceptive. *"Boys keep swinging / Boys always work it out"* — oh yeah?

And there's much more serious stuff to come: *"Remember it's true, dignity is valuable / But our lives are valuable too"*, *"Remember it's true, a loyalty is valuable / But our lives are valuable too"* ('Fantastic Voyage') and *"Such responsibility / It's up to you and me"* ('Red Money').

Ahem. Weird words, weird. Bowie the fumbling humanist, pleading to be excused the onus of *"loyalty"* or *"dignity"* only to admit half-heartedly to the notions of individual *"responsibility"*? I wonder. Bowie's intent has rarely seemed more abstruse, his art rarely more passive, impotent, defeatist. (Am I disappointed then? No, I never had any expectations anyway).

Bowie's entire career has been an abnegation of responsibility in the accepted sense of the term, a studied, often studious statement of self-intent (and never mind the rest of it or us). Such wilful resignation (wanting, voting and — Bowie is forever harping on the a-politicality of Art — staying 'out') is, of course, a prerogative of rock stars but also, unfortunately, one they tend to abuse. Bowie's always been an effective and efficeint relay station, beaming out images of selfdom so exaggeratedly tantalising that he's managed to convince us we can only live our 'general' through his 'particular'.

But such an exchange isn't really fair, either on Bowie or on us. It hinders and discourages direct action (our own answers to our own questions) on our part, leaves us groping for hooks and straws that snap the moment we grab them. We identify with someone whose experience may or may not be our own. We take solace and refuge in someone else's world — or, at least what we think is their world — because we find this a more convenient and

● *Continues over page*

St David

● Continued from previous page

accommodating thing to do. How lazy we've let ourselves become.

So you still want to fly with Bowie? Be a hero just for a day? Alright, but why not be your own hero, not Bowie's? No? Very well. Here's a cursory run-down on 'Lodger'.

'Fantastic Voyage': a fragile flower of a song about disorientation, the (sic) modern world and *"learning to live with somebody else's depression"* (see what I mean) that uses the same chords as 'Boys', only more languorously spaced. A gentle, vulnerable creation with a pert, poppy middle-eight. Bowie's voice, a constant source of interest throughout the album, emotes much more naturally than it used to.

'African Night Flight': a percussive miasma reminiscent of Eno's 'Sombre Reptiles' from his 'Another Green World'. Bowie's snap-shot depiction of a German pilot in exile tries hard to create a character with a running-on-empty (but regardless) lust for life; it almost succeeds. The mid-eight pulls up, claws for height. The chorus is in Swahili (big deal).

'Move On': a journeyman's refrain. Buddy Holly meets Buzzcocks. Fast and fleeting, urgent and poignant. Some lovely lines— *"Cyprus is my island / When going's rough / I would love to find you / Somewhere in a place like that"*. *Bitter Lemons* (a book by Lawrence Durrell) Bowie. The backward vocal swirl and surge is, says Bowie, 'All The Young Dudes'. I couldn't care less. It amplifies the song's mood to great effect, a shell-booming undercurrent of memory and places, faces, spaces — and that's all that matters.

'Yassassin': a tottering, swaying and musically unconvincing mix of Turkish pop and reggae rhythms, with violinist Simon House committing most of the Ethnological Forgery. Can did this sort of thing much better. Bowie's portrait of the Turkish worker is limited by its reliance on archetypicality — the larger than life vision of The Common Man — but is touching nonetheless. The dirge-like chorus is a weight the song could have done without.

'Red Sails': more lyrical chips and chops, rather like 'Blackout' from " 'Heroes' ". And the chips are definitely down: *"Feel a bit roughed up, feel a bit frightened"*, etc. The overall concept is unadulterated Neu: clipped drums, meccano beat, fuzzed guitars and, in the last verse, stuttering lyrical repetition. Snappy, despite its plagiarism, but not nearly as vigorous or vibrant as the original.

'D.J.': the loneliness of the long-distance disco DJ. Bowie injects his own shot of hypertensile adrenalin into someone else's life, draws his emotional maps onto theirs. Not a pretty picture (how could it be?). *"I am what I play . . . I am a D.J. / And I've got believers"*. Draw your own conclusions. A serpentine glide in neon blue. Co-writer Carlos Alomar's rhythm guitar cuts corners you never thought could be cut. Oh, the speed of life. How DB loves his entropy.

'Look Back In Anger': an overwhelming surge of mock-melodrama. Very much 'The Man Who Sold The World', this impression reinforced by Bowie and co-producer Tony Visconti's backing vocals. The Dennis Davis / George Murray rhythm section come on like the Horsemen of the Apocalypse. A curious lyric — even Death's messengers are down on their luck these days — but absorbing, although clumsily conceived. Bowie seems well aware of his mortality. Encouraging. The ludicrously over-sung lead vocal fits the frame.

'Boys': as above, Alomar moving to drums, Davis to bass, Adrian Belew adding a hysterical guitar break (Robert Fripp told me recently that Bowie and Eno coerced Belew into playing like Fripp on "Heroes", asking him to lay down tracks without knowing the songs' chords; it sure sounds that way). A flash of fun, even though it lacks the depth of " 'Heroes' " itself, its apparent avatar.

'Repetition': an everyday tale of wife-beating in the US of A. Dispassionate, diffident and selfexplanatory. The song's frustrated, twitching motif goes nowhere except in circles, but then that's probably its point.

'Red Money': spot the riff. Apparently Bowie was singing this, or something close to it, on some American dates of the 'Station To Station' tour before he gave his (and Alomar's) chords and some of the lyric to Iggy to create 'Sister Midnight' on 'The Idiot'. An All Fall Down song (*"Project cancelled / Tumbling central . . ."*). A messy motorik. A club-footed stomp, petulant and, yet again, passive. Down and out . . .

At the end of the review of 'Stage', Julie Burchill suggested that David Bowie belonged in *Vogue*. I disagree — I think he's ripe and and ready for religion.

Angus MacKinnon

Not much cop, Ron — honest

RON WOOD
Gimme Some Neck *(CBS)*

Good old Honest Ron Wood!! What a nice geezer, what a lad. Always a goofy smile with the everpresent Marlboro hanging from those humble lips, he's the perfect mediator in time of strife, an amiable chap whose talents as guitarist and tunesmith granted The Faces a sizeable dollop of essential chutzpah and whose subsequent employment in The Rolling Stones has certainly granted that group a stronger three-pronged frontline image-wise, a virtual rejuvenation.

However, 'Gimme Some Neck' is not a good album by virtually any standards and particularly in regard to the standards set by the two preceding volumes of Wood - as - solo - artist - flanked - by - a - myriad - host - of - superstars.

In retrospect, Wood's 'I've Got My Own Album To Do' is an endearingly underrated piece of shambolic firepower. 'Now Look', Wood's second 'solo' work, followed fleetfoot just in time to catch its predecessor's speedy dive into the discount bins.

'Gimme Some Neck' arrives three years after 'Now Look' and, although a fair proportion of Wood's time has been spent integrating his style with the Stones, that's still long enough to have prepared a decent album's worth of material. Indeed, hopes and expectations could easily be roused at the prospect what with a new label (CBS) and producer (Roy Thomas Baker) as recruits. But — oh, the bitter taste of rabid disappointment! Most of the songs are duds of the first order.

In terms of actual production and whatever, mind you, this venture is more self-assured and a definite

improvement on previous shambolic excursions. Thomas-Baker hasn't tampered with the grittiness of Wood's basic musical slant, while the distinct improvement in the lead vocals is easily apparent. Also, the backup band — Charlie Watts, Pops Powell (of Crusaders fame) and Ian McLagan with the additional 'guests' — sounds in fine fettle, as do Wood's guitar overdubs. But — Christ, these new songs!

The slant is definitely aimed at the up-tempo swing and Wood retaliates with numbers honed from strong riffs that somehow fail to blossom into tunes, remaining instead hamstrung with oft times absolutely godawful lyrics. 'Buried Alive' and 'F.U.C. Her' are puerile misogyny best left in the notebook after that inevitable night of jaded partying. 'Come To Realise', beyond boasting Jagger backup vocals you can't hear, is simply mildly ponderous mediocrity and sorry fare after the excellence of, say, 'Breathe On Me' or 'Cancel Everything.'

Indeed, the only Wood-penned song that even halfway makes it is a ballad entitled 'Lost And Lonely' which yet again fails to make it on the level of the aforementioned pair of diamonds-in-the-rough of years past.

Otherwise, it's all Honest Ron instructing us all 'Don't Worry', a trivial worthless little song which acts as a bookend to the album's opener 'Worry No More' (an easily forgettable composition courtesy one Jerry Williams, whoever he may be). Thanks for the tip Ron, but my nerve-ends will need a good deal more substantial aural gratification before I blithely submit to your mellow 'sweet nothings.'

Only once does 'Gimme Some Neck' actually deliver, and that occurs when Wood is flanked by McLagan, Popwell and an excellent Mick Fleetwood more than adequately depping for the imperious Watts on 'Seven Days', a Dylan original supposedly written for this foray but, in fact, a reject from 'Desire' (Roger McGuinn got the other reject, the dreadful 'Golden Loom'). 'Seven Days' isn't great Dylan, mind. The song's lyric is redolent of a surrogate 'Senor' with the singer awaiting some obscure woman — possibly his mother, probably a childhood sweetheart — at the station, reminding one of Dylan's penchant for obliquely conceived situations otherwise noticeable only in songs like 'El Paso' and other cowboy tales.

What matters is that — with Wood sounding so uncannily like Dylan that you could fool even the most rabid Dylanophile at first play — the song is given a treatment that probably grants us the nearest approximation of how it would sound if Dylan and the Stones were to join forces on record.

The inclusion of 'Seven Days', pleasureable though it is, still ends up highlighting just how wretched Wood's own songs are on this album. As an amateur psychologist, I would diagnose Mr Wood's problem as being patent lack of inspiration owing to environmental shortcomings (i.e. the habitual L.A. torpor, and a grievous lack of perspectives and musical vitamins). Come back to England, gentlemen, and bring your friends with you, because 'Neck' is vacuous dreck by and large.

Nice bloke, shame about the album.

Nick Kent

Johnny Mc thinks it's funny

JOHN McLAUGHLIN WITH THE ONE TRUTH BAND
Electric Dreams *(CBS)*

This could've been just another clever jazz rock fusion interlude. Flip the coin and it could've been an enigmatically seductive and beguiling contemporary jazz album. In reality, 'Electric Dreams' is too insular to be either.

Smile and feel no emotion, this is after all just an intellectual exercise.

The music is tricky. The musicians get up to all sorts of tricks — mainly the sort of tricks that Weather Report resort to when Wayne Shorter is out to lunch. Naturally enough, these tricks are expertly achieved — nothing up their sleeves and yet they still manage to pull the rabbit out of the hat — but what else would you expect? These people are *professional* musicians, and pros aren't paid to make mistakes. Pros practise hard.

Will you enjoy this album? Undoubtedly some will.

For me, however, the only truly enjoyable moment on the album comes with the last track on the second side ('The Unknown Dissident'). After a predictable McLaughlin guitar passage, David Sanborn makes his only appearance, picks up the over-stated theme, and then, through a gorgeously expressive and emotive alto sax solo, takes the song tail-first to the place where all good music belongs.

Unfortunately, this powerful and committed contribution only serves to highlight the self-satisfied timidity and intrinsic vanity of the rest of the set.

John Hamblett

GARY BROOKER
No More Fear Of Flying *(Chrysalis)*

Procul Harum always was an ungainly beast, about as capable of conveying urgency as Colin Cowdrey or Bobby Moore. They even did a rocking tape for radio once, using a pseudonym to try and shake off their Il Ponderoso image, but with some of Britain's more faceless musicians usually in the ranks, such attempts were doomed to failure.

After finally packing it in, Gary Brooker very nearly joined The Hollies during one of Allan Clarke's sabbaticals and in fact wrote and performed on 'Harlequin', a track from their recent '531-7704' album. But instead he took a deep breath and made 'No More Fear Of Flying', of which only the title track — an indifferent shuffle celebrating the end of Procol — was written with lyricist Keith Reid.

In his press release, Brooker explains that "it makes a difference when you're singing about a woman as opposed to singing about a typewriter". Fair enough, but what does he do next? Ropes in Pete Sinfield, that's what — nothing like jumping out of the dictionary into the thesaurus.

Produced by George Martin and featuring Tim Renwick on guitar, the album is inevitably too tasteful by half. Bruce Lynch contributes some incisive, McCartneyesque bass to 'Let Me In', but most of the material confines him and drummer Dave Mattacks to a steady plod.

Trouble is, Brooker's voice is irredeemably doleful, rendering Mickey Jupp's 'Pilot' listless rather than evocative. Only 'Savannah' and Jupp's 'Switchboard Susan' break the stranglehold. (With 'Susan' recurring on Nick Lowe's next album and a swing version of 'Down At The Doctor's' as the current Feelgood's B-side, Mr Southend should have no trouble keeping himself in 'Kiss Me Quick' hats this summer.)

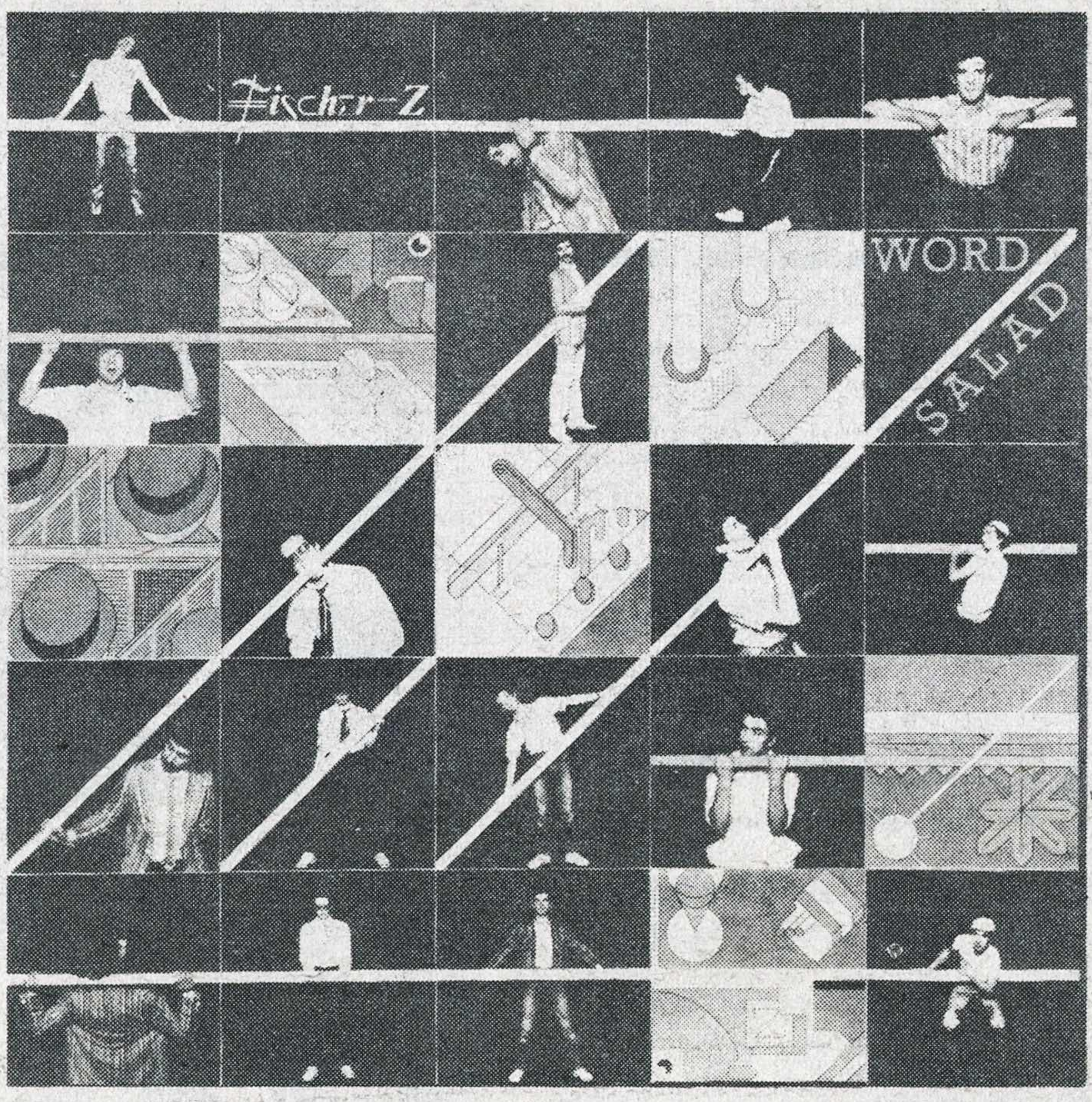
Sinfield's words aren't audibly offensive — I refuse to read lyric sheets — but the Don Juan sentiments of 'Get Up And Dance' and 'Angelina' fall laughingly flat when sung like Levon Helm after a heavy lunch. Similarly, Murray Head's 'Say It Ain't So Joe', a 'whither mankind?' effort of some substance, is done far better by Allan Clarke on '531-7704', suggesting The Hollies would've been hard done by had the transfer gone through.

Gary Brooker's delight at his new freedom suggests the musical equivalent of some lusty stallion released from the paddock. Instead 'Flying' reveals him merely as a friendly old ruminant.

Harry George

. . . But Gary B delays the joke, waiting for the grand finale, the key to the keys *(cont. Thesaurus p94)*

Fischer-Z



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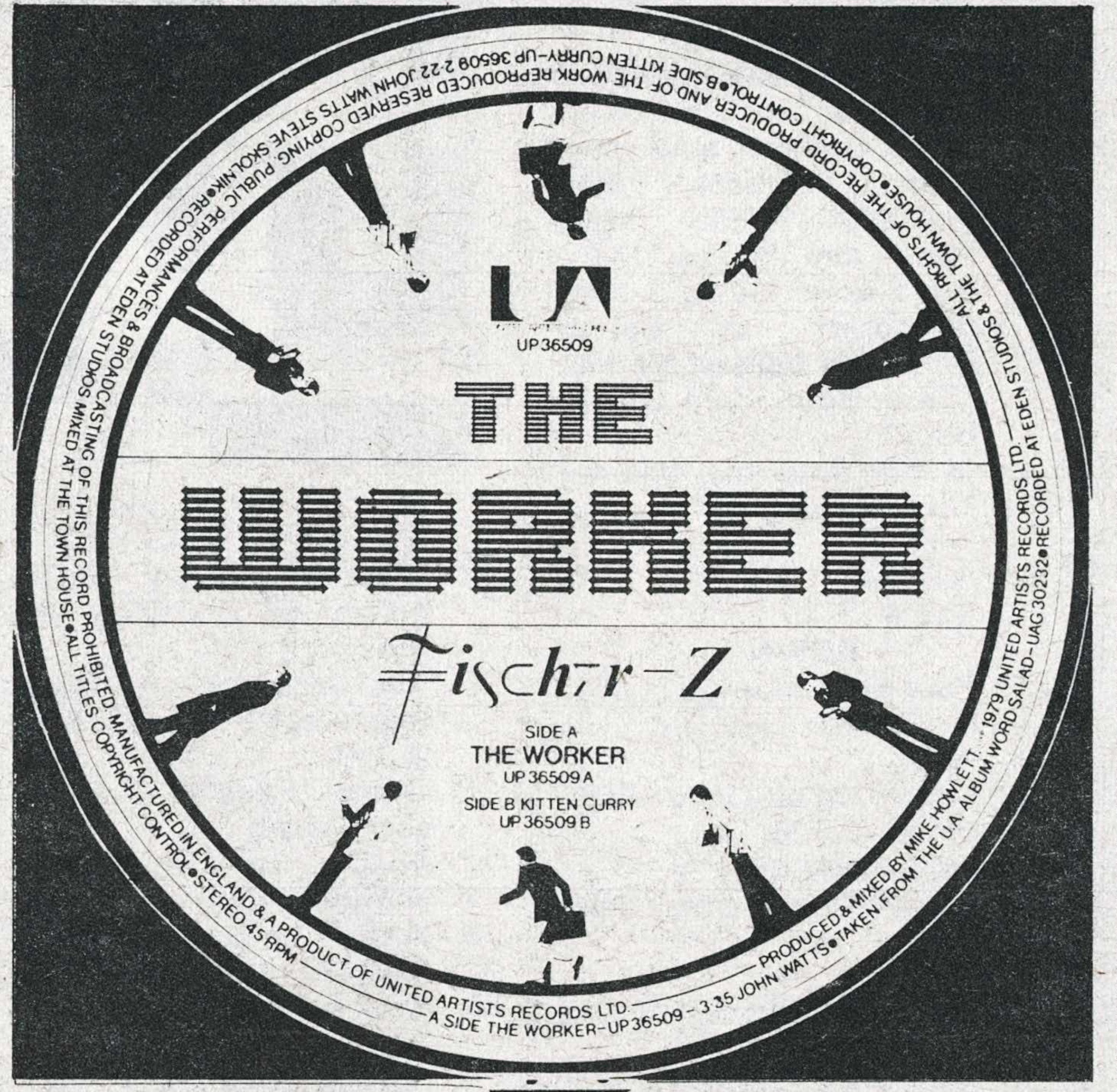
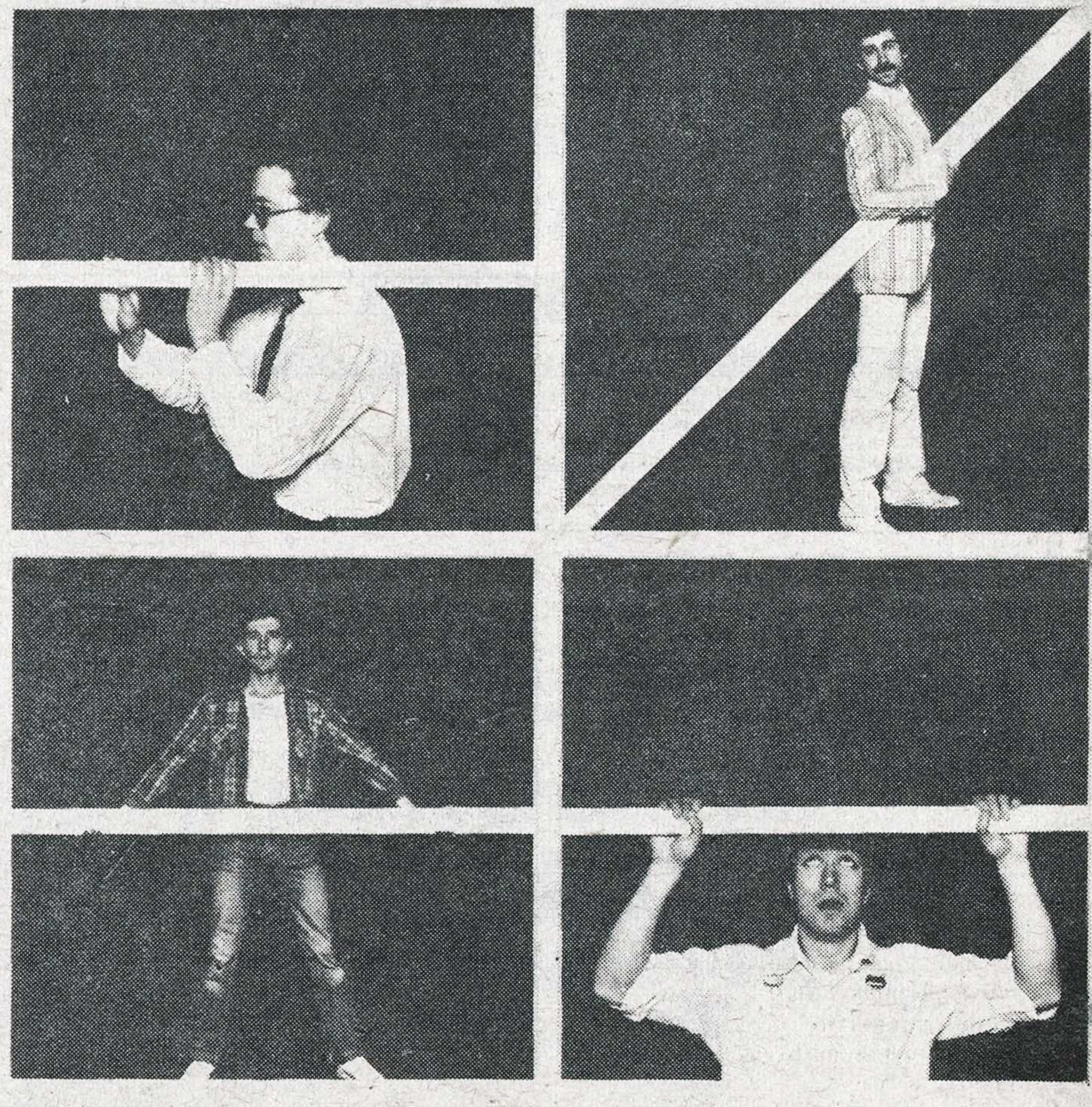




Bird songs

Gloria Jones anticipates better Knights (Glad inset)

GLADYS KNIGHT
Gladys Knight *(CBS)*
GLORIA JONES
Windstorm *(Sidewalk)*

The continuing saga of Glad and Glor, in which two mature black girls demonstate that creativity can survive untold years in the biz.

'Gladys Knight', the lady's first shot away from the family Pip, boasts a gooey sleeve note and song titles that would look right at home on an Anne Murray album: 'If You Ever Need Somebody', 'You Loved Away The Pain', etc. So far so bad.

But, though obviously of primary appeal to fans of 'The Way We Were' and suchlike, this is no cabaret plunge. None of the songs quite topple over into schmaltz and Glad treats the largely presentable lyrics with her customary sensitivity and discriminating attack.

The real justification of this project is in the all-Knight backing vocals, as creative a use of technology as you're like to hear. When I got over the shock of finding that 'I (Who Have Nothing)' was two-thirds written by Leiber and Stoller, I was made to realise that La Bassey had been trampling on a vintage sob-story all these years. Gladys substitutes passionate, dignified despair for crass melodrama, the back-up voices in caressive counterpoint. *I love you . . . and I need you'*, she yearns exquisitely on the fade, some dry, distant guitar underpinning Gene Page's swirling backdrop.

'You Bring Out The Best In Me' dips a tasteful toe in the electronic maelstrom, but for the most part the arrangements are sympathetic and widescreen orchestral with not a fiddle out of place. And above all That Voice: Gladys Knight earns her reputation every time she opens her mouth.

Best known in this country as paramour of the late Marc Bolan, Gloria Jones has long been there or thereabouts, with Motown (where she wrote 'If I Were Your Woman' for Glad and the Pips) and now as writer / producer of Gonzalez' 'Haven't Stopped Dancing Yet', among a whole slew of other credits.

'Windstorm', only her fourth album in a 15-year-plus career, brings air and space to a genre habitually as overheated as a sauna. Giddy, buoyant strings and skipping rhythms that avoid the standard spine-relocating bass drum combine with Jones' lithe, potent voice to give dance music back its human face.

1977's 'Bring On The Love (Why Can't We Be Friends Again)', here in extended form, is one long, sprawling delight, the exuberance spilling over into 'Windstorm' with its 'Going Out Of My Head' string motif. And if Robin's castralto ruins The Bee Gees for you, 'Hooked On You Baby' should satisfy.

Gloria establishes authority without bluster on urban churners like 'Blue Light Microphone' and 'Woman Is A Woman', merging with the sound yet never going under. I'm not sure the world *wants* a graceful, understated dance album, but I'm very glad somebody made one.

Harry George

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS
Praise Jah *(Virgin)*

It's hard to take seriously a band calling themselves The Twinkle Brothers, but these boys insist on it.

I mean, look at the titles on this album for a start: 'Come Home (It's Supper Time)', 'Keep On Trying', 'Shu-Be-Dup (You Can Do It Too)' — the power of positive thinking writ large.

The Twinkles have been around a long time, working on the edge of the vocal group tradition which stretches from The Heptones, through the Abyssinians and the Gladiators, to the Royal Rasses. What keeps the Twinkle Brothers apart from those is a shortage of originality, which lets them down with the lyrics ('Praise Jah', 'Dread In The Ghetto' — you get the picture), and with the music: a good tune, or some dynamic playing, or a livelier mix, would boost this album no end.

As it stands, 'Praise Jah' is harmless enough, except that it provides a further example of the albumisation of reggae. Groups like the Twinkles should stick to making a couple of good singles rather than stretching themselves over an album. Their 1976 single, 'Give Rasta Praise', proves they can do it, and I'd be happy to have a few more like that in the collection.

This album, though, gets the elbow as soon as I've finished typing this review.

Nick Kimberley

Imports

God knows that mystery ingredient flavours the drinking water filtered from Lake Michigan. But whatever it is, it seems to have a strange effect upon the larynxes of white rockers incumbent in the two peninsulas that form Michigan state.

The end result is that somewhere along the way, a portion of the cement, sand, gravel and iron ore for which the region is noted is somehow transmuted into a particularly aggressive form of rock vocalism. Anyone who doubts that such a phenomenon is possible, would do well to lend a well-protected ear to the tracks that comprise **'Michigan Rocks',** a compilation released by Seeds And Stems, a Clarkston, Michigan, label.

Side one is a killer and a half, heading off with the **MC5's** live version of 'Kick Out The Jams', as classic a taste of rock'n'roll mayhem as any to emerge from '60s. Next along is **The Stooges'** '1969', which features The Ig in full flight, followed by **Bob Seger**'s heavy music , **Mitch Ryder**'s version of Loopy Lou's 'Rock And Roll' and **Frost**'s 'Rock And Roll Music', a clap yo' hands above yo' heads live cut waxed by a band headed by axeman Dick Wagner.

Side two is slightly less potent, The Scot **Richard Case**'s workout on Skip James' 'I'm So Glad' being your everyday blues-bash and hardly Cream class. But the muscle power that is Mitch Ryder's 'Long Hard Road' pushes up the credits, as does **Ted Nugent And The Amboy Duke**'s psychedelic 'Journey To The Centre Of Your Mind' gallop. And finally, there's a version of Otis' 'Respect' provided by a four-piece known as **The Rationals** that's just dumb enough to ring a bell for all campanologists already hung up on the 'Nuggets' and 'Pebbles' releases. A veritable blow for Michigan past then.

However, Seeds And Stems is not only concerned with the way things were but also the music scene today. Which is why the label has sponsored 'How I Spent My Vacation', **Mitch Ryder**'s first album since the Paramount 'Detroit' offering, produced by Bob Ezrin back in '72.

'Vacation' gives notice that the Ryder chops are still in great shape. A collection of songs, all part-penned by Ryder himself, the album features the one-time Billy Levise getting involved with hell-for-leather rockers ('Tough Kid' and 'Dance Yourself To Death'), an acoustic folk opus ('Passions Wheel'), further Detroit-Memphis experiments ('Cherry Popping' and 'Fallin' Forming'), a jazz jaunt ('The Jon') and a synthesized string-laden ballad ('Freezin' In Hell').

Could be that the Ryder pot-pourri may confuse those who prefer their music wrapped up in conveniently categorised bundles. But for the many who are just into great gritty vocals, come what may, then 'Vacation' makes a welcome present from Detroit. Believe me.

Finally — a tip. If you happen to spot an unprepossessing looking album titled 'Dansez-vous Le Bop'? (Black And Blue) in the import bin, don't pass it up. For though the sleeve suggests that the disc provides disco music for hooray Henrys, it's really a collection of solid R'n'B, featuring such cuts as **Gatemouth Brown**'s 'Salt Pork, West Virginian **Willie Mabon**'s 'Poison Ivy', **Milt Buckner**'s 'Green Onions', **Bill Doggett**'s 'J M Blues' and **Jay McShann**'s 'Kansas City'.

Really tasty, it's hardly been offa my turntable all week. Anyone out there got a new stylus to spare?

Fred Dellar

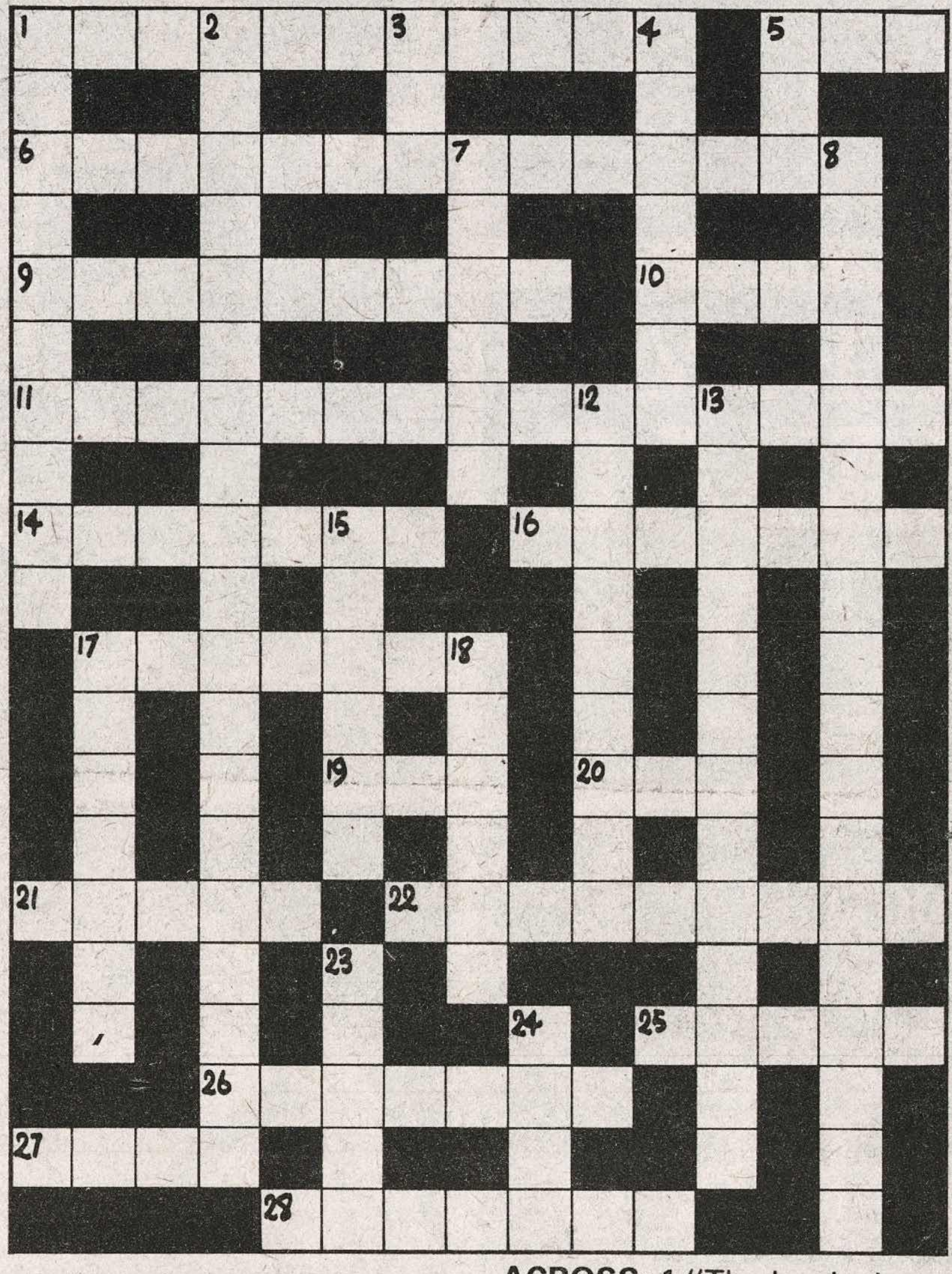
and the Flatbackers

HEAR THEM on RADIO 1
JOHN PEEL —
WED/THURS
THIS WEEK

LONDON MANAGEMENT, 235 REGENT ST, W1

JOB HUNTING OR GOING TO COLLEGE?

SEE PAGES 56 & 57



ACROSS

1 Japs sit rude (anag. 2 words)
5 Irishman in vandal attack!
6 Once described as the Colonel Tom Parker of the Blank Generation (7,7)
9 Keith Relf, Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck figured in their ranks
10 Careless Stiff in rice pudding mixture!
11 Four Tops Motown oldie (1,4,4,6)
14 Recent Stones biggie (4,3)
16 and 27 Like London when you're green and up from Woking?
17 The Grocer's favourite Rod song?
19 DIY man!
20 Angelo finishes a whole bleedin' orchestra!
21 Rick Nielsen's deflationary half
22 New Orleans soul performer whose hits included "Ride Your Pony" and "Ya Ya" (3,6)
25 and 5 down '60s U.S. contemporary of Bobby Darin, his biggest hit was "Take Good Care Of My Baby"
26 In his time the Colonel Tom Parker of Merseybeat
27 See 16
28 See 8

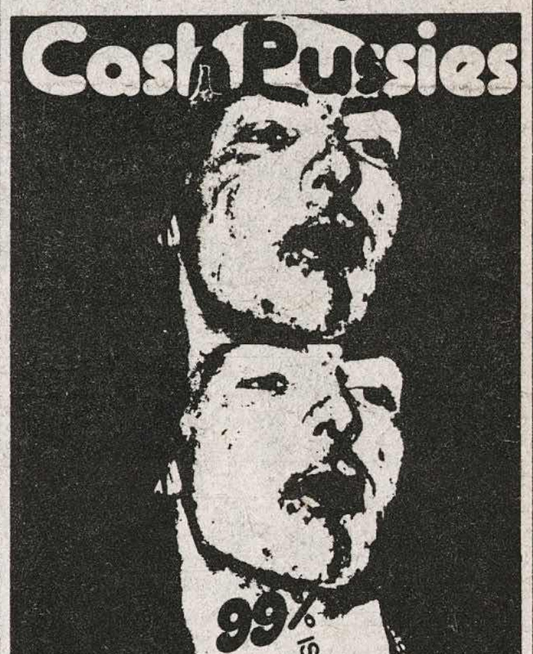
DOWN

1 Poor little mummy's boy, he wasn't very old . . . (5,5)
2 Four-eyed one in fatalistic mood (9,4,6)
3 McCartney LP
4 Aptly-named Bee Gees 45?
5 See 25
7 Floyd LP, followed "Atom Heart Mother"
8 and 28 May have charted, but it's unlikely to get plays at the Women's Lib disco (4,4,5,5,3,4)
12 Discover heavy metal group by studying the room ad!
13 The Jacksons are taking this week's disco class! (5,4,4)
15 Dame Edna's favourite songthrush
17 Follow up to "Lucky Number" (3,4)
18 A third of Cream
23 The Count of jazz
24 Kris' missus

Last Week's Answers ➡

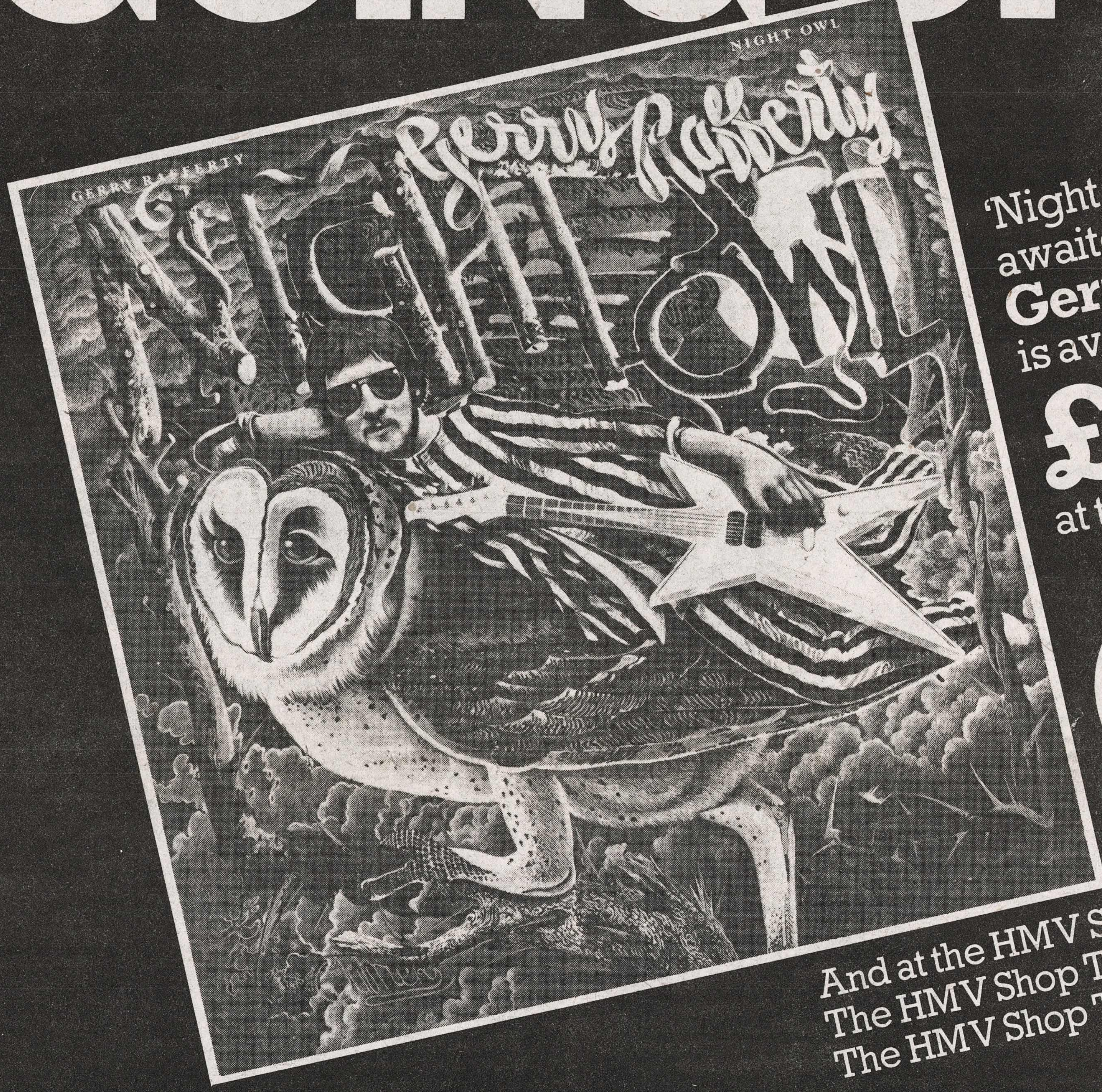
ACROSS: 1 "The Logical Song"; 6 Everly Brothers; 8 "Nutbush City (Limits)"; 10 "Neat (Neat Neat)"; 12 "I'm A Believer"; 14 Isley Brothers; 17 Bottleneck; 18 Solid Senders; 21 Rat; 22 "Substitute"; 24 "Radio (Radio)"; 25 Captain (Beefheart); 26 Simon. **DOWN**: 1 The Angelic Upstarts; 2 "Electric Ladyland"; 3 "Let It Be"; 4 Gospel; 5 "(Nutbush City) Limits"; 7 Laura Nyro; 9 Cello; 11 (Lowell) George; 13 Eric Clapton; 15 "Rubber Soul"; 16 "Hot Legs"; 19 Dr John; 20 Saints; 23 (Jeff) Beck.

NEVER MIND THE SEX PISTOLS. HERES The CASH PUSSIES
99% is featuring the voice of SID Vicious b/w Cash FLOW. The MOST talked about single since "GOD SAVE the QUEEN"
TLR 010 LABEL Records



"THEY wanted TO DESTROY SHOW biz... WRING THE neck OF entertainment..."

NIGHT OWL. GOING CHEAP.



'Night Owl' the long awaited new album by **Gerry Rafferty** is available cheaper: **£1 off** list price at the HMV Shop now.

Featuring the single 'Night Owl'

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HMV Specials at Oxford Street.

Cassettes at Oxford Street
Just arrived! Island/Chrysalis deletions on sale at 95p including:–
Fairport Convention, R and L Thompson, Nick Drake, Blodwyn Pig, Dr Strangely Strange, Tir Na Nog, Jethro Tull, Kevin Ayres, Yamashta, Bronco, Wild Turkey, Quintessence, T.Y.A., Spooky Tooth, McDonald and Giles, Tempest, Dick Heckstall-Smith and many others.

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- over 3,000 out on display
- Prices from 95p to £2.95
- Including titles from:– Andrew Gold, Steely Dan, Wings, Mink de Ville, Joni Mitchell, Rose Royce, The Stranglers, Tim Buckley, Paul Butterfield, Herbie Mann, M.J.Q. and many more.

Blue Note at Oxford Street
Special offers on 20 Blue Note Reissues this month!

		R.R.P.	Oxford St Price
Sidney Bechet "Jazz Classics Vol. 1"	BNS 40001	4.49	3.60
Sidney Bechet "Jazz Classics Vol. 2"	BNS 40002	4.49	3.60
Bud Powell "The Amazing Vol. 2"	BNS 40006	4.49	3.60
Art Blakey Quintet "A night at Birdland Vol. 1"	BNS 40007	4.49	3.60
Art Blakey Quintet "A night at Birdland Vol. 2"	BNS 40008	4.49	3.60
Sonny Rollins "A night at the Village Vanguard"	BNS 40010	4.49	3.60
Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers "Moanin'"	BNS 40012	4.49	3.60
Dexter Gordon "Doin' Allright"	BNS 40014	4.49	3.60
Kenny Burrell "Midnight Blue"	BNS 40015	4.49	3.60
Eric Dolphy "Out to Lunch"	BNS 40017	4.49	3.60
Cecil Taylor "Unit Structures"	BNS 40023	4.49	3.60
Dexter Gordon "Go!"	BNS 40032	4.49	3.60
Dizzy Gillespie "Live at the Village Vanguard"	BNS 40035	4.49	3.60
Cannonball Adderley/Miles Davis "Somethin' Else!"	BNS 40036	4.49	3.60
Sonny Rollins "Newk's Time"	BNS 40011	4.49	3.60
Thad Jones/Mel Lewis	BND 4004	6.49	5.20
Stanley Turrentine	BND 4006	6.49	5.20
Gil Evans "Pacific Standard Time"	BND 4024	6.49	5.20
Jazz Crusaders "Young Rabbits"	BND 4028	6.49	5.20
Thelonious Monk "The Complete Genius"	BND 4032	6.49	5.20

Offer ends 2nd June 1979 (This is a reference to the Blue Notes only)

Presley E.P.'s at Oxford Street
We now have in stock 32 different Elvis Presley E.P.'s specially imported from Australia. All in picture bags and only £1.50 each.
Including:–
Kid Galahad (6 tracks from the film) £1.50
Follow That Dream (4 tracks from the film) £1.50
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King Creole Volume 2 (4 more tracks from the film) £1.50
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All offers relate to list price
OFFER VALID AT LEAST UNTIL 16th June.
Subject to availability.

SPECIALS AND IMPORTS the HMV shop SPECIALS AND IMPORTS

NATIONWIDE

Thursday

Belfast Polytechnic: **Black Slate**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Violinski**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Bishops**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Dog Watch**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Executives**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Piranhas**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Monoxide**
Carlisle Tiffany's: **Bilbo**
Chester Arts Centre: **Sniff 'n The Tears**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Del Shannon**
Chesterfield College of Art: **After The Fire**
Colchester Essex University: **Dr Feelgood / The Inmates**
Coventry City Centre Club: **Slade**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Members**
Doncaster (Thorne) White Hart: **The Diks**
Dundee Art College: **The Trendies**
Eastbourne Archery Tavern: **Beggar**
Eastleigh Knight's: **Thieves Like Us**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Tools**
Exeter Routes: **The Cure**
Falkirk The Magpie: **Sneeky Pete**
Farnborough Country Club: **Minotaur**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Eazie Ryder**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers / Starjets**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Angletrax**
Leeds Fan Club: **Prag Veg / The Thrust**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Undertones / The Chords**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Steroid Kiddies**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **The Speedy Bears**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Knack**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dafny & The Tenderspots**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Leyton Buzzards**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Little Roosters**
London Catford The Squire: **Flying Saucers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Straits**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Carol Grimes Band / Belt & Braces Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes / Squeeze**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Dole / Outpatients**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Crooks**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's All-Stars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fischer-Z**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **Warm Jets**
London Maunkberry's: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Red Tape**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Sky**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ray Swinfield Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Bobby Henry / Local Heroes**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Manchester Ardri Cinema: **No Dice / Straight 8**
Newcastle City Hall: **Judas Priest**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Dickies**
Northampton Guildhall: **Fairport Convention**
Norwich Art College: **English Subtitles**
Norwich Boogie House: **Rebel**
Norwich Keswick College: **Tot & The Girls**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Palais: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Link Wray**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Jam**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Light Of The World**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Mary Asquith / The Hughes Bros.**
Reading Three Tuns: **El Seven**
Scarborough Peppers: **Cousin Joe from New Orleans**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Lurkers**
Southport Gaumont Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Soft Boys**
Watford Carey Place: **Anorexia**
Winchester Art School: **The Brainiac Five**

Friday

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Bilbo**
Aberdeen Music Hall: **Simple Minds**
Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute: **The Enid**
Aldenham Red Lion: **Helix**
Anfield Plain The Plainsman: **The 45's**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **John Mayall**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **Out**
Birmingham Barberella's: **No Dice/ Straight 8**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Destroyer**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Tour De Force**
Brighton Sussex University: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Renaissance/Gay & Terry Woods**
Bristol Pathway Club: **Del Shannon**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets**
Chester Folk Festival: **Archie Bellamy/Bill Caddick/Roaring Jelly/Allan Taylor etc. (for three days)**
Chiddingly Village Hall: **The Executives**
Cirencester Agricultural College: **Slade**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cradley Heath Regis Hall: **Ocean Boulevard**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Steel Pulse**
Derby Lonsdale College: **After The Fire**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Eastbourne The Curzon: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Edinburgh Art College: **The Tools**
Edinburgh Clouds: **The Dickies**
Gloucester Roundabout: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Hastings Ocean Bar: **Nicky & The Dots**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Shades**
Hull College of Further Education: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Johnstone Cochrane House Hotel: **Sneeky Pete**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **Underhand Jones**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Jags**
Lacock & Chippenham Folk Festival: **Ossian/Leon Rosselson/Roy Bailey/ Frankie Armstrong/Tony Rose/Fred Wedlock/Roger McGough etc. (for four days)**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Dog Watch**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Snoots**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
Leicester Trade Union Club: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Liverpool Eric's: **Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spizz Energi**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Brixton Spiv Cafe: **Quickflash**
London Camden Brecknock: **Fast Exit**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fischer–Z/The Fixations**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **London Blitz**
London Camden Music Machine: **C.M.B.**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Angletrax-/James Lizard/Lonesome No More**
London City Polytechnic: **Eric Bell Band/London Zoo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gary Boyle Band**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (11.45 pm): **Average White Band**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **The Pop Group/The Slits/Exodus/The Good Missionaries**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **The Crooks**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes/Squeeze**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Press/The Monitors**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Straits**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Plus Support**
London Marquee Club: **The Knack**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sucker**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Burns Quartet**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Clerks**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Agenda**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Kossaga**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dobie Gray**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **Charge**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **The Wall**
Malton Milton Hall: **2TV**
Manchester The Factory: **Link Wray**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Rokotto**
Morden Jubilee Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Alan Price**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Violinski**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **American Echoes**
Newport The Village: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Soft Boys**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Hi-Tension**
Orpington Technical College: **Angelwitch**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Sonic Tonix**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Undertones/The Chords**
Oxford Ruskin College: **The Ruts**
Oxford The Chequers: **Spitfire**
Parsfield Royal Oak: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Lip Service**
Perth Riverside Inn: **The Trendies**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Thieves Like Us**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Cure**
Portsmouth 'Waverley' paddle steamer (cruise): **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Lurkers/Agony Column**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **The Diks/Artery/Helsinki 5 Below**
Sheffield City Hall: **Judas Priest**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Mike Harding**
Slough Community Centre; **Light Of The World**
Southend Top Alex: **Steve Hooker Band**
Southport Theatre: **Dr. Feelgood**
Stratford-on-Avon Technical College: **Fashion**
Sunderland Doxford Park Youth Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **Doctor Watson**
Taunton Trull Memorial Hall: **Silent Movies**
Torquay 400 Club: **Capital Letters**
Ulverston Penny Farthing: **England**
Wakefield Bretton Hall College: **The Bishops**
Walsall Town Hall: **The Late Show**
Warrington Padgate College: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Members**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **The Undertones/The Chords**
Barrow Rugby Club: **Delegation**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Link Wray**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Mr. Gladstone's Bag**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steele Pulse**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **London Zoo**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Lurkers**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Roxoff**
Bolton Technical Institute: **Mike Absalom**
Bradford College: **The Invaders**
Bridlington Cock & Lion: **The City Limits**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Tinsels**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Teen Beats**
Brighton Seafront The Cage: **The Accents/The Chefs/Smeggy & The Cheesev Bits**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Hot Bear Club: **Nix**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Capital Letters**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Fall/The Users/Dolly Mixture...The Transmitters/The Sinix**
Cambridge The Alma: **Spring Offensive**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Oakie Boogie**
Chatham Town Hall: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
Chester Arts Centre: **Semuta**
Cleethorpes Folk Festival: **Tannahill Weavers/New Victory Band/Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean/Therapy/Cosmotheka, etc. (for three days)**
Colchester The Windmill: **Del Shannon**
Coventry Heath Hotel: **Close Rivals/The Deadly Toys**
Crewe Madeley College: **Soul Direction**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Late Show**
Dartford College of Further Education: **Warm Jets**
Dublin Stadium: **John Mayall**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Enid**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Trendies**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Fairport Convention**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **After The Fire**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets**
Ipswich Royal William: **Rich Gypsy**
Jackslade Grey Topper: **Fashion**
Kettering Wadcroft Centre: **Flight 47**
Kinghorn Kuinzie Neuk: **The Tools**
Leeds Staging Post: **Whitefire**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Lincoln The Fosseway: **Omen**
Liverpool Eric's: **Gang Of Four**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Mistress**
Lock Lomond Rock Festival: **See display panel**
London Alexandra Palace (Palm Court): **Acker Bilk Band/Fred Wedlock**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bowles Brothers/Red Alert**
London Camden Music Machine: **Kokomo/Skin Deep**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Eric Bell Band**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Angelwitch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Five Hand Reel/Bill Barclay**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Oxy & The Morons**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes/Squeeze**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Sneeky Feelins**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Psychedelic Furs/Outpatients**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Inmates**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Quartz**
London Marquee Club: **Secret Affair**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Earthbound**
London School of Economics: **The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Whittle & Barbara Jay**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Kossaga**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dobie Gray**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Gypp**
London W.C.1 Conway Hall: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Manchester Osbourne Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester Pembroke Hall: **The Foundations**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Slade**
Manchester The Factory: **Kleenex/the Raincoats/Spizz Energi**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Rokotto**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The Members**
Northampton Racecourse Pavilion (lunchtime): **Scritti Politti**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Special A.K.A.**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Third Ear Band**

Pictured above are PETE SHELLEY of The Buzzcocks (left) and HUGH CORNWELL of The Stranglers.

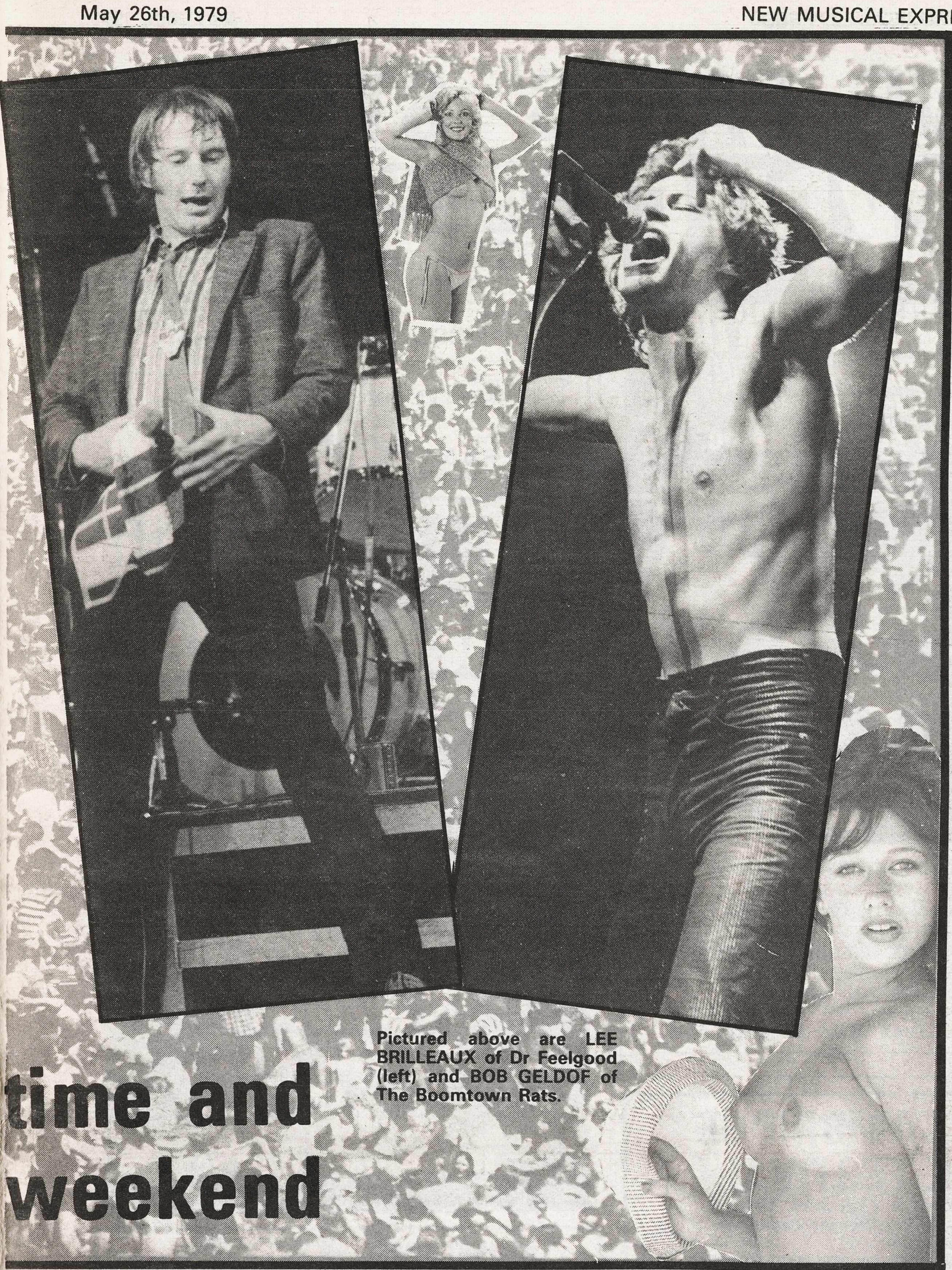
Festival Holiday

ROCKIN' ROUND LOCH LOMOND

THIS WEEKEND'S Loch Lomond Festival is not only the first major open-air event this year, but it's also the biggest festival of its kind ever staged in Scotland. The organisers are to be congratulated, both for lining up such a strong bill and, indeed, for staging the event in the first place! We must now hope and pray for some decent weather — for the benefit of the promoters, for the good citizens of Scotland, and for the vast numbers who are coming from far and wide to attend the shindig. If the sun shines, it should be quite an occasion — and probably the forerunner of many similar events at the same site.

It's being held in the Cameron Bear Park, on the banks of the loch and reasonably adjacent to the village of Lochmaben — which itself is about 35 minutes by train from Glasgow. We are assured that (a) the bears have been removed from the park, and (b) the trains are plentiful. There are apparently ample parking and camping facilities available — plus all the catering, medical and toilet requirements you're likely to need. Tickets are still available at £5.50 (per day) or £9 (for the weekend), but be advised and purchase them in advance, in case the site reaches capacity level on the day.

GIG GUIDE



time and weekend

Pictured above are LEE BRILLEAUX of Dr Feelgood (left) and BOB GELDOF of The Boomtown Rats.

The Stranglers top the bill on Saturday, and there's also Third World playing the first gig on their latest European tour. Dr Feelgood, The Skids and America's Dickies stop off at Loch Lomond during the course of their current UK tours — and among others appearing are UK Subs, Sneeky Pete, Blood Donor, Chris Rea and The Edge.

Sunday's show sees The Boomtown Rats and the Average White Band co-headlining, and The Buzzcocks as special guests. Fairport Convention play their final outdoor date before their imminent disbandment, and Rockpile (with Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe) are also on view. Rest of the line-up is Violinski, Wild Horses, Blue, Charley Brown, Underhand Jones and Cowboy International. All of which adds up to an extremely strong bill.

● Dr Feelgood's appearance is part of their latest British tour, which opens at Colchester on Thursday and takes in other dates at Southport (Friday), Sheffield (Monday), Sunderland (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday). And during their brief UK visit, the Average Whites are also playing a midnight charity show in London on Friday.

● Other tours starting this week are by LINK WRAY who plays Nottingham (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday) and Edinburgh (Monday) — and THE POLICE who set out on the road in Edinburgh on Wednesday. Another highspot is the visit of JOHN MAYALL who, after a couple of Irish dates in Belfast (Friday) and Dublin (Saturday), plays a couple of nights at London's The Venue on Tuesday and Wednesday.

There are, of course, plenty of other happenings from which you can choose, as the adjoining listings show — in fact, it's one of the busiest gig weeks we've had so far this year. Whatever you're doing, have a good holiday weekend, and may the sun shine on you.

Nottingham Boat Club: **No Dice/Straight 8**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Angletrax**
Oldham Tower Club: **Dog Watch**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Shapes**
Oxford St. Peter's College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers/J.A.L.N. Band**
Oxford The Wheatsheaf: **Spitfire**
Passfield Royal Oak: **The Little Jimmies**
Peterborough Civic Hall: **Light Of The World**
Plymouth New Palace Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks/Reefer Madness**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Cousin Joe from New Orleans**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Bishops**
Rotherham Civic Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield City Hall: **Judas Priest**
Staindrop Folk Club: **East Side Torpedoes/Ian Parhley/Dave Miller**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Orphan**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **The 45's**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Hi-Tension**
Totnes Civic Hall: **The Cure**
Watford Red Lion: **Minotaur**
West Bromwich Alexander's: **Eazie Ryder**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Brighton Alhambra: **The Chefs**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Cats Whiskers: **Bilbo**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Hi-Tension**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Harry Chapin**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **No Dice/Straight 8**
Exeter University: **The Brainiac Five**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Status Quo**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Tools**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Undertones/The Chords**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Alan Price**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Fischer-Z**
Leeds Staging Post: **Red Eye**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **One Adult**
Loch Lomond Rock Festival: **See display panel**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cannibals**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chiswick John Bull: **London Zoo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Crooks**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Tubes/Squeeze**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sussex**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Bishops/The Small Hours**
London Marquee Club: **The Jags**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Zilch**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Gang Of Four/The Special A.K.A./The Mekons**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dobie Gray**
Newcastle Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newcastle (Scotswood) Old Hall Club: **Sabrejets**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **English Subtitles**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **George Hamilton IV**
Portsmouth Rotary Club: **Interference**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Saffron Summerfield/Steve Turner**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Laughing Gas**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Judas Priest**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wavendon Music Festival: **Heathcliffe**
York Revolution: **Tot & The Girls**

Monday

Bilston Rising Star: **The Foundations**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Johnny Nash**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Birmingham Night Out: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Piranhas**
Blackpool Tiffany's: **Light Of The World**
Bradford Tiffany's: **Bilbo**
Bradford Topic Club: **Tot & The Girls**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Accents**
Bristol Locarno: **The Undertones/The Chords**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Steel Pulse**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Easy Money**
Bristol The Crown (Collar Bar): **Nix**
Coatbridge The Beechwood: **Underhand Jones**
Chester Smartyz: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Cinderford Causeway Club: **Soul Direction**
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: **Del Shannon**
Edingburgh's Tiffany's: **Link Wray**
Exmouth Festival Hall: **Hi-Tension**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Status Quo**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Snoots**
Leeds Fforde Green Hote: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Deadringer**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Boleyn**
Liverpool Eric's: **Next**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Portaits**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Clint Eastwood**
London Camden Music Machine: **U.K. Subs/Modern English**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Secret Affair**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Army Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **After Dark**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Coppasetics**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **The Vapours**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Speed-O-Metors**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Spitfire**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Crooks**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Bishops**
London Marquee Club: **Brian James& The Brains/Vermillion & The Aces**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Harry Chapin**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Stan Getz Quartet (for two weeks)**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom (all-day): **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers/Matchbox/Shades/Flying Saucers**
London Walthamstow Saxon House: **Beggar**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Trend**
Milton Keynes Crawford Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Newcastle Quayside Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Carnival: **Armpit Jug Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Cord Dolly: **Thieves Like Us**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Ruts**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **Lip Service**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Dr. Feelgood**
Southend Minerva (afternoon): **Shades**
St. Albans City Hall: **Squeeze/Fashion**
Stewartby Village Hall: **Yakety Yak**
Stirling Albert Hall: **Fairport Convention**
Tollerton Country Club: **Strange Days**
Yeovil Camelot Suite: **The Cure**
York De Grey Rooms: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**

Tuesday

Bellshill Iron Maiden: **Underhand Jones**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Alibi**
Brighton Alhambra: **Dirty Weekend/John Thomas**
Brighton Hungry Years: **The Tinsels**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Accents**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets**
Cardiff Granny's: **The Leyton Buzzards**
East Grinstead Clouds: **The Executives**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Harry Chapin**
Farnham Memorial Hall: **The Vapors**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Status Quo**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Bilbo**
Harrogate Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Hull Tiffany's: **The Bishops**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **The Politicians**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Ambitions**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Tubes/Squeeze**
Liverpool Oscar's: **Slade**
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: **Dog Watch**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Neon**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Brainiac Five**
London Country Cousin: **Hot Gossip (until June 10)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Cheeks**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Blitzkrieg**
London Kensington The Nashville: **King Sounds/The Israelites**
London Marquee Club: **The Headboys**
London Maunkberry's: **Upper 5th (for three days)**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Tennis Shoes**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: **Skin Deep**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Mayall**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Velvet**
London Southall White Hart: **Matchless**
London Tooting Castle: **The Injections**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Nightbird**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Ruts**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **London Zoo**
Middlesbrough Sandpiper: **Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spizz Energi**
Newcastle The Red House: **Roxoff**
Newport Stowaway: **The Skids**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Alan Price**
Plymouth Fiesta: **The Undertones**
Reading University: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Salford The Champion: **The Accelerators**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Cure**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Sunderland Locarno: **Dr. Feelgood**
Swansea Top Rank: **Steel Pulse**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Soft Boys**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Belfast The Pound: **After The Fire**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Shader**
Brighton The Cage: **Chicane**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Charnock Richard Park Hall: **The Dooleys (for four days)**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby College: **The Invaders**
East Grinstead Clouds: **The Executives**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Agony Column**
Farnham Coach and Horses: **The Linx**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Police**
Gloucester Snobs: **Spitfire**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spizz Energi**
Hereford Crystal Rooms: **Gerry and The Pacemakers (for four days)**
Hereford Rotters Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Airraid/Gotham City Auto Wreckers**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Custer's Last Band**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
London Brixton Spiv Cafe: **Phil Watchman and Richard Beswick**
London Camden Brecknock: **Oxy and The Morons**
London Camden Centre: **The Members/Pinpoint/Rico/The Planets**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jab Jab**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Mechanix**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Portraits**
London Camden Music Machine: Angletrax
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Jags/Interference**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Ruts**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sassafras**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Spectrum**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Outpatients**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Rest**
London Marquee Club: **C.M.B.**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star and Garter: **Dana Simmonds and Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker and Colin Smith Quartet**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **R 21**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Mayall**
London W.1 Crackers: **Angelwitch**
Margate Bowlers Arms: **Rebel**
Newcastle The Red House: **American Echoes**
Newport Stowaway: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Capital Letters/The Brainiac Five**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Plymouth Castaway 2001: **Bilbo**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Bishops**
Sheffield City Hall: **Harry Chapin**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Steel Pulse**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Fairport Convention**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Tubes/Squeeze**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Roy Harris**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Soft Boys**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Alan Price**
Whitehaven Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Dr Feelgood**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **No Dice/Straight 8**
York Pop Club: **The Lurkers/2TV**

POST ONLY

A REMINDER that entries for the Gig Guide can only be accepted when submitted by post. Send details, to arrive not later than a week prior to publication date, to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. The Gig Guide office is no longer obtainable by phone, so the only way to ensure publication is by using the postal services. Help us, and we'll help you.

BRIAN B's LIVE PAGES START

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 24th May (Adm 85p)
WARM JETS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri 25th May (Adm £1.25)
THE KNACK
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Sat 26th May (Adm £1.00)
SECRET AFFAIR
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Sun 27th May (Adm 85p)
THE JAGS
Plus support & Mandy H

Mon 28th May (Adm £1.25)
BRIAN JAMES'S BRAIN
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Tue 29th May (Adm 85p)
HEADBOYS
Plus support & Joe Lung

Wed 30th May (Adm £1.25)
CMB
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

31st May, 1st & 2nd June
999 and Pinpoint
Matinee show on Sat 2nd
Advance tickets to members £1.75
Non members on the door £2.00

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

8th & 9th June
Only London appearance
MAX WEBSTER
Plus support Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.75. Non members on the door £2.00

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday May 24th — 75p
FISCHER Z
+ STEVE ELGIN & THE FLATBACKERS

Friday May 25th — £1.00
PLUS SUPPORT
+ The Winners of the Southend Rock Contest
+ DJ Mandy Hermitage

Saturday May 26th — £1.00
THE INMATES
+ support + DJ Mandy Hermitage

Sunday May 27th & Monday May 28th — £1.50
THE BISHOPS
+ Support

Tuesday May 29th — £1.50
THE DICKIES
+ Support

Thursday May 31st — £1.00
THE SMIRKS
+ JOHN DOWIE

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

A.J.'s CLUB

High Street, Lincoln
Tel. 30874

Friday May 25th
GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND

Friday Jun 1st
CAPITAL LETTERS

Friday June 8th
NO-PAP RECORDS TOUR
with Speedballs, Peter Zear Band & Savage

Friday June 15th
THE CURE

CROCS ROCK CONTEST

First Prize £500
+ Recording Contract

For further details phone Rayleigh 770003 between 8pm and 10pm

ilka

ilka promotions presents

HOME GROWN REGGAE WITH

STEEL PULSE

+ Support

Saturday June 2nd in the CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE
Doors open 7.30pm. Admission £2.50

Tickets from: F.L. Moores Luton, Milton Keynes, Hitchin & Dunstable; Harlequin Cambridge; Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead; H.M.V. Bedford; Past & Present Watford; Record Room St. Albans; Record House Aylesbury; Record Centre Stevenage; Startime Letchworth; Harlequin Arndale Centre Luton; Spin-A-Disc Abingdon Sq. Northampton; D.J. Holland Leighton Buzzard; Revolver Records Arndale Centre Wellingborough; or California Box Office, tel. Dustable 62804,

Stop Press!! Saturday June 30th. . .
Return visit of **THIRD WORLD**

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ROCKPILE

FEATURING

DAVE EDMUNDS & NICK LOWE

WITH GUESTS **LEW LEWIS REFORMER · THE SPECIALS**

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD. W6.

TUESDAY 26th JUNE at 8·00

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

DR FEELGOOD

+ THE IMATES

PAUL KING for OUTLAW presents

SOUTHPORT NEW THEATRE FRI. 25th MAY

SUNDERLAND MECCA CENTRE TUE. 29th MAY

GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL SUN. 3rd JUNE

DUNSTABLE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM MON. 4th JUNE

1979 CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

27th, 28th & 29th July, 1979
Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds, Cambridge

Artists contracted so far:
RY COODER; DOC WATSON; MADDY PRIOR; ROCKIN' DOPSIE & THE CAJUN TWISTERS; BOYS OF THE LOUGH; NOEL MURPHY; TANNAHILL WEAVERS; LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III; DAVE COUSINS; LOUIS KILLEN; HARVEY ANDREWS; DAR AR BRAS; TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS; NEW VICTORY BAND; ORRIN STAR AND GARY MEHALICK; PLUXUS; EARL OKIN; ANNI CHESTER; JOE STEAD; NEIL LEWIS; JULIE MAIRS & CHRIS STOWELL; WARREN WYSE.

24-hour catering facilities and licensed bar throughout performing times. Complete camping facilities available — 20p per person. Off-site car park and bus service.

Tickets: £7.50 (weekend — including Friday evening)
£4.00 (Sunday only — no Saturday tickets)

Tickets from the Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Telephone 57851.

Promoted by Cambridge City Council

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Saturday, May 26th, at 7.30 pm
HERE COMES THE SUMMER

THE UNDERTONES

+ from America **THE KNACK**
+ THE CHORDS
AC Sound & Vision

Tickets 200p from Earth Record, Aylesbury; Scorpion, High Wycombe; Hairport, Amersham; Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; F L Moore, Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton; Hi-Vu, Buckingham; or 200p at door on night. Life membership 25p. Min. age 16

SILLY BOY . . . . SUCH A SILLY BOY

CLINK STREET PRODUCTIONS
Presents At The C.L.P.

ANGLETRAX

+ JAMES LIZARD
+ LONESOME NO MORE

FRI 25th MAY
£1.00 Admission
Doors Open 7.30pm

Central London Poly
115 Cavendish St, W1
Bar Till Late

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday May 24th — 40p
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ Dutch Boys

Friday May 25th — 50p
RAMROD

Saturday May 26th — 50p
JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND

Sunday May 27th — 40p
R.D.B.
+ Nothing Fancy

Monday May 28th — 50p
Mods Monday with
SECRET AFFAIR
+ The Mods

Tuesday May 29th — Free
NEON
+ Alsations

Wednesday May 30th
PORTRAITS
+ Parking Lot

Thursday May 31st — 50p
SASSAFRAS

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
IN AID OF ONE PARENT FAMILIES

THE MEMBERS

RICO PINPOINT
THE PLANETS

7.30 PM, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30TH
AT THE CAMDEN CENTRE, JUDD STREET, WC1
(opposite st pancras station—kings cross tube)

TICKETS £2.00 ON THE DOOR OR £1.50 IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KLEENEX

THE RAINCOATS
SUBWAY SECT
SPIZZ ENERGI

The Mighty Observer

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. N.W.1. (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)

SATURDAY 2nd JUNE at 7·30

TICKETS £2·00 (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE. TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE. TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., N.W.1., TEL. 485 5088

HERMIT LIVE

Brentwood Youth House,
Shenfield Road, Brentwood

Friday May 25th — £1.00
TOUR DE FORCE
with Special Guests: **BLACK ROSE**

Monday May 28th — 50p
BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW

For further enquiries ring Brentwood 218897

SCANDAL

TRIAD LEISURE, SOUTHMILL RD, BISHOP STORTFORD
proudly presents on Sunday, May 27th
A Mod Evening with

THE ORDINARYS
THE MODS

Enquiries: **Bishop Stortford 5633**

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

SUN 27
R&B NIGHT PRESENTS
THE CANNIBALS
PLUS THE O.T.'s
7-11.30pm

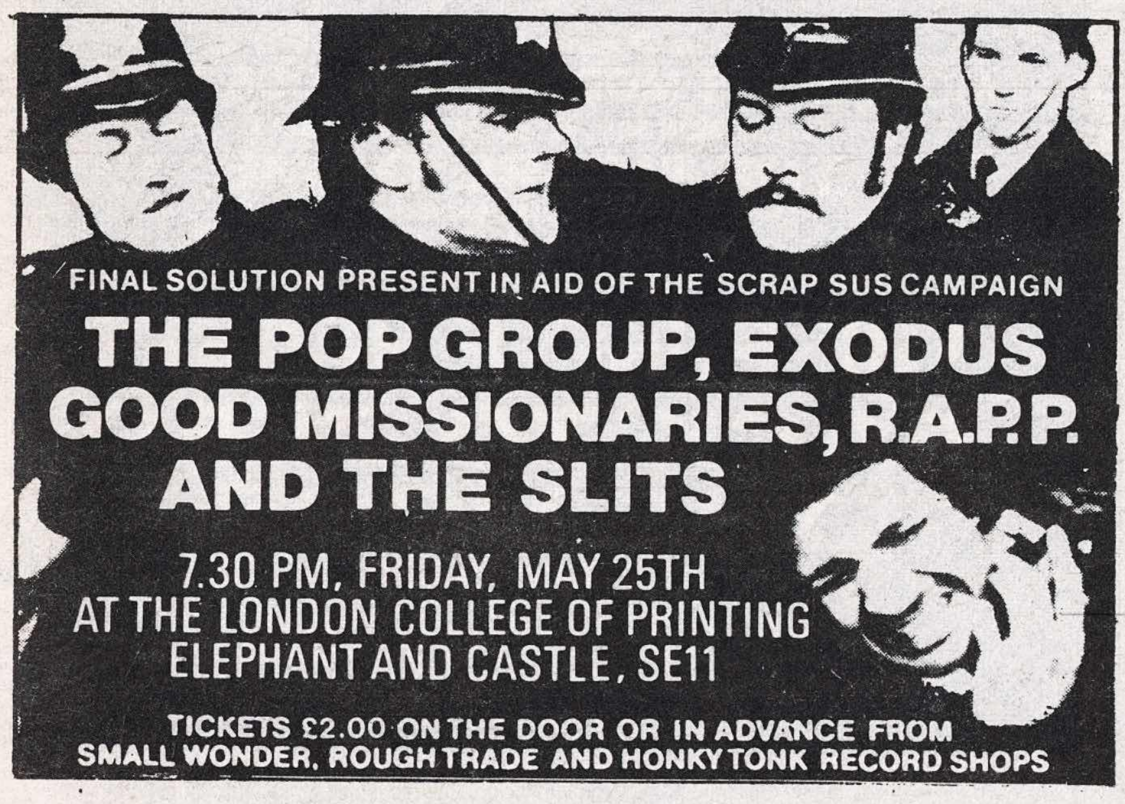
MON 28 BANK HOLIDAY REGGAE SPECIAL WITH — FROM JAMAICA
CLINT EASTWOOD

TUES 29 SPECIAL PARTY NIGHT WITH OUR OLD FRIENDS
WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS

WED 30
JAB JAB

THURS 31
CAROL GRIMES MAIN SAUCE

HERE AND FINISH..........OVER.....



FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT IN AID OF THE SCRAP SUS CAMPAIGN

THE POP GROUP, EXODUS GOOD MISSIONARIES, R.A.P.P. AND THE SLITS

7.30 PM, FRIDAY, MAY 25TH
AT THE LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, SE11

TICKETS £2.00 ON THE DOOR OR IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

Judas Priest and MCP

would like to apologise for any inconvenience caused due to the late commencement and finish of their show at ***Birmingham Odeon on Wednesday, May 16th.***

A return show has been scheduled for **Thursday, May 31st.** Tickets for May 16th show can be exchanged at the Box Office free of charge for tickets for May 31st show. This offer closes at **7.00 pm, Thursday, May 24th.**

Enquiries please ring 021 643 6101.

THE KNACK

APPEARING AT
ERIC'S LIVERPOOL THURS MAY 24
MARQUEE LONDON FRI MAY 25
FRIARS AYLESBURY SAT MAY 26
(with The Undertones and The Chords)

Capitol — ON CAPITOL RECORDS & TAPES

The JAGS

TOUR DATES

MAY 24th **TEESSIDE** POLY ▾ 25th **KIRKLEVINGTON** COUNTRY CLUB
26th **BIRMINGHAM** (to be confirmed) ▾ 27th **LONDON** MARQUEE ▾ 30th **LONDON** ROCK GARDEN
31st **BIRKENHEAD** GALLERY ▾ JUNE 1st **LEEDS** FFORDE GREEN ▾ 2nd **HALIFAX** GOOD MOOD CLUB
5th **SHEFFIELD** TOTLEY COLLEGE ▾ 6th **DUNDEE** TECH ▾ 7th **EDINBURGH** ASTORIA
8th **ABERDEEN** UNIVERSITY ▾ 9th **GLASGOW** STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY ▾ 12th **LONDON** MUSIC MACHINE
14th **NEWCASTLE** UNIVERSITY ▾ 15th **DUDLEY** J.B.'s ▾ 16th **NOTTINGHAM** UNIVERSITY
17th **UXBRIDGE** BRUNEL UNIVERSITY ▾ 18th **OXFORD** CORN DOLLY ▾ 20th **WIMBLEDON** NELSONS
21st **LONDON** NASHVILLE ▾ 22nd **LIVERPOOL** POLY ▾ 23rd **RETFORD** PORTERHOUSE
24th **JACKSDALE** GREY TOPPER ▾ 25th **YORK** POP CLUB ▾ 27th **BRADFORD** UNIVERSITY
29th **SCARBOROUGH** PENTHOUSE ▾ 30th **DERBY** LONSDALE COLLEGE

ASGARD AGENCY TEL. 01 734 3426

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words words words words (Barry Clarke) words words words words

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Monday May 28th at 8 pm

SQUEEZE

+ Fashion + D.J.s Willie, Andy, Nicky & Keith
Tickets £1.60 advance, £1.80 on door

Saturday June 2nd at 8 pm

CAROLINE ROADSHOW

Featuring D.J.s Robb Eden, Robbie Day & Harvey the Rabbit
Tickets £1.50

Tuesday June 5th at 8 pm

HI-TENSION

+ Spookey
Tickets £2.50

All tickets available from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or on door. Cheques & PO's made payable to St Albans District Council (with s.a.e.)

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ON THE TOWN

Clobbered with a bag of damp sugar

The Scorpions

Sheffield

"The only reason they come here," observes a friend astutely, "is to pat each other on the back and say 'We're all *men*'."

He's perfectly correct, of course.

We're pressed flat against locked doors in the packed bar, nursing lagers and paranoia and talking very, *very* quietly. Attending a Heavy Metal gig as an unsympathetic outsider (or even just unbiased observer) is like wearing shoes in a mosque. It's nothing short of sacrilegious trespass at some primitive ritual of phallic worship, where priests with sacred symbols exorcise fears of impotence, and all assert their manhood.

It's unpleasant and pathetic, and we leave quickly to ensconce ourselves in the comparative calm of the Grand Circle.

Support band Terra Nova, a pomp-rock five-piece with all the flash of a sewn-up raincoat, play stodgy, 'complex' HM which doubtless aims for Boston and Kansas but belly-flops somewhere near Slough.

As an aural meat-tenderiser, I suppose they're quite effective.

Thunderflashes, dry-ice and flashlights announce The Scorpions' entrance, and I wonder (as I always do at these events) how the front few rows stave off asphyxiation.

The band are dressed in the usual gear (white high-heeled boots, skin-tight trousers); go through the usual motions (the legs-astride lean-back hair-flop, the cross-stage march-stomp); and make the usual sounds *(Kerraang! Thudd! Squeeeal!)*.

As far as I can make out, they have no distinguishing characteristics to set them apart from the rest of their ilk; a deficiency they attempt to compensate for (ho *ho*) by wheeling out the special effects.

A rather large, thug-like being crouched behind quaintly-named drummer Herman Rarebell gives him blasts from a gas cylinder at every available opportunity (presumably oxygen to keep the poor chap going). Herman is a powerhouse of ruthless mundanity. He fits in quite well, all things considered.

For one song, Klaus (a vocalist) bangs a gong behind Herman (a powerhouse of ruthless mundanity) before returning to the front to sing. *"I wake up in the morning and the sun begins to shine,"* he warbles modestly, and I try to imagine what the song would be like with constant gonging.

"And now" he announces, a couple of songs later, "a slow song about beink on zer road — 'Always Somewhere'." This roughly translates as "The spotlight will now shine on the rotating mirror-ball. You may applaud."

And so they do.

Meanwhile, back in the Grand Circle, I ponder The Important Issues Of Our Time, musing gently, amidst a shower of pretty-pretty light droplets, over questions like "Whatever happened to greatcoats? . . . Why does Herman need hits of oxygen? . . . What, exactly, is the rationale behind, and the appeal of, *slow* Heavy Metal songs?"

The appeal of the 'on the road' song is obvious: as rock'n'roll's version of the ousider theme, it presents an attractive (but false) fantasy of guitar-slinging outlawhood for people with essentially boring, insecure, conservative lives . . . "into the valley of the dolls", all that kind of rubbish.

That still doesn't excuse it, and it doesn't explain why people lap up this tasteless glop in the belief that it's sensitive, emotional expression. To me, 'Always Somwhere' is rather like being hit around the head, slowly but repeatedly, with a slightly damp Eurokilo bag of sugar.

A few more songs — universally unappetising and garnished with the requisite quota of dry ice (and possessing titles like 'Another Piece Of Meat') — slip by. The only morsel of interest comes when rhythm guitarist Rudolf Schenker stomps a little too near his congregation and almost gets his just desserts. Only a frantic — and pretty vicious — rain of hubris-crushing kicks persuades those dirty, sweaty little paws to let go.

The climax of the set — if you'll pardon the turn of phrase — is a lavishly engineered extravaganza showcasing the percussive talents of that powerhouse of ruthless mundanity, Herman Rarebell, who, I've just realised, probably gulps the gas to ward off bouts of yawning.

You too, Herman?

Clouds of dry ice billow out from beneath the drum-riser, which proceeds to revolve, first this way, then that. From the Grand Circle, I can see Herman's oxygen-toting henchman laboriously pushing it round by hand, which rather spoils the effect.

Suddenly, kit, riser and powerhouse of ruthless mundanity begin to levitate. Great cheers rend the air as, wobbling gingerly, a maximum height of about ten feet is attained.

Personally, Herman, I think you're bragging. . .

Flags at both sides of Herman unfurl. They beat the heart-stoppingly imaginative legend SCORPIONS and elicit more cheers. Half a minute later, they re-furl to reveal the two guitarists standing atop flight-cases behind their respective stacks.

Oh joy. *Ekstase.*

Two faint hoots of derision from the Grand Circle are drowned in all-enveloping welter of worship. Yes, yes, it's true!

We're all *men*!

Andy Gill

The Scorpions: a powerhouse of ruthless mundanity. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

The Dickies

Leeds

One of Spiro Agnew's more memorable political gaffes was made in 1968, when, referring to the less attractive proletarian precincts of Detroit, he commented, "When you've seen one slum, you've seen them all."

Had Agnew been a contemporary punter possessing a brain of correlative perception, he would no doubt have said something similar of (everything that is) The Dickies — the LA outfit currently simulating '76 British punk with the kind of cheap, conniving suss that would have done CREEP proud.

The Dickies' mobile slum found a good home at the Leeds Poly: conditions degenerated number by number; each and every thespian jape of singer Leonard Graves Philips was acknowledged by the teenypunks (mostly here purely for 'Banana Splits') as *tour de force* repertory — and rewarded as such by hails of pubescent phlegm. Dowsed in the expectoration equivalent of the Leeds-Liverpool Canal, Philips would have found a sou'wester and anti-meningitis headgear inadequate protection, such was the hard rain that fell his way — a man-powered sprinkler so effective, it would probably have qualified its inventors for the job creation scheme.

Frankly, no self-respecting British band would have played on. Keeping the punks off the streets is one thing, encouraging them to take part in their own debasement quite another.

The Dickies' defence could argue that this was a 50-50 arrangement.

Capitalising on the punters' insatiable appetite for straight punk (nothing has changed up here in Sticksville), The Dickies exploit and abuse, just as they themselves are exploited and abused. And they certainly achieve their aims. To his credit, Philips has conceded that The Dickies "want to be *the* MOR punk band", and, judging by their high energy punk interpretations of 'Sound Of Silence', 'Paranoid' and 'Eve Of Destruction', the man should feel truly fulfilled.

Banana vinyl blagg or no, The Dickies are as musically uncompromising as Sham, even if they do deal in trivia not worthy of The Barron Knights or (so that the boys will understand my jist) The Osmonds.

The icing on the cake is supplied again by Philips, his visual histrionics taking us through the gamut of American camouflages, from mouseketeer to Lloyd Bridges.

Describing every other song as "an excruciating little number" ('Walk Like An Egg', 'Curb Job'; telling us about his chess and fellatio experiences "down at the Academy", Philips trades in the lowest common denominator of cheap laughs. He may indeed get off on the fact that everybody's instinctive reverence of the ridiculous is at heart The Dickies' manifesto and *raison d'etre*, but in the execution of his theory he plagiarises the method, the humour, the original purpose of British punk (old hat) and (let's all get emotional) he mocks its memory.

Worst of all, possessing an IQ advantage over most of the punters, he unavoidably finds himself patronising the British genre's ever-credulous, naive devotees.

Of course, most people had fun, and those who didn't got themselves an education in what the older generations used to call 'standards'. Philips and his cronies flipped out, the road crew berserkly flashed torch signals for no apparent reason, while the bulk of the punters got off on a glut of superficial punk nostalgia — a couple of the more junior clients unloading their pre-gig mineral water, ice-cream and jelly in the stampede for the late bus.

Throughout the annals of 'Garbage In The Name Of Art', this was on about the same level of aesthetic significance as an exhibition of soiled underwear or a pile of symmetrically stacked bricks.

Emma Ruth

What else could this man be. . .

The Dickies: a mobile musical slum. Pix: Al Johnson

but a Dickie?

Rachel prejudiced

Otway auditioning for the Beano. Pic: Christine Viviour.

Rachel Sweet Lew Lewis' Reformer

Edinburgh

The garish lights and the incongruous, tacky furnishings against the stark, old dancehall of the Astoria give a sunday-school disco ambience. Later that won't matter, but even at first I'm jealous: in Glasgow we have no clubs and only a couple of barely adequate pub gigs.

City Lynx (the promoters) is further cause for jealousy. A fairly dull, if idealistic 'what's on' magazine, it is nevertheless a useful catalyst.

Lew Lewis' Reformer I watch while dancing on a chair breathing CO2, tobacco smoke and cherry menthol.

Lew's R'n'B is more traditional, less suitable for a mass rock audience than Dr Feelgood or the Hot Rods, but I enjoyed it much more than any previous encounters, admittedly in large halls, with either of those two bands.

Since the demise of Blue Horizon Records and the death of Duster Bennett, there has been a dearth of easily-available live R'n'B. Lew Lewis' Reformer play marvellous, timeless music better than most. If you don't like them you're either a Throbbing Gristle fan, or you should consider leaving this miserable life.

Rachel Sweet and Fingerprintz I glimpsed occasionally from too near the PA.

I didn't expect to like this too much. Another country singer gone pop, I thought, smiling at memories of classic Hank Williams lines like *"There's a little box of pine on the 7.29"*. Another nasal whine.

But I'm convinced in one song. To steal a phrase from Stiff via City Lynx, I'm now Rachel prejudiced.

With the possible exception of Tanya Tucker, Rachel Sweet is the only female country performer to succeed as a rock singer. She still has the standard country whine, but somehow it doesn't seem so annoying with a proper rock band.

Fresh from playing with Lene Lovich and after only a week with Rachel, Fingerprintz are playing well and managing to add much of their own identity with unorthodox backing vocals and adventurous guitar tones.

Leftover from the Mickey Rooney days is the C&W, breathless and natural method of stage announcement carefully contrived to end with the song title. And the ease and grace with which she can act out a song might be called professionalism; here we wonder how a showbiz kid can be such a fine rock singer.

The secret is to use a good rock band instead of American session musicians, show admirable taste in choosing songs, and avoid the worse extremes of Nashville showbiz glitter. She can also scream better than anyone outside of Kevin Coyne or John Milarky of the Cuban Heels.

I was told last year, but I didn't believe it, Rachel Sweet will be a star. She can cope with a wider audience than Linda Ronstadt and it seems that she can act too.

Never mind the Brenda Lee, Rachel Sweet could be the Judy Garland of the '80s (without personal problems). And she'd still be welcome on the George Hamilton IV show.

Glenn Gibson

John Otway The Headboys

Manchester

The most over-exposed torso in the business makes another flying visit in search of infamy and fortune. Bearing in mind past disasters, the title of the album-to-finance-the-tour ('Where Did I Go Right') seems a little jocular to say the least.

But behind that gormless grin, Otters is at last getting shrewd.

The first good move is booking as support RSO's latest signing The Headboys, whose lack of stage presence works to Otway's advantage. They fall halfway between The Members and any HM act you can name.

But despite this they show considerable promise; if they can bury their penchant for riffing and concentrate on the witty, sharp approach of 'Mummy's Boy' and the melodic format of 'Stepping Stones' — a tune custom built for heavy radio play.

Otway's major triumph is to coerce into backing him one of the finest pick-up bands you're ever likely to hear. The late Mike Patto's one-time confederates Ollie Halsall and John Halsey, together with Morgan Fisher and Paul Martinez could probably play a perfect set blindfolded and with their hands tied behind their back; and they have the dual effect of turning Otway's flaccid tunes into excellent rock'n'roll and providing a visual complement.

Predictably the material was familiar oldies — 'Cheryl's Going Home', 'Beware of The Flowers', 'Really Free' plus a sprinkling from the album. The highlight of the set was Halsall's superb razor sharp wizardry as the Lone Ranger theme was heavily reworked to become 'Running From the Law'. But throughout the band proved that what is obviously fun doesn't *have* to be dumb too.

The only sticky moments were two bars of a quickly jettisoned violin from the maestro on 'Baby's In The Club' and Otways usual gymnastic exhibition on the lighting gantry: the only time the band looked at all uneasy (and from where they were standing, no wonder).

If Otway can prevent his musicians from doing the sensible thing (dropping him and going out on their own) a success-on-the-shoulders-of-others looks highly possible.

Doing a Kiss and getting himself written into *Beano* would clinch it.

Ian Wood

The Damned

Moonlight

They were the first punk band to issue a single and an album appear on television, break up and re-form. But as early leaders they were quickly overtaken and left mid-field.

The race could be almost over for The Damned even with a fast-selling hit single — or so it appeared on the last date of their recent tour, a recording session under the guise of The School Bullies.

Weighed down by a distorted, erratic, confusing sound, they were heavily handicapped and it was the charismatic personalities of band members and their collective infectious craziness which attracted the punters' attention.

The Damed have described their music as 'organised chaos'; does this mean deliberately producing a distorted and strident sound, smothering the vocals to dramatise the once ritualistic, expected confusion? Underneath this woolly, tangled noise I think there *is* a solid, 'organised', yet adrenalin-shot togetherness. But it's disguised too effectively to discern.

Consequently some very good numbers, such as 'Jet Boy, Jet Girl', 'Ballroom Blitz', 'Stab Your Back' and what could be their theme tune, 'Noise Noise Noise', the B-side to the single, failed to reach the punters.

But as a live act The Damned need not be turned out to grass just yet — if they could only organise their chaos a little better and forget about that mythical anarchy.

Deanne Pearson

Joy Division The Passage The Fireplace

Liverpool

The Manchester scene is undoubtedly healthy, but their most influential bands are choosing to play elsewhere, leaving also-rans, copyists and spin-offs to dominate the local circuit.

Of these three Mancunian bands on this bill at Erics, Joy Division have rarely played at home for months (fear of over-exposure and their commitment to recording a debut album for Factory Records being the stated reason), while The Passage, having lured Karl Burns from The Fall and promptly lost him to John Cooper Clark, are in a state of flux.

Only The Fireplace are now representative of the major organisational glimmering in Manchester — the thriving Musicians Collective; and like many of the other member bands, they still have far to go before being viable outside that supportive net.

A five piece, they are strongly redolent of Magazine, with a clinical, keyboard dominated sound. But Magazine have impact due to the 'charisma' of Devoto, while The Fireplace's singer doesn't come across obnoxiously enough to infect their material with passion and the band frequently sounded uneasy. Still, they have some good material and ideas: they just need experience to make them work.

The Passage are a radical band.

Once again down to three players, Lol Hilton plays thin, treble keyboard riffs while Tony Friel provides some aural depth with his inventive bass style. Behind an unusual array of drums played standing up with roto-toms replacing cymbals, Dick Witts gave a rare, intelligent demonstration of how to use alternating time signatures to maximum effect.

But given Witts' prowess, The Passage occasionally degenerates into the Dick Witts Drum Show.

If The Passage badly need a fourth intrumentalist — perhaps a synthesizer or guitar — it doesn't detract from the impact of their current material. 'Troops Out' — an obvious dedication to the evening's sponsors, Amnesty International — worked particularly well. Arranged around Lol Hilton's more memorable keyboard sequences, it follows a theme of militant pacifism rather than tackling the specific problems of Northern Ireland.

The set's centrepiece was a series of numbers concerning Time, which are to form an upcoming Object Music EP. Like 'Troops Out', there are acerbic, vitriolic and lyrically difficult songs.

When Warsaw changed their name to Joy Division they must have had their tongues in their cheeks.

Feeble and pretentious in their past incarnation, Joy Division now sketch withering grey abstractions of industrial malaise. Unfortunately, as anyone who has seen Peter Flannery's play *Savage Amusement* or lived in the low-rent squalor of a Northern Industrial city would know, their vision is deadly accurate.

Bernard Albrecht (guitar), Peter Hook (bass) and drummer Stephen Morris play a series of spatial constructions based on cyclical variations on simple, melancholy themes. The impact is stunning and oppressive: guitar used as aural vibrator, Hook's fluid bass and Morris' supremely functional drumming ebbing and flowing, building up the tension.

Musically, Joy Division are much more punishing than any Heavy Metal band. What makes them unique is singer Ian Curtis.

A slight, thin figure, he moves deftly and delicately, his voice surprisingly strong, in his eyes and face a look of humility and fear. If this sounds like a mere stage play on paper, in reality Curtis' transparent humanity — that of a loser caught in a world only partially understood — is totally credible.

Song titles and lyrics are suitably brief and abstract: 'Wilderness', 'Not Afraid', 'Digital', 'Glass' and 'Atmosphere'.

When Joy Divison left the stage I felt emotionally drained. They are, without any exaggeration, an Important Band.

Ian Wood

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Phantoms by Alan Hull.
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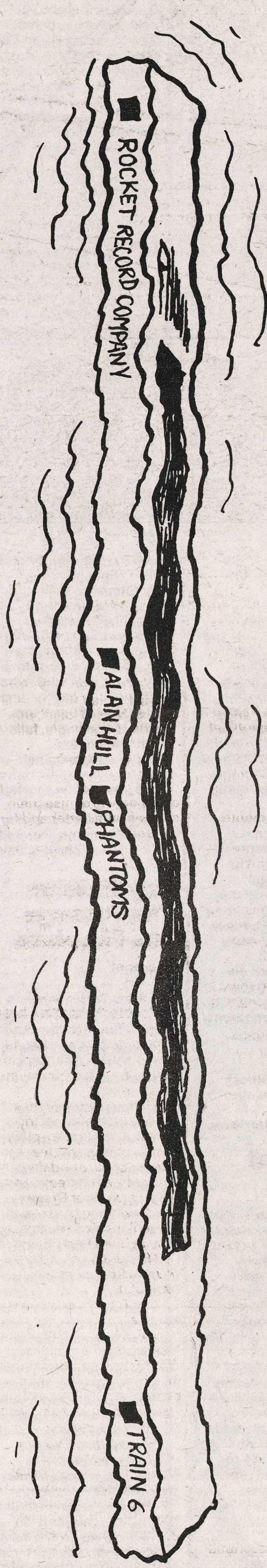

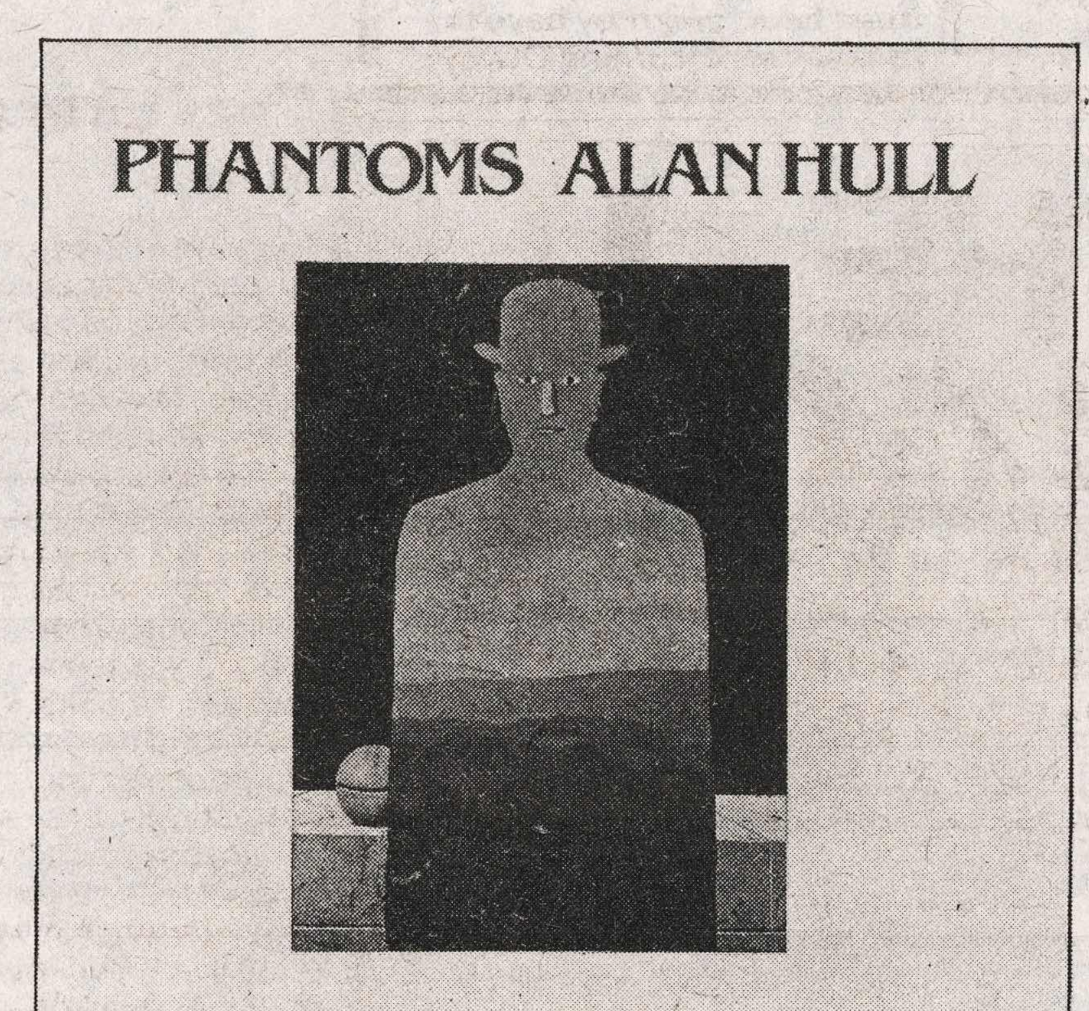

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Black Slate

Marquee

It looks like bleak times for Black Slate. Still without the security of a recording deal, they continue to trail round the circuit to a respectful but tame response. And worse, they seem oblivious.

It's easy to see why it's happened: there is nothing remotely distinctive about the band.

They have only 'organic' stage presence; a loose, methodical, approach to their music. They don't have the vitality of Merger, the persuasive exuberance of Aswad, or the spine-numbing aesthetic of heavy dub reggae. They lack the detail, complexity and capacity of Steel Pulse and haven't anything as easily identifiable as their political stance, or The Cimarons' similar theme of suppression.

A new, thinly produced single hardly suggests the sinuous depth and clarity of their live sound — a quality which at the The Marquee is a major technical triumph.

Their method is to slide into a format — a mid-paced, two chord dance rhythm — and maintain it for the entire set. Desmond Mahoney handles the meticulous drumming and Ras Elroy Bailey the dull-sounding, cardiac bass. Cledwyn Rogers inserts a strict metronome of clipped rhythm guitar chords, leaving any change of tone to a much under-used keyboard and lead guitar.

Add the smooth, mellow vocals of Keith Drummond, heavily treated with echo, picture six hats of varying shape and shade, and there you have the complete Black Slate sight 'n' sound experience.

In a controlled, perfectionist way, they are still contenders, at their most inspired with the soulful 'It's A Thin Line', and the hypnotic 'You Have Been Warned'. But with the rest they merely highlight their own limitations. For a music that's essentially so flexible — intended to explore and express so many different moods — to mesmerise rather than invigorate seems a sadly unambitious end.

Feel their bass-heavy rhythm, shuffle your feet with automaton ease, Black Slate draw you in with the sheer texture of their music and then exasperate you with its intrinsic emptiness. For this they enjoy very little recognition — in some ways it's justified, in others, undeserved.

Like I said, bleak times. I sympathise.

Mark Ellen

The Invaders

Nashville

No blitz-kriegers, The Invaders; nor the poor, bloody infantry in an aural war of attrition. Instead, they'll advance by stealth and attack with caution, and attempt to infiltrate our affections with intelligent, hard-edged pop, aspire to fun and worthiness.

The Invaders sound purposeful, and they appear earnest and honest — maybe too much of all these things to cut great rock'n'roll. I don't know; but they're certainly a band to encourage and observe.

Newly-vinylised (via the intervention of Jimmy Pursey's JP Productions), their material is transparently ambitious, the songs all try so very hard. It's possible that only recorded work will see the group realise their potential.

Cue song one with "We're The Invaders and we're kind of 'Occupied With You' " soon to be followed by 'Invasion of Privacy' (you detect a theme around here?) and, later, the cleverly eclectic 'Japanese Dream'. Best is the present single 'Girl's In Action' which is highly catchy and has some untypically direct, unfussy lyrics.

The Invaders have lately dropped one guitar and introduced the keyboards of Phil Manchester, further emphasising their melodic aspect. Slavko Sidelnik sings, but unexceptionally, and tonight his guitar was curved with a cackling malfunction which, perversely, I actually favoured for the edginess it lent to the music. There's also Martyn Taylor on bass and Howard Wilson drumming.

In the months since I last saw these Yorkshire hopefuls they've been making progress. The set's been toughened up and tightened, and the band have developed confidence — as I immediately understood on seeing Sidelnik's really excellent haircut.

It could be that The Invaders are still that little bit too poised; superficially certain of where they're moving with their thoughtful attractive pop, but not sure enough to let their sound rip.

That would be something special. Watch this space.

Similar in a sense are the Headboys. I've heard tapes of their current studio-work and find them objectively impressive, though not subjectively moving. Live, on the other hand, for all their excellent and insidiously sturdy material The Headboys don't convince.

The act is callow jokey, the songs are crafted to the point of slickness. They play rock'n'roll that's enthusiastic but somehow ersatz.

And so, for the second time tonight, an unequivocal thumbs-sideways. But I'll not be surprised to see The Headboys find themselves a solid slice of the market. One day they could be even huger than their guest-list.

These are exciting times. Me, I'm off to bed.

Paul Du Noyer

Supercharge Sneeky Pete

Glasgow

Two bands with problems.

Sneeky Pete manage to be tight, professional and powerful without actually being inspired in any way. A couple of their more glaring faults have been dealt with adequately, but distressingly poor taste is still evident throughout their performance.

They are, however, enormously popular here, which inspired new Glasgow label NOW Records to start business by signing them, along with The Shapiros.

If Sneeky Pete need their lapses of taste pointed out to them, then it's a waste of time. There are plenty of boors around who will enjoy their lifeless rock as it is.

Supercharge have similar, though more specialised, problems of bad taste.

They've been going for years; started as second-rate funk-copyists and, through inclination and necessity, evolved into a comedy band. The main problem is that they're not funny.

The funky, if undistinguished originals, and the versions of Village People's 'Macho Man' and fab soul classic 'Can't Turn You Loose' are enjoyable: like a liaison between Geno Washington and Sha Na Na, with ludicrous choreography and sundry visual excitements.

It's when they start inflicting the band sense of humour on us — 'funny' songs, comedy routines and sub-Barron Knights parodies of 'Bohemian Rhapsody' and 'Riders On The Storm' — that attention wanders.

Albie reckons their show is specially designed for the student audience. With all that cheap vulgarity and rapier repartee, the students should be offended. Except that he's right.

Albie Donnelly is the leader and chief wit. In personality and appearance, he comes over like some unthinkable crime against nature involving Lol Coxhill, Adrian Henri, and a Northern nightclub comedian.

In Australia he's a star. There he appears on chat shows and is met by reporters at airports. The band have gold albums, even make records exclusively for that market. Here Albie is an amiable buffoon who the press used to enjoy writing about, more because they liked him as a person than appreciated his talent. The band make a living.

Back in the dressing room the show goes on. Albie, in underpants, plastic horns and plastic nose, sings opera. There are mass choruses of the Elvis impersonation from Andy Stewart's classic 'Donald Where's Yer Troosers?' Stammering Dave Frug sits, smiling quietly, talking to a fan that somebody found.

Albie asks me what I thought. I tell him. He agrees, jokes some more, and then they all go off to get even more drunk.

It's better than working.

Glenn Gibson

Left: An Invader. Pic Kel Edge. Right: Joe Ely. Pic Peter Vernon.

Wild Horses *Pic Tony Maclean*

Trampled By Wild Horses

Wild Horses Blazer Blazer

Marquee

When two refugees from guitar glory combos get together boasting little singing / writing ability, no great insight is required to guess the results.

To this extent, Wild Horses are a service to the consumer — you know what's coming before Brian Robertson's struck his first pose; you can stay home or risk getting riffed to death, according to taste.

Robertson and Jimmy Bain have adequate, forgettable hard rock voices and sidekicks Neil Carter (guitar) and Clive Edwards (drums) are musical bricklayers of some ability. But the material was stuff Paul Rodgers could have written in his sleep. Despite neat harmony leads on 'The Dealer' and a buoyantly Lizzyish number in 'Didn't Want To Tell Her', this was another re-run of that old '60s movie, *The Night Of The Tortured Guitars*.

The nearest thing to dynamics occurred on 'One Call A Week', when Robertson alternated rippling semi-sensitive lines with controlled fretboard frenzy. Ron Wood's fetching, tender 'Breathe On Me' was an imaginative choice; but given the steamroller treatment, the sole revelation came later when Brian traded weapons with Jimmy and played some impressive upper-register bass.

There'll be groups like Wild Horse as long as we have electricity. Why, Lord, why?

Graciously allowed a five minute soundcheck by the superstar headliners, Blazer Blazer were subdued but promising. Sounding oddly dated initially — a touch of Mott, a suspicion of Sweet — they improved steadily before blowing it with the obligatory 'everybody clap yo' hands routine and a hideous bass solo.

A soft-spoken, carrot-topped Canuck, frontman Jeb Million appeared oddly diffident for someone sporting a bowler hat and eye-shadow, but the voice and the songs are there. Plays spunky rhythm guitar, too.

Pity about the name, Jeb.

Harry George

Left: Black Slate. Pic Chris Horler. Right: Supercharge. Pic Tony Maclean.

Joe Ely

The Venue

Joe Ely's first London gig was probably a feast for the converted, but I doubt if his take-it-or-leave-it approach boosted their numbers much. With zero projection, the music communicated almost subliminally and I enjoyed it more in retrospect than I did at the time.

Concealed beneath stetson and shades, Ely seemed glad of the anonymity. The entire frontline soloed on the opener — usually an encore trick — with JE's amplified acoustic picking as good as any, but the band's empathy and strength are self-evident.

Jesse Taylor's guitar and Lloyd Maines' pedal steel are perfect dancing partners, especially on Butch Hancock's 'Fools Fall In Love'; while the rhythm section has the art of smooth acceleration down pat. Ponty Bone's accordion, at first irrelevant and too quiet, is the only wallflower at the hoedown.

All quality stuff, with Ely in zestful voice, but the response remains merely polite before 'Boxcars'. Then the pieces fit, the accordion making its first real impact and Maines almost justifying Fred Dellar's 'Charlie Parker-of-the-pedal-steel' accolade with some stunning siren-scream work.

It's swingtime from here on in, switching to pure rock-out for 'Down On The Drag' and 'Roadhog On My Mind'. 'Singing The Blues' is thrown in and Ely does his Frank Ifield bit on 'I'll Be Your Fool'.

Vocally, he's frequently a dead-ringer for Tom Rush, especially on high-class weepies like 'Tennessee's Not The State I'm In'. Occasional banalities in his and Hancock's songs are usually concealed by a band who could no more trot out plink-plonk country licks than score ten out of ten for stage presence.

At worst, Joe Ely breathes new life into old themes and would be dynamite if he'd involve the audience more.

Harry George

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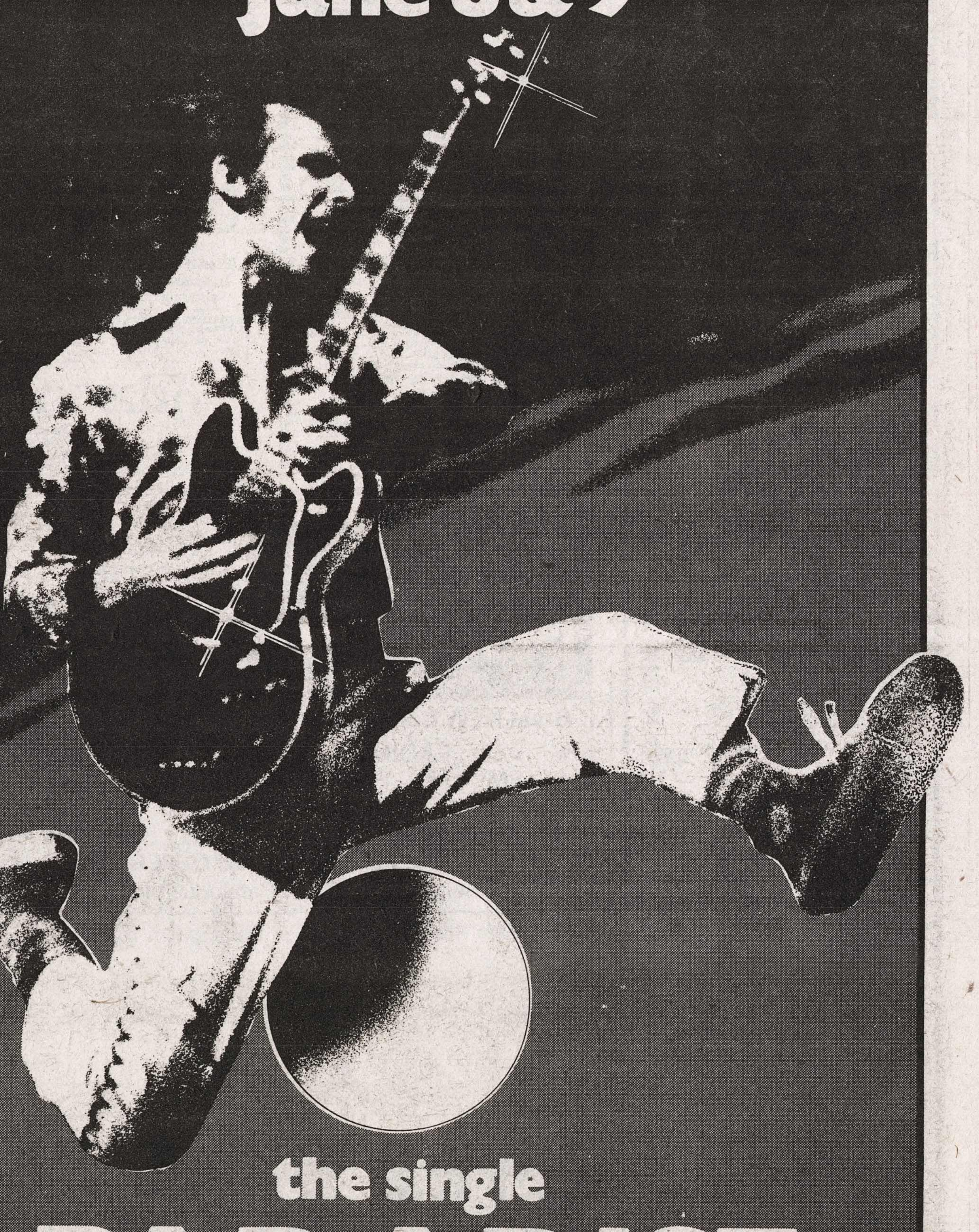

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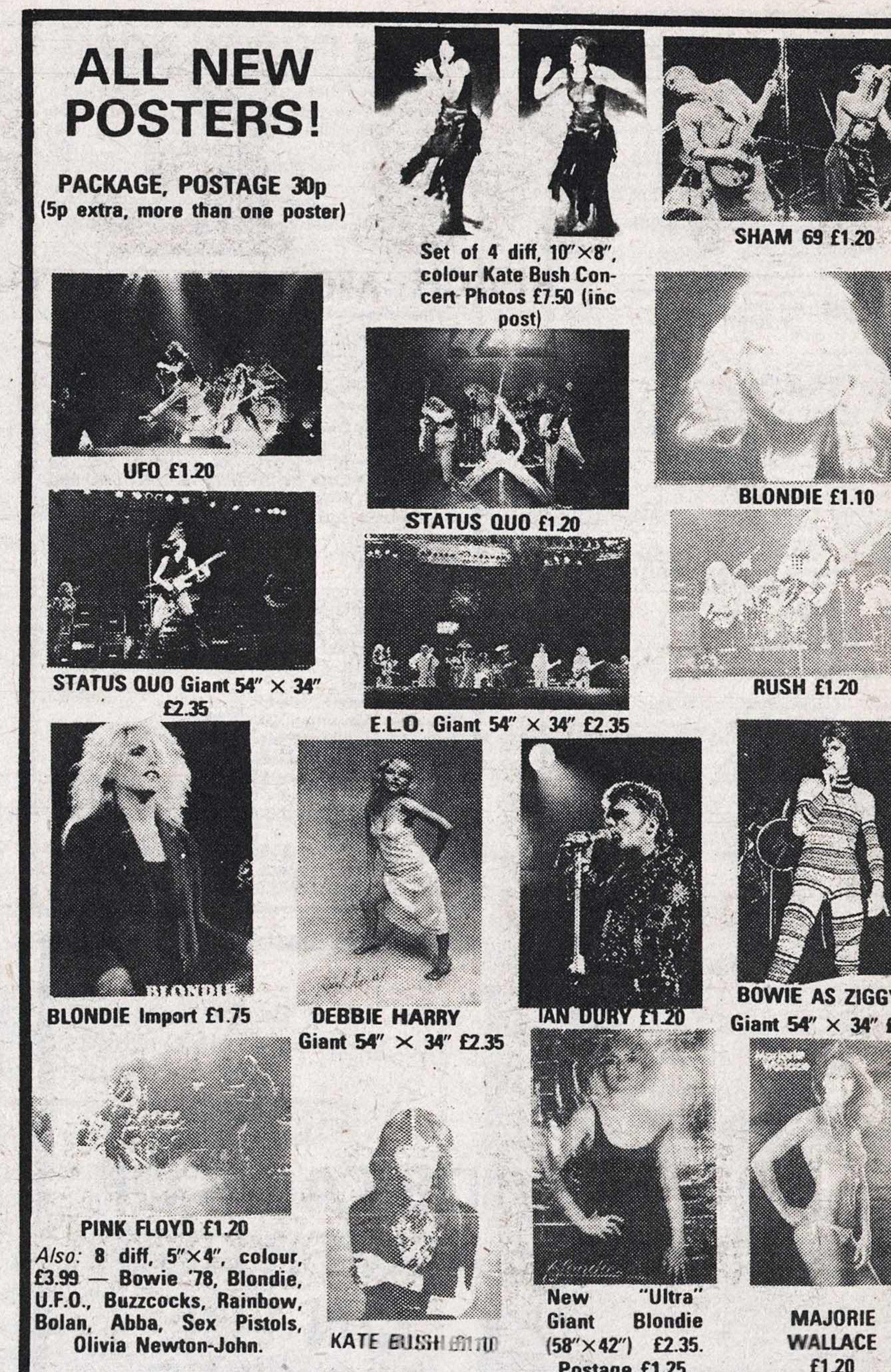

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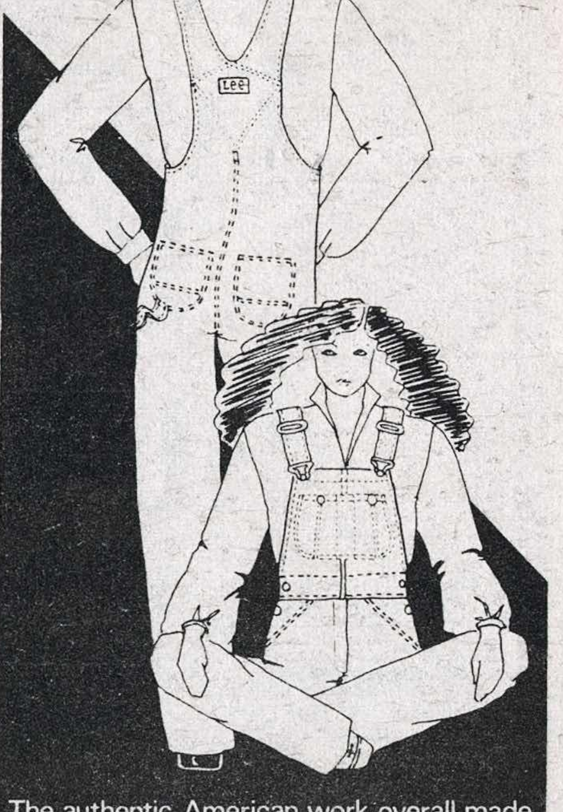

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I think this paper is the best in the country, nay, the best in the world.
Bob Sequious, Gwynedd, N. Wales.
A self-evident truth, but how come only me and Bob seem to know it? Frinstance . . . — P.McN.

Normally one is delighted to see a put-down review in *NME*, as it implies that record sales will be good. However I do object to blatantly false reporting. Graham Lock, who reviewed Magazine and Simple Minds at the Theatre Royal *(NME 12/5/79)*, clearly can't stand Simple Minds and, while a few may agree with him, many will buy the album and be convinced that he is wrong. Only those who were there know that by the end of the set the audience was considerably larger than it was at the beginning and that only Graham Lock and his small coterie of friends had retired to the bar.
CHARLES LEVISON, Managing Director, Arista Records.
Album winner (choose from: Showaddywaddy, Simple Minds or Alexander Robertson). Incidentally, Graham actually endured your boys' every last note and then couldn't get to the bar at the interval because it was already full. — P.McN.

I picked up your rag in the hope of finding some constructive writing about HM. Instead I find the music I love being labelled as 'The Threat To Our Nation's Youth'. This is utter crap as the only people who feel threatened by HM are the punks.

Paul Morley's interview with Ted Nugent was one of the most trivial and twisted pieces of journalism I have yet to read. All he was capable of saying was how much he disliked Nugent. I am quite surprised that the Loudman didn't kill Morley for being such a cheeky sod.

Did anyone look at the picture of Nug and Morley in the centre page? Jesus, I have yet to see such a good advertisement for why you should like HM as that small photo. Look at Nugent. Good looking, OK hair, good clothes — he's obviously got his head screwed on. Look at Morley — small, weedy and very insignificant. I hope he felt great with his hedgehog hairstyle and his stupid little Plimsolls. What a tosser Morley is!

Punk is like cancer. It is a filth, a disease and a complete waste of the human body. One day soon a cure will be found for cancer, just as one day soon punk will be eradicated.
JOSHUA PUNKILLER
Not more *Sounds* staff writing to the Bag, surely! But wait, we are not alone . . . — P.McN.

Thanks for the Ted Nugent interview. You gave us, his fans, some superb new quotes to chew on. The problem with the whole affair was of course Paul Morley. Short - haired, trendy, intellectual new-wave fan Paul went to interview Ted, confident that his smart-ass middle-class cleverness would thoroughly embarrass the dumb American axeman. My word! Any sincere observer would admit that Morley was beaten totally by a man of honesty, intelligence and integrity.

Morley accuses Ted of being an absolute idiot. Did you say that to his face Morley or was it added on later?

Morley now displays another talent — psychology! He informs us that six German youths, who by his own admission he cannot converse with because of their lack of English, are sexually repressed and immature. Is this man a prat?

He says Nugent's job is to con people who want to be conned. Well I am devoted to Ted simply because he is the best guitarist who happens to play the finest rock'n'roll in the world. The real conned ones among us are the punks who have been led to believe that the sub-standard musicians of today's punk groups are the saviours of rock.

Ted Nugent has got where he is today because he is an accomplished musician. Name a punk that can even play his instrument, let alone play it admirably. Did you tell Ted that he was a con to his face, Morley?

Morley is obviously aggravated by his lack of success, so he tells us that Ted's not in the paper because he is a musician, but because he is a comedian. *NME* would know all about comedians because they fill their pages with them every week, e.g. Joe Strummer, Jilted John, Angelic Upstarts, Rezillos, Elvis Costello, need I go on? Did you call Ted a comedian to his face?

Morley says Ted has nothing to do with intellectual rock'n'roll. Middle-class intellectual prick, Paul Morley and the Clash and their ilk are the real imposters. Rock'n'roll is fast, energetic music played by proficient musicians. Punk is inept *bullshit!*
GRAHAM COOPER, Bromley, Kent.

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If ever you dare write another article about Ted Nugent I will never buy another *New Musical Express.* It almost made me puke to read it. I pity Paul Morley who had to do the interview in the first place. How about writing about somebody interesting like Captain Beefheart?
A SLIMY WORM, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.
I wonder, did we all read the same feature? I was under the impression Paul had set out to uncover the human being under all this idiotic Loudman charade, and I reckon he came back with one of the most sympathetic, revealing interviews I've ever read. Far from wanting to embarrass Nugent, he obviously approached him with, uh, "honesty, intelligence and integrity" — and discovered that this Threat To Our Nation's Youth (you remember jokes, doncha?) is in fact vulnerable flesh and blood, surprisingly young and extremely likeable. Oh, and Morley's actually just a Northern working-class tosser who still can't even spell rhythm properly. More to the point on Nugent . . . — P.McN.

Would you mind telling Ted Nugent that I *was* a fan of his who *didn't* want to suck his dick, I just appreciated his music, and from now on will never laugh at short hair again.
LIAN PHILLIPS, Leigh, Lancs.

Why doesn't Ted Nugent patch things up with Emily and come back to Coronation Street where he belongs?
EDDIE YEATS.
I don't wish to know this. — The Ghost Of Ernie Bishop.

It's only once in a while that I buy *NME* for the simple reason that it's only once in a while that Rush tour this country. "Surely they must give favourable reviews of the band apart from in *Sounds,*" methinks beforehand. With great haste I arrive at page seven and what do I find? A load of political bullshit about as much use to the rock fan as jeans with a 30-inch waist to Cyril Smith! Who the fuck does John Hamblett think he is, President of the Anti-Nazi League? No, he's just a smart ass bastard who can put pen to paper but hasn't a clue about what he is writing.

This is a *music* paper, so why not write about it instead of spreading your socialist ideas over its pages. He says that 'The Trees' is "a definite and resolute dictum against trade unions and organised labour." My God Hamblett, you're such a brainless twat it's unbelieveable. How the hell you can come to that conclusion about a song which describes two trees talking to one another in a forest, is beyond me.

As a rock fan I couldn't care less about an artist's political outlook, it's a free country.
MICHAEL BOLTON, Bolton, Lancs.

I appreciate that because Rush and Ted Nugent have long hair, play heavy rock, and are not socialists they are easy prey for the Socialist Worker music press. Well I used to read the *Socialist Worker* and toleration always appeared to be one of their good points. However, the subsiduary *NME* would have Rush banned from propagating their lyrics. Is this the kind of state you want? All non-socialists gagged?

As regards Ted Nugent, Paul Morley cannot even find it in him to call the Nuge a musician! Can Paul play the guitar as well as Ted; has he got split ends? Oh well, no doubt when *NME* has caught up with the Mods it will tell us how crap punk is.
ANDREW THISTLEWOOD, Derby.

One of the centre issues of John Hamblett's article on Rush was concerning the lyrical content of the song 'Trees'. You claim you believed it to be a "dictum against trade unionism and organised labour". Surely, the Oaks are the oppressors and thus the 'fascists' and the Maples do succeed in equality although it is ironic equality, that is being cut down just as the Oaks are. The fact is Neil Peart would seen to be taking the side of the Maples not the 'fascist' Oaks.
GARY BIRCHALL, Sheffield.
And so the controversy about what the Oak said to the Maple rages on unabated. Who said *NME* doesn't tackle the important issues? Mind you, I can't help thinking someone's misread John's interview. I could've sworn he spent a lot of it saying Rush *weren't* fascists (which, as Miles pointed out in the Bag the following week, nobody had suggested in the first place) — and I would've thought it was obvious by now that *NME* doesn't hold any special brief for the SWP or any other political party. So who let this next one in? — P.McN.

Can I be the first to tell you that the Lone Groover first sang the epic *"Mucho, mucho, mucho marvey, I've got a chick from Yugoslavy"* in the *NME* dated 22.1.77, as well as in last week's issue? I know 'cos the original's in m'scrap book.
F. SHARP, Syston, Leicestershire.

I am sick of all those middle-class Tory snobs being critical of your pro-Labour comments during the election. Politics is about people (who said that?) and it enters into every sphere of life especially music and the youth culture of today. If you as a paper with a certain amount of influence on that culture did not comment on political issues then something would be wrong. So much of the media is pro-Maggie anyway that it would not matter a tinker's cuss what you said. I am not writing this just because I am a socialist and a TRB fan but because my mum told me to.
MARK COLLER, West Bridgeford, Nottingham.
Yes yes, but who does she *support* — Forest or County? — P.McN.

OK, so political articles are justified because they are inspired by rock lyrics. How do you explain 5½ pages of football, then?
MARK TURNER, Lytham St. Annes.

I entirely agree with Shaun Bishop in Kent who says *NME* is an election paper and now I think it's the football *Pink.* Why don't you start featuring bands like Rush, Genesis, Zeppelin, Budgie *(Etc ad nauseam — Ed.)*
Isn't it time people listened to real music and with shite like punk around you lot at *NME* may as well give up as your paper is all punk. I don't want to read about football when I read *NME.*
NEIL BARLOW (An angry music lover), Bury, Lancs.

Well done, do you know that I woke up on Thursday morning and thought to myself, "It's *NME* day today. Oh good — but I hope there's not any music reviews or interviews with bands or things in it. I really hope it's got footballers on the front page and in the middle and things because football is my favourite thing (next to whipping), that's why I get a music paper."

Get on with music *NME,* we don't want all this football crap.
A HIGHLY ABUSED SCHOOLGIRL, Holbury, Southampton.

Your tendency to wander into the realms of subject matter outside the contemporary music scene has reached new depths. I respect your occasional political articles as there is a connection (if somewhat tenuous) between rock and the actions or intentions of our supposedly democratically elected leaders. However your 4½ page feature on Associated Football baffles me! The only tie-up between the music press and soccer is surely the moronic drivel produced on vinyl by cup finalist teams and their followers. I appreciate that a large proportion of your readership, myself included, are interested in the fortunes of Messrs. Clough, Paisley, Greenwood etc, but by the same token you'll find that your public undoubtedly share a great enthusiasm towards darts, angling, ornithology and probably a contingent dedicated to bear baiting. Surely the line should be drawn a bit nearer to the subject to which your mag is normally associated or are you intending to do a Wimbledon feature next month?

Football coverage in the press and both TV and radio is at saturation point and whilst I noted that you wisely turned to the opinions of those actually involved in the sport, we are all more than adequately served with sporting facts and figures in every other general publication.
RUSS COTTEE, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

Please find attached today's *NME,* pages 31 to 37, guaranteed untouched except for a quick nauseated flick through and the immediate removal of the pages. I buy *NME,* and have done for the past four years, because I love music, plus the odd refs to films and modern literature. I also buy it because I hate and loathe football and sports generally and all the mindless crap that that scene generates. The remnants of the "counter culture" have a small enough voice left today without *NME* filling itself up with crap which you can read about in a thousand other places if it really turns you on. You can't read about Talking Heads or Gang Of Four in *The Sun* — and I want to read about them (and a thousand others). I used to see *NME* as carrying on the fading tradition of *Oz, It, Frendz, Suck, Rolling Stone* (when it was good). Christ I was wrong.
C. J. W. PLANT
Well, strangely enough we thought we had something to add to the subject. Sure you can't read about Talking Heads or Gang of Four in *The Sun* — but you *can* read about The Jam and The Stranglers. The thing is, we do it different, right? Because (a) the nationals almost never look beneath the surface of their obsessions, whether it's sport, punk rock or politics, and (b) unlike *NME,* their critics aren't part of the generation that's actually consuming the product: this is especially true in movies and, to a lesser extent, football. It's *our* culture.

Anyway, I'd've thought *NME* long ago established its credentials for — gaspo! — non-musical coverage, having spent these last few seasons ranging across films, books, television, comics, science fiction, science fact, animal warfare, drugs, sport, politics, radio, record piracy, Fleet Street, Tolkien, Tom Wolfe, Mary Whitehouse, Martin Webster, the Mafia, McDonalds and more. So you can add Messrs Cunningham and McKenzie to a venerable list of interviewees that includes John Cleese, Stan Lee, Steve Gerber, Bruce Dern, Mel Brooks, Helen Mirren, Helene Hayman, Clive James, Billy Hayes, R. D. Laing, Keith Waterhouse, Robert Jungk, John Landis, David Rorvik and Steven Spielberg — not to mention such completely non-musical youth culture heroes as, uh, Rush and Ted Nugent. Oh, and we *have* heard rumours that *Shoot* have got The Ramones on their cover next week. — P.McN.

My mates thought the Elvis Quiff really suited me!
HELEN, London.

In the wake of Graham Parker's success with 'Squeezing Out Sparks', could not Chris Spedding produce a cover LP titled 'Squeezing Out Spots' perhaps? (See Bob Edmands' article about three weeks back).
C.C., Hellesdon, Norwich.

Oh! It's my turn! Shit! Err . . . well . . . lesseee . . . Nope, can't think of *anything.* Tch. Ah well, let's try the next one . . . eyes down!
CLINT ORIS.

Benny is innocent.
MARTYN COLLINS, Witham, Essex.
Benny was last week's thing. — The Ghost Of Linda.

All letters not marked have been edited to make the writers look total idiots.*

T-ZERS

And so last Saturday it finally happened. After ignoring financial inducements and worldwide pleas for years the boys got back together once more — for fun! In front of a select gathering of close friends the impossible came true. Pensioners danced in the streets linking arms with punk rockers, and grown men — some of them lorry drivers — wept unashamedly. The gig of the century shaped up and The Word went out like lightning. Live on stage! **Flock** had reformed! For 20 minutes the moist-eyed line-up ran through old faves like 'Tired Of Waiting', 'Dinosaur Swamps', 'Easy Schlumpf'. Great times — the Earth shook . . .

No more so than in New York where **Caroline Coon,** like everyone else, was queueing for information. During a lull she imparted to *T-Zers* that last Wednesday she had received the long-awaited elbow as **The Clash**'s manager. Ms Coon heard the news while in town to smooth things over with Clash's US agent, who was understandably a little choked that 'The Last Gang In Town' had blown out a couple of already house-full Palladium dates. Feet not touching the floor, the unbroken lass was straight off to the West Coast where she is currently employed as technical advisor on a punk rock movie being shot there. **Dee Generate** already has his primus ablazing outside the box office . . .

On lesser celluloid, *NME* received a loud phone call the day after London Weekend TV's *Mod Special* programme. A nameless mohair — one of the participants of the said show — bellowed thus: "A rocking horse with a lobotomy could have compiled a better show than that! I've seen more brains in a bowl of spaghetti than went into it. We were treated like a schools programme . . ." The new mod model *NME* receptionist, **Gary,** thought it OK in bits. So now you know . . .

At a recent **Heartbreakers** gig the band appeared much healthier than the audience which packed out Max's Kansas City Fried Chicken House. It does finally appear that **Johnny Thunders** has gone straight and clean, though not without the employ of stern measures. The method of his rehabilitation comes in the shape of several staples clinically injected into his earlobes, a course usually peculiar to fatties trying to lose weight. The staples dull the need for chemicals and/or food, and though fellow HB's **Nolan** and **Lure** haven't taken to the stationery yet, they appear to have come clean in sympathy . . .

Areearrrrrrr! News reaches us that veteran *Tarzan* star **Johnny Weissmuller** has been committed to a mental hospital because of his behaviour at a Hollywood old people's home . . .

Stevie Wonder surprises the world by delaying his next album's release. The LP which, believe us, is designed for the benefit of plants has been held up so that Steve can gather the right background effects — birds singing and bees buzzing — and thereby fully satisfy his leafy listeners. Johnny Weissmuller is 74 . . .

The Los Angeles Police Department faces charges of misconduct after breaking up the St Patrick's day Punk Festival in L.A. (covered in *Thrills* a while back). Nine were arrested and several injured at the gig . . .

A&M publicity supremo Kit Buckler (left) encourages Fee Waybill to make a hog of himself as The Tubes dump on Edinburgh. See feature pages 26-27. Pic: Chris Horler.

Priscilla Presley, owner of The Money and ex wife of you know who, has flogged off the couple's home movies. This summer will see screenings of El smiling, lazing, scratching, cuddling babies etc . . .

Almost as important in the rock roll call, **Mr Nick Lowe,** has revealed what he considers to be his major breakthrough. He told *Feature* magazine that: "as a producer my biggest break came during working on 'Watching The Detectives' and I discovered where the echo button was on the tape machine" . . .

Almost as old, **Chubby Checker** is a big fan of ex-**NY Doll Sylvain Sylvain.** Chub includes some of his idol's songs in his current set and the two often 'jam' . . .

Irv Azoff has reportedly given **John Travolta** a mechanical bronco to gee him up to the right spirit for his upcoming role in *Urban Cowboy* . . .

And also on film is TV biography of **Mama Cass.** Film would be the ideal place one supposes . . .

England's centre-back supremo Dave Watson (left) ponders his next move. Should he sign up with Rick Parfitt and the Status Quo Kickers or spend another season with Thunderbirds United? Pic: Tom Sheehan.

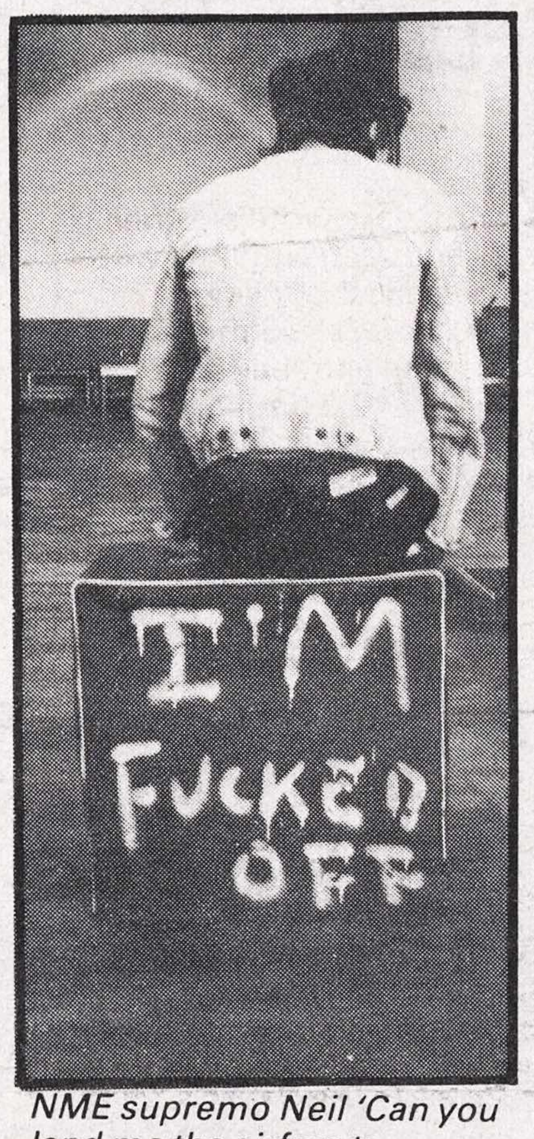
The powers that be in Bahrain have put a block on **The Members'** 'Offshore Banking Business' single. The State, it seems, does have a few of the said OBB's and takes offence to the venomous lyric. This blow to Virgin sales also puts paid to teetotaller **Nicky Tesco**'s hopes of becoming a fully fledged Milk Sheik . . .

At the National Association of Probation Officers conference in Llandudno, officers present voted overwhelmingly in favour of abolishing the offences of possession and cultivation of cannabis . . .

Thin Lizzy whipping it up on their Euro-tour. After the Oslo bouncer incident (see last weeks *T-Zers* fans at their gig in Sweden just couldn't get enough. They stayed on till long after the final encore until it turned into a riot scenario. £4,000 worth of aggravation later the riot squad opened for business . . .

Where we come from that's fighting talk Dept: In what is claimed as a direct nose thumbing to **Roxy Music, Siouxsie and the Banshees** turned up at Roxy's apres Hammersmith gig party held in Quaglino's niterie. According to manager **Nils,** the Roxy camp (sic) had left word with one of the club's owners that should their fellow Polydor stablemates turn up their way must be barred. As far as S and the B's were concerned Adam had proffered the apple and Eve was about to sling it right back at him (© **T. Hancock).** Anyway, they got in. It is also claimed that politics prevented the Banshees from landing a plum support job on the Roxy U.S. tour. Squabbles aside, the new Siouxsie album is set for a prompt August release, as it is now complete but for a couple of overdubs. All over bar the shouting in fact . . .

And finally details of another party that coincided with the **Flock** celebrations. At **Eric Clapton's** stately cottage in Ewehurst, Surrey, the guitarist and his wife **Patti Boyd** held a belated wedding reception for 200 friends and guests. Under a marquee in the grounds the cabaret included **Paul McCartney, Ginger Baker, Jim Capalidi, George Harrison, Denny Laine, Jack Bruce** and **Ringo Starr** all whacking away at once. With vocal help from **Lonnie Donegan** and **Mick Jagger** the crew managed to trundle through 'Cumberland Gap', 'Pick A Bale of Cotton', 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy' and 'High School Confidential' amongst others. RSO's press chief **Helen Walters** barely recalls a midnight firework display that ended with a fiery tableau that read, imaginatively, 'Good Luck Eric and Patti'. Later Clapton, Baker and Bruce returned to the stage for an hour reworking of **Cream** material and, contrary to press reports, the night saw no **Beatles** material aired. Moreover, though headlines have yelled about a Beatles resurrection, Mr. **John Lennon** was there in no form whatsoever. Some sources suggest he was at home suffering from what we doctors have termed 'sleep'. It may also be noted that the combined ages of all the sages present result in a figure in excess of the entire Anfield gate for the 78-79 season, and latest rumours whisper of an upcoming **Robert Stigwood** movie of the party called *Gross* starring **Neil Reid, Mickey Rooney, Freddy** 'Parrot Face' **Davies** and **Brian Poole** as 'The Forgotten Man' . . .



NME supremo Neil 'Can you lend me the airfare to Greece?' Spencer waits disconsolately at Heathrow. Reminds us of an Undertones song, for some reason. See page 7. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

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TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock Against Thatcher	(5)
2	Clash Police	(1)
3	Jam (red)	(4)
4	Undertones	(—)
5	S.L.F.	(2)
6	Jam (Tube Station)	(3)
7	Jam (Mod Cons)	(—)
8	Ruts	(—)
9	Highly Imflammable	(—)
10	Siouxsie Gauche Girl	(7)

Competition winners
1st — £5. Harder! harder! and now the width! Mr Great Person of Gwent.
2nd — £3. You are 'ed injury of the Surrey Vomit and I claim my blow on the head. Noel Jones of Kingston.
3rd — £2. Hang on a minute fellas my shoelace is undone!

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"ROCKAWAY BEACH"

WRECKLESS ERIC

"WHOLE WIDE WORLD"

NICK LOWE "I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS"

THE ONLY ONES "ANOTHER GIRL, ANOTHER PLANET"

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS "DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO"

ZONES "NEW LIFE"

THE UNDERTONES "TEENAGE KICKS"

RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS "BLANK GENERATION"

Music featured in the Columbia Pictures film *That Summer!* "That Summer! now available in paperback from NEL.

Album: SPART 1088. Cassette: TCART 1088.

ARISTA